



Engraved by Tillman.

MRS MARY FLETCHER.

Wife of the Rev. Dr. A. A. Phelps.

HEROINES OF METHODISM;

OR,

Pen and Ink Sketches

OF THE

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS OF THE CHURCH.

BY REV. GEORGE COLES.



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P R E F A C E .

It cannot have escaped the notice of the thoughtful readers of the New Testament, that the most *heroic* followers of Christ were *Females*. Enough has been said, as one observed, of the “guileless simplicity of Nathaniel, the honest resolves of Zaccheus, the amiable disposition of John, the daring declarations of Peter, and the prompt obedience of Matthew the Publican;” but for *true heroism* in the hour of trial, I think the palm must be given to *Woman!* It cannot be forgotten, that when the Master was apprehended all the disciples [the heroes!] forsook him and fled, and that when he was crucified “there stood by the cross of Jesus his mother, his mother’s sister, Mary the wife of Cleopas, Mary Magdalene, and many other women, which came up with him to Jerusalem.”

In the brief sketches that follow, the reader will find some beautiful examples of *Primitive Piety*. The mothers of Methodism were “holy women, who trusted in God and adorned themselves with good works.” They were remarkable for their love to the cause of Christ and the souls of their fellow-creatures. Their zeal for the spread of the Gospel knew no bounds; their fervency and constancy in prayer


were proverbial; their patience in affliction, their courage and meekness in times of cruel persecution, were worthy of the age of martyrdom. Many of them enjoyed the blessing of sanctification in an eminent degree. A few were "called" from among the honorable ranks of civil society; while others of "low degree" were made to "rejoice" in being "exalted" to the dignity of "daughters of the Lord Almighty." A goodly number lived to a great age, and manifested their unwavering and undying attachment to the cause which they had espoused in youth, till the weary wheels of life stood still; and nearly all of those whose record is preserved in the annals of Methodism, were gloriously triumphant in death. See the case of Mrs. Galt, page 99; Mrs. Roszel, page 194; Mrs. Horton, page 226; Mrs. Janion, page 252; Mrs. Law, page 279. May the reader and the writer of these notices,

"When life sinks apace and death is in view,"

be able to say with St. Paul, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

GEORGE COLES.

DANBURY, CONN., 1857.

 The sources whence the following sketches were derived are mostly the English and American Methodist Magazines, The Christian Advocate and Journal, and Taft's Memoirs of Holy Women.

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INTRODUCTION.

As in *philosophy* that which is experimental and *practical* is of more value than that which is merely hypothetical or speculative, so in *religion* that which shines in the experience, and is demonstrated in the life and conversation of the humble Christian, is more likely to convince the skeptic than all that can be conceived or imagined, in any mere system of doctrines and precepts, however well defined, or clearly stated, or ably advocated, or eloquently exhibited, where the evidence of truth, or the attestation of facts, or the luster of example is wanting.

In the conversion of a sinner from the error of his ways, from the love of sin to the love of holiness, whether in younger years or in advanced life, we have manifest proof of the power of divine grace: in the checkered scenes of a pilgrim's life, we have frequent illustrations of an overruling Providence; in the extension and advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom on earth, in the midst of opposition, indifference, or neglect, by means of the humblest instrumentalities, we have ample proof that the excellence of the power, by which it is achieved, is of God, and not of man; and in the triumphant exit of rejoicing believers we have the most convincing argument of the truth of Christianity that can be presented to the human mind.

Perhaps there is no species of literary composition more highly appreciated, more earnestly sought after, and more eagerly read than well-written narrative. Hence the indomitable love of well-told tales, no matter whether real or fictitious, if they only describe such things as *might be true*! But in many instances *history* is but the *story* of *him* who tells it; *narrative* is but the *narration* of things which most likely did happen somewhere, at some time or other; and the well-told tale is nothing more than a pleasing fiction, said to be founded on matters of fact.

The *biography of eminent persons* is always more or less interesting; while that of individuals comparatively obscure, is too often regarded with indifference; and yet it is a fact, which it is useless to deny, that the story of "Little Jane the Young Cottager," and "The Dairyman's Daughter," for the last half century, have been read by more persons (and in more languages, probably) than "Plutarch's Lives," or "Cæsar's Commentaries;" while, by the Wesleyan Methodists, "John Nelson's Journal," "Hester Ann Rogers," Benjamin Abbott, and Father Carvosso, are regarded as household words.

"Complaint is sometimes made," says Dr. Hannah, "that the memoirs of pious persons are too generally destitute of incident; and, consequently, of interest. The remark may be just, but the inference is unfair. To those who seek *profit*, not *novelty*, religious biography is seldom unacceptable. Presenting to their minds a fresh and lively portraiture of Scriptural piety, it urges them by silent, yet most persuasive motives, to prosecute their honorable career with unwearied diligence, and to follow them who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises. In these artless memorials, the

humble disciple of Jesus may behold another and another manifestation of divine grace, and additional proofs, drawn from example, that the Gospel is, what it professes to be, 'the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth,' and sustained by the strong consolation, which flows from such evidence, may, amid all the tribulations and fears of this pilgrimage-state, 'thank God and take courage.'"—*Memoirs of Miss Singleton.*

"That *Wesleyan Methodism*," says another living author, "is a revival of primitive Christianity, is a position which admits of extensive and triumphant proof. Its opportune commencement, its rapid spread, its undecayed efficiency, its peaceful and hallowing influence on society, its identity and essential truth, and catholic charity, together with the holy lives and happy deaths of its devoted adherents, justify us in saying that it bears the image and superscription of Christ the King of Glory."—*Rev. Peter M' Owan.*

"The religious history of a human soul, relating its struggles to return to God, and the success with which those efforts have been crowned, is always deserving the deepest attention."—*Rev. Samuel Jackson.*

"What a noble and delightful employment is ours," says Bishop Asbury, "to be nursing immortal souls for the realms of eternal glory. And, now and then, we have the inexpressible comfort of seeing a soul depart in peace, triumphing over the power of death. Is there joy among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth? and is there no joy among them over a soul that has finally escaped the snare of the devil? Doubtless there is, and we will participate in their joy."—*Journal, November 10, 1775.*

"The triumphant manner in which some pass the valley

and shadow of death speaks more than volumes in favor of the religion of Christ.”—*Rev. Joseph Rusling.*

“There is an inherent force and interest in the narrative of real Christian experience, which no art can infuse into preceptive teaching. Its gives substance and form to that religion, which is in itself spiritual, and by connecting instruction, admonition, and motive, with incident, character, habits, and consequences, it makes an impression on the mind of the reader which is all but irresistible. While it professes to give the history of another, it brings the reader into an acquaintance with himself; and it opens to his view the spirituality of the law, and the contrition which is consequent upon its application to the conscience. It introduces him to the Lord Jesus, who is ‘mighty to save;’ it leads him to utter the sinner’s only plea,

“‘I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me;’

and it demonstrates that ‘peace and joy in the Holy Ghost’ are the immediate effects of a true and lively faith. It depicts to his eye the transforming influence which regeneration exerts on the tempers, the intellectual powers, the conduct, and the conversation of its subjects; and by setting forth the calm tranquillity, the sweet resignation, the animating hope, and the holy triumph with which even the stripling Christian meets the king of terrors, it proves beyond dispute, that ‘one thing is needful,’ and that both in life and in death ‘the righteous is more excellent than his neighbor.’”—*Rev. P. M. Owan.*

Some things are said in these sketches of female piety and usefulness, which may, perhaps, need a little explana-

tion. It will be seen that many of those WOMEN whose religious experience is here related were class-leaders and leaders of bands, and as the practice of appointing females to the office of leaders does not obtain in this country, and band meetings are obsolete; and as the practice of praying in prayer-meetings by our gifted sisters is nearly so in most places, some apology for the practice, as it existed among the Methodists in the mother country, may not be out of place. It is universally admitted that the battlefield is not the place for *woman* to display her courage, unless it be when the storm is over, as a ministering spirit, an angel of mercy, acting the part of the good Samaritan, binding up the wounds of the fallen, wiping the cold sweat from the brow of the dying, or pouring the oil, the balm, and the wine of consolation into the mind of the sufferer. Nor is it in the counsels of the nation, in the arena of stormy debate, that we expect to hear her voice. That woman in her first creation was inferior to man in physical strength is cheerfully admitted, and in this sense, perhaps, more than in any other, is she to be regarded as the "weaker vessel." But is she inferior in mental endowments and moral courage, in spiritual attainments and in holy enterprise? No, indeed; far from it. What saith the Scripture? What saith reason? Reason would say, that that which by universal consent is esteemed the *better half*, cannot be the *worse*; that which was twice modeled and fashioned by the Creator, and, of course, doubly refined, cannot be *inferior*. The Holy Book seems to intimate most clearly that in those cases where the trial was a fair one, the "weaker vessel" was the *stronger reasoner*. Witness the case of Deborah and Barak, Manoah and his wife, Abigail and David, Hul-

dah and Josiah, the wise woman and Joab, 2 Sam. xiv, 14 ; xx, 22. Are they then inferior in literary capabilities and attainments? Never, where they have had equal opportunities with men. Witness the instances of a Hannah More, a Mrs. Somerville, a Mrs. Sigourney, and others, whose works are read, if not with everlasting wonder, yet with perpetual delight. Neither are they inferior in spiritual gifts. Experience shows that many women are equally gifted, and more acceptable in their religious exercises in social meetings than their brethren. They may not be as strong in argument, nor as fierce in controversy, but their improvements are often far more edifying whenever they pray, or speak in the name of the Lord.

The supposition that, under the Gospel dispensation, women are prohibited from exercising their spiritual gifts is entirely gratuitous, and is completely set aside by the plain declarations of the New Testament.

The author of the Acts of the Apostles informs us, (Acts i, 14,) that all "the apostles continued with one accord in prayer and supplications *with the women.*" To suppose that the men prayed in presence of the women, and not the women in presence of the men, seems to be a far-fetched and overstrained interpretation of the text. The same author says that Peter, in explaining the circumstances of the day of Pentecost, refers to a prophecy in Joel, where God, by the mouth of his prophets, promises to pour out his Spirit upon the "daughters" and "handmaidens," as well as upon the sons; and that "Philip, the Evangelist, had four daughters that did prophesy;" and forasmuch as none of their predictions are recorded, and as St. Paul, when speaking of "prophesying," says, in effect at least, that it means

“speaking to men to edification, and exhortation, and comfort,” (1 Cor. xiv, 3,) therefore, Philip’s daughters did speak in the public assemblies.

St. Paul says also, that “every woman, praying or prophesying with her head uncovered, dishonoreth her head,” which certainly means, if it mean anything, in the presence of men; for, surely it is no dishonor to a woman to pray in secret “with her head uncovered!” The same apostle says expressly in another part of his writings, that “in Christ Jesus there is neither male nor female,” that is, there is no *inferiority* in the woman, nor *superiority* in the man. (See *Macknight*.) “Under the blessed spirit of Christianity,” says Dr. Clarke on this text, “they have equal *rights*, equal *privileges*, and equal *blessings*; and, let me add,” says the doctor, “they are equally *useful*.”

But *how* are they *equally useful*? Not in the same way as preachers of the Gospel, except in *very extraordinary* circumstances; not as rulers in the Church, but as “nursing mothers” of such as are “babes in Christ;” and, more especially, in “preparing the way of the Lord,” by opening the doors of their houses to receive and entertain the ambassador of Christ, as did the widow of Zarephath, (1 Kings xvii, 9,) and “the great woman of Shunem,” (2 Kings iv, 8,) and the “seller of purple of the city of Thyatira and Philippi,” (Acts xvi, 15,) and those honorable women of Bethany whom Jesus loved, and others, who followed him as he went through every village and city preaching the glad tidings of the kingdom of God, and many others who “ministered unto him of their substance.” (Luke viii, 3.)

Dr. T. E. Bond, Jr., in an article in the Chr. Adv. and Jour. on “Christianity and Woman,” speaking of the blessed influ-

ence of the Gospel of Christ upon woman, says : “The *wife* experienced an entire change in her relation to her husband, her children, the world around her, and the world to come. To *her* the Gospel was indeed as life from the dead. The slave of her lord’s tyranny, in her heathen state; the victim of his caprice, the uncertain inmate of his house, the more uncertain possessor of his affection; excluded from the more intellectual occupations and elevating associations of life, a helpless, degraded, hopeless, heart-withered thing, the transformation to the Christian wife, the companion, the cherished friend, the inseparable partner, the affectionately loved, the mysteriously, divinely united, this was a change only to be equaled by that which shall convert the mortal into immortality. Christianity did this *for* woman, *in her* it did more. It awakened all her affectionate nature, and presented to her heart, thrilling with the pleasures of domestic and social redemption, the highest and most attractive object for her grateful love, the holiest subject for her emancipated thoughts. It set before her Jesus, the incarnation of eternal purity and love, her Redeemer.

“That women should love Jesus of Nazareth, and devote themselves to sustain and spread the doctrines of the cross, was a natural consequence of the fact, that of all the religions of the earth, Christianity was the only one that placed women upon an equality with men. The thing was unheard of; even the Jews had never conceived the true relation of the sexes. Husbands, love your wives as your own flesh. Your obligations to them are as strong and wide-reaching as theirs to you. Marriage is a mutual conveyance of right, a mutual abnegation of sovereignty, a mysterious coalescence and intermerging of being. All this was strange, and, to most

men, utterly absurd teaching; to *women* it was music from heaven, and they responded to it from every faculty of their nature. *They* were the strength of the early Church, as they are the strength of the Church to-day. They did more to extend it, to hallow it, and adorn it, and immeasurably less to mutilate and disgrace it, than men did; and to this day the love of Christ glows in their hearts with a steadier and purer power than the harder and coarser nature of man can exhibit."

"I hold it to be a great error," says the Rev. Mr. Jobson, the associate delegate and traveling companion of Dr. Hannah to the General Conference at Indianapolis, "to maintain that *Woman* has no veritable mission in the Church. It is true that offices of rule and government are not open to her in the Church of Christ any more than they are in the State. Except in particular cases, it does not seem that woman is intended to be a public teacher therein; her constitution and sympathies entirely unfit her for that; but she has, nevertheless, a sphere of her own. She cannot speak in loud, clarion tones; her voice is rather that of the soft lute, soothing and alluring; but it is not less powerful for its gentleness. No class of persons has contributed more largely to the Christian ministry and to the Christian Church, than Christian females. Not only Timothy, Cecil, John Newton, and the Wesleys, but thousands more, who have been eminent for their usefulness, have acknowledged this. The Rev. John A. James, of Birmingham, has written thus on this subject: 'Millions have blessed God on earth, and will prolong the praise in heaven, and through eternity, for pious mothers. Mothers, next to ministers, have been the chief instruments of God in building up the Church.'

“Woman has no inconsiderable place among Scripture examples. Not to speak of the women of the older dispensation, some of them the noblest portraits on record, we need only observe how women were chosen by Him who was the Friend of sinners, for His personal friends, and how truly they proved their devout attachment at the foot of the cross, and at the door of the sepulcher. Women were also associated with the apostles with the first scenes of Christianity at Jerusalem, and we learn from St. Paul’s tender salutations and greetings at the end of his epistles, how they continued to be valued for their labors among the saints.

“Methodism is professedly a revival of apostolic Christianity; and it is shown to be so by its large adoption of *female agency*, as well as by many other proofs. Holy women were helpers to Wesley. He associated with them, and even took counsel of them. In modern Methodism they are true Deaconesses, and real ‘Sisters of Mercy.’ As class-leaders, for their own sex, visitors of the sick and poor, as Sunday-school teachers, as tract distributors, or collectors for missionary and other philanthropic undertakings, devoted and earnest females are sure to find opportunities of useful exertion; for Methodism gives all its members something to perform for Christ. This, no doubt, is one great secret of its large and rapid growth in England and America, and, indeed, throughout the world. While pure in its doctrines, strict in its moral requirements, and searching in the weekly examinations of its members, it is, more than any other, a popular and expansive system. And this is the reason why Wesleyan Methodists so often speak of their system, and of its founder, and great promoters; a habit which is not understood by other religious communities. It seems to

them to savor of man-worship, or of giving honor to the human instrument instead of to the Almighty Worker. But it is not so. They gratefully praise and glorify God, rejoicing in the opportunities and means of usefulness which their Church affords them."

[The mother of Mr. Jobson was a very efficient class-leader. She made all her members feel that they were cared for. Absentees were speedily visited; and if they were sick or in trouble, they readily found sympathy and relief. She was careful also to train them to usefulness, taking such of them with her to visit the sick and the poor as she judged most fit; and then giving them cases by themselves. Among her members were several intelligent young persons, who afterward became the wives of missionaries or of ministers in the connection in England, while others became distinguished for piety and usefulness in the ordinary walks of life.]

"The wisdom of the founder of Methodism was never more fully shown than in the establishment of *class-meetings*. They are not the Popish confessionals, which some have freely represented them to be. They are not resorts for disclosing family secrets, or for unedifying and disorderly conversation, as others have ignorantly supposed. But they are Scriptural, edifying, and orderly means of grace, such as all who have attended them value, when their souls are alive to God. If Christian professors are not living to the honor of Christ, they would rather shun the question, 'What is now the state of your soul?' If a member of the Church be conscious of remissness in the duty of private prayer, or if conscious of worldly-mindedness, or of unwatchfulness, or half-heartedness, he will shrink from the place where his

spiritual condition is brought to the test. But if living in close and daily communion with the Divine Being; if enjoying the continued sense of God's favor and blessing, he will fervently desire to communicate and to consummate his spiritual joy, by declaring it to others.

"If admission to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper be regarded as the test of Church membership, then the Church ought to have such a knowledge of the life and conduct of its communicants as to be able to judge of their fitness. The Church which has not this, and which is without the means of excluding from the Lord's table those who walk disorderly, is seriously defective. Methodism provides these tests through its class-meetings, which if not *formally*, and by *name* of Scriptural authority, yet in their object and use are *essentially* so.

"Without doubt there are some who feel the bonds of Christian discipline too strait for them; and, believing that Methodists might be still more numerous if this condition were withdrawn, are already asking, 'Are class-meetings really necessary? Are they quite suited to the age in which we live?' But the vigilant pastors and faithful Methodists will keep their eye upon this humble yet essential means of grace. It were better that the Church should be smaller, if pure, than larger and worldly, as it undoubtedly would be, if class-meetings were dispensed with.

"Some young persons, whose parents rose from obscurity, and repeatedly acknowledged before the Lord and his people that they owed their position in society and all that they possessed to Methodism, have been foolishly drawn aside to the idol of '*respectability*.' Unwilling to submit to companionship with the poor, and to be compelled to hear homely

language on spiritual things, they have ungratefully forsaken the Church in which their parents found peace and salvation, and have associated themselves with persons of higher station and culture, and with public services more imposing than are found in the simple practices of Wesleyans. Such conduct is not wise; it seldom attains the object sought, for such transitions do not elevate the character in the respect and esteem of the thoughtful and the good. The design of Christ was to mingle the rich and poor together in his service, and Methodism does this as fully as any Church that can be named."—*Jobson's Portrait of his Mother*.

Probably some into whose hands these records of departed worth may come will wonder that some dear relative of theirs is not mentioned. To such persons the author would say that, having determined to produce a book of moderate size and price, he could not find room for more than half his original selections. Circumstances obliged him to be *eclectic*; *variety* and *interest* being, in his judgment, of more importance than amplitude.

G. COLES.

HEROINES OF METHODISM.

HEROINES OF METHODISM.



MRS. SUSANNAH WESLEY.

"Give glory to Jesus, our Head,
With all that encompass his throne;
A *mother*, a *mother* indeed,
A mother in Israel is gone !

"The winter of trouble is past,
The storms of affliction are o'er,
Her conflicts are ended at last,
And sorrow and death are no more."

THE mother of John Wesley was the youngest and favorite daughter of Dr. Samuel Annesley, an able and eminent minister of the Church of England. Miss Annesley was well educated and religiously trained by her excellent father. She was a woman of good understanding and great independence of mind. Her husband, the Rev. Samuel Wesley, senior, rector of Epworth, in the discharge of the duties of his office, was frequently from home, being sometimes for several months attending the convocations in London. Mrs. Wesley felt bound, at these times, to keep up family devotion ; and, on Sunday evenings, as there was no service at the church in the afternoon, she used to read prayers and a sermon, and then talk to her children on religious subjects.

Some of the neighbors happening in, at one time, she pursued her usual course, as if nobody but her own family had been present. The neighbors being greatly pleased, spread the report of the interesting exercises, and other persons asked permission to attend. This she readily granted. Having found, in her husband's study, some account of the experience and labors of some Danish missionaries, she was greatly excited by its perusal, with a desire to be useful to her neighbors. So she read to them the most lively and interesting sermons she could find, and exhorted them with much warmth and affection. Her husband, hearing of the circumstances, wrote to her from London, objecting to her course, for three reasons : first, because it "looked particular;" secondly, because of her sex ; and, thirdly, because his public station rendered it necessary for her to be careful to do nothing to cause censure. To the first objection she answered, that she knew it "looked particular," as did everything else serious or religious, if it be performed out of the pulpit or in private conversation. To the second objection, she answered, that, though she was a woman, yet she was, in his absence, the head of a large family, and she felt that the spiritual and religious interests of her children were intrusted to her. She, therefore, had bestowed more than ordinary care on the children, especially on Sabbath evenings. The coming in of the neighbors was purely accidental. After they came she thought she could do them some good by talking to them. To the third objection she answered, that he must be the judge of what was suitable to his station. She could not, however, see how her conversing, in his absence, with her neighbors, on religious subjects, could compromise his dignity or usefulness. She could not feel much regard for the opinion of any person who would censure him because she endeavored, by reading to her neighbors, to restrain them from profaning the Sabbath.

Mr. Wesley was convinced by her reasoning, and suffered her for a time to proceed. But soon the curate, who officiated in the parish in the rector's absence, began to intermeddle in the matter. The curate had, probably, some time in his life, lost a sixpence or so by some insolvent debtor, which made him very cautious. For a while he could preach on nothing but paying debts. Complaint being made to the rector that the curate had wearied the people with his repeated homilies on this subject, Mr. Wesley requested him one day to preach on faith, giving him for a text, "Without faith it is impossible to please God." So, after taking a week to write his sermon, the curate began: "Faith, my hearers, produces many good effects. Among others, it makes us pay our debts as soon as we can."

The curate wrote to Mr. Wesley, in London, that his wife had turned the parsonage into a conventicle, and that by such irregular proceedings, the Church was in danger of great scandal. At this intelligence, the High Church principles of Mr. Wesley were woefully shocked. *A conventicle! Irregular proceedings!* He was greatly alarmed, and immediately wrote to his wife, desiring her to desist.

Mrs. Wesley delayed her answer for some days, that she and her husband might both have time to consider before the determination to break up the meetings was finally settled. In her reply she said that the curate might call the meeting at the parsonage a conventicle if he pleased, but his so calling it did not make it one. She assured him that the meetings had done much good; that they brought more people to the Church than anything else had ever done; that they had reformed the behavior of the populace on the Lord's day; that, if they were now broken up, she verily believed so much prejudice would be excited against the curate, who had imprudently spoken publicly against them, that many of the parish would never go to hear him preach again. She said the meeting furnished her an opportunity,

the only one she had, of conversing with the people, and of doing them good, and that if her husband saw fit to dissolve the meetings, he must not merely tell her he *desired* her to desist, for that would not satisfy her conscience; but he must send her his *positive command*, in such full and express terms, as might absolve her from all guilt and punishment for neglecting this opportunity of doing good, when both he and she should appear before the great and awful bar of the Lord Jesus Christ, to render an account of the deeds done in the body. The answer was satisfactory to her husband, and Mrs. Wesley was allowed to proceed as she had begun. The connection between these acts of the mother and the course pursued by her sons, in founding the Methodist societies, will easily be discerned by the intelligent reader.* When Mr. Maxfield, a layman, had begun to preach, Mr. John Wesley, who had only authorized him to pray with the society in London, and to advise them as might be needful, hastened back to London to silence him. Mr. Wesley's mother was in London at the time, and had heard Mr. Maxfield, and when she found what her son was going to do, said to him, "John, you know what my sentiments have been. You cannot suspect me of favoring readily anything of this kind. But take care what you do with respect to that young man, for he is as surely called of God to preach as you are. Examine what have been the fruits of his preaching, and hear him yourself." He took this advice, and could not venture to forbid him.—*Watson's Wesley*.

The following letter, to her oldest son, is taken from the Wesleyan Magazine for August, 1846. It is a model worthy the imitation of all Christian mothers!

"DEAR SAMMY,—I am sorry you have lost my letters; not that they contain anything very valuable, but because you have not now so many witnesses of my great love for you,

* Larabee, vol. i, p. 43.

and unfeigned desire of your eternal happiness. What use any person can make of them is past my comprehension. Or, for what end any should be so impertinently curious, to steal letters from a mother to a son, that concern none but himself, I cannot imagine. However, I hope you remember the main things which are therein expressed; but lest you should not, I will again repeat some things which, by the good blessing of God, may be useful to you.

“Be sure always to retain a firm belief of the being and perfections of the ever-blessed God. Remember he is your Creator, to whom you owe your being; and your governor, whose most holy laws you are indispensably obliged to obey. Endeavor to impress upon your mind the reason for which you were created, not only to eat, drink, and perform other natural actions relating only to this life, but to know, love, and obey God.

“This life is nothing in comparison to eternity; so very inconsiderable, and withal so wretched, that it is not worth while to be, if we were to die, as the beasts. What mortal would sustain the pains, the wants, the disappointments, the cares, and thousands of calamities we must often suffer here? But when we consider this as a probationary state, wherein we are placed by the Supreme Being, and that, if we wisely behave ourselves here, and can recover the image of God, which we lost in Adam, and attain to a heavenly temper and disposition of mind, full of the love of God, etc., then we justly think, that even this life is an effect of the inconceivable goodness of God toward us; especially, since we know that all things work together for good to those that love God, and that these light afflictions, which are but for a moment, shall be recompensed with an exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

“I am almost afraid that I shall tire you with such frequent repetitions of the same things; but out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. I have such an in-

expressible desire for your salvation, and such dreadful apprehensions of your failing in a work of so great importance; and do, moreover, know, by experience, how hard a thing it is to be a Christian, that I cannot forbear, I cannot but most earnestly press you, and conjure you, over and over again, to give the most earnest heed to what you have already learned, lest at any time you let slip the remembrance of your final happiness, or forget what you have to do in order to attain it.

“Believe me, *Sammy*, the flesh, the world, and the devil are formidable enemies. But, above all, the flesh, by which, I think, is meant all our corrupt sensual appetites, is the most to be apprehended. That man of sin, the old Adam, still lives in us, and it is by ourselves we are still betrayed. Not all the pomps and vanities of the world, nor all the united powers of hell, could prevail so far as to make us swerve in the least from our duty, did not these sordid, impure natures of our own give them the advantage they gain over us. This is the enemy that will to the last (if not destroyed) maintain the conflict, and it will require our utmost skill and strength to come off conquerors, which yet would be impossible without the grace of God. You may, perhaps, in the course of your duty, meet with those trials which our Saviour expresses by pulling out a right eye, and cutting off a right hand; and you have great reason to pray daily that God would proportion your strength to your trials, and that his grace may be sufficient for you. I say not these things to discourage you, but to quicken you, to impress on your mind a greater sense of the necessity you lie under to use your utmost endeavor to get a stock of virtue, that you may have grace to use as you need it.

“Dear child, remember how short and how uncertain this life is, and what depends upon it. Make a stand. Recollect your thoughts. Think again upon eternity—an endless duration, a perpetual now, that admits of no parts, succession, or alteration. Of what vast importance it is, since

our souls must, whether we will or no, be immortal—of what vast importance, I say, is it, that we should be possessed of those divine virtues, that will necessarily make them eternally happy!

“I have a great desire that all your sisters and your brother should be saved as well as you; but I must own, I think my concern for you is much the greatest. What! you, my son; you! who was once the son of my extremest sorrow, in your birth and in your infancy—he, who is now the son of my tenderest love, my friend! in whom is my inexpressible delight, my future hope of happiness in this world! for whom I weep and pray in my retirements from the world, when no mortal knows the agonies of my soul upon your account, no eye sees my tears, which are only beheld by that Father of spirits, of whom I so importunately beg grace for you, that I hope I may at last be heard! Is it possible that you should be *lost forever*? O, that it were impossible! yes, I hope, and still would fain persuade myself, that a child, for whom so many prayers have been offered to Heaven, will not miss of heaven!

“To the protection of the ever-blessed God I commit you, humbly beseeching him to conduct you by his grace to his eternal glory.

SUSANNAH WESLEY.

“EPWORTH, *March*, 1707.”

The late Doctor Adam Clarke, in his *Memoirs of the Wesley Family*, has given a full and particular account of this most excellent woman, the mother of Methodism, and copious extracts from her writings, at the close of which he says:

“She had a strong and vigorous mind, and an undaunted courage. She feared no difficulty,* and in search of truth, at once looked the most formidable objections full in the face;

* Then she was a true heroine.—C.

and never hesitated to give an enemy all the vantage ground he could gain, when she rose up to defend either the doctrines or precepts of the religion of the Bible. She was not only graceful, but beautiful in her person. As a wife she was affectionate and obedient, having a sacred respect for authority wherever lodged. As the mistress of a large family, her management was exquisite in all its parts; and its success was beyond comparison or former example. As a Christian she was modest, humble, and pious. Her religion was as rational as it was Scriptural and profound. In forming her creed she dug deep, and laid her foundation upon a rock, and the storms and adversities of life never shook it. Her faith carried her through life, and it was unimpaired in death. She was a tender mother, a wise and invaluable friend. Several of her children were eminent; and he who excelled all the rest, owed, under God, at least one half of his excellences to the instructions of his mother. If it were not unusual to apply such an epithet to a woman, I should not hesitate to say she was *an able divine*.

“I have traced her life with much pleasure, and received from it much instruction; and when I have seen her repeatedly grappling with gigantic adversities, I have adored the grace of God that was in her, and have not been able to repress my tears. I have been acquainted with many pious females; I have read the lives of several others, and composed memoirs of a few; but such a woman, take her for all in all, I have not heard of, I have not read of, nor with her equal have I been acquainted. Such a one Solomon has described in the last chapter of Proverbs; and to her I can apply the summed-up character of his accomplished housewife: ‘Many daughters have done virtuously, but’ *Susanna Wesley* has ‘excelled them all.’”

Who has not admired Cowper’s exquisite apostrophe to his mother on the receipt of her picture, and who that has admired the character of Mrs. *Susanna Wesley*, will think

the following extract from that beautiful and affectionate effusion of the author of the Task misapplied?

“Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion’s coast,
(The storm all weather’d and the ocean cross’d,)
Shoots into port at some well-haven’d isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her fanning light her streamers gay;
So thou with sails how swift! hast reach’d the shore
Where tempests never beat, nor billows roar,
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life, long since has anchor’d at thy side.”



MRS. SARAH WESLEY.

“We walk with him in white,
We in his likeness shine,
Our robes are robes of light,
Our righteousness divine;
On all the groveling things of earth
With pity we look down;
And claim, in honor of our birth,
A never-fading crown.”—REV. J. WESLEY.

THE amiable consort of the late Rev. Charles Wesley was the daughter of Marmaduke Gwynne, Esq., of Garth, Breconshire, South Wales.

Mr. Gwynne was an upright, pious man, strenuously attached to the Church of England. Mrs. Gwynne was a worthy woman, endowed with a superior understanding, and distinguished for her benevolence to the poor. She was one of six heiresses, each of whom had one hundred and fifty

thousand dollars for her portion, and had strong prejudices of birth and fortune.

When Mr. Howell Harris, a Calvinistic Methodist, began his itinerant career in South Wales, the worthy magistrate, fearing that he was an innovator in the Church and a rebel to the king, took the *Riot Act* in his pocket, and went to hear him, intending to put a stop to such proceedings if he found them to be as he suspected; but "the sermon was so evangelical, and the preacher's manner so zealous and affectionate, that Mr. Gwynne thought he resembled one of the apostles, and invited him to his house." After this Miss Sarah Gwynne took great delight in accompanying her father to hear Mr. Harris. Poor Mrs. Gwynne was not so easily persuaded, nor was she reconciled to Methodism till she had perused the "Appeals" of Mr. John Wesley. On the arrival of Mr. John Wesley in South Wales, Mr. Gwynne invited him to Garth, where he was most cordially welcomed by Mrs. Gwynne also.

Two years after, Mr. Charles Wesley came there, to whom the whole family seemed immediately united; and in two years after his first visit, having obtained the consent of both her parents, took Miss Sarah for his wife, who, without reluctance, sacrificed earthly splendor to become the companion of a pious minister. During the first years of their union Mrs. Wesley accompanied her husband in his travels, where their accommodations usually formed a striking contrast to the luxuries to which she had been accustomed in her youth. But she was never known to regret her change of situation and habits of life. In the affection, and society, the example and protection of one of the best of husbands, she deemed herself richly remunerated for the loss of worldly honors. In Norwich, a violent mob collected, through which it was deemed advisable that she should pass with a lady who came with her, rather than with her husband, who was the object of their vengeance. Being low in stature, she said

“her insignificance secured her from insult;” but her friend, Col. Galatin’s lady, of majestic height and appearance, being taken for the wife of Mr. Wesley, was separated from her, and greatly annoyed by the rabble.

Four years after her marriage she caught the small-pox. For twenty-two days her life was in danger, and when she recovered, the alteration of her features was so great that no one could recognize her; but never did a female less regret her loss of personal attractions than she did on that trying occasion.

To Mr. Whitefield and Lady Huntingdon and her people she was strongly attached. Before her marriage, and when controversies rose high, she stipulated that she should be permitted to hear any pious Gospel ministers of their persuasion; and often, in her latter years, did she express great pleasure, in the belief that she promoted the continuance of that endearing intercourse which subsisted between Mr. Whitefield and her husband and his brother.

Her amiable manners and cheerful spirit endeared her to all with whom she had any intercourse. Her hospitality, like that of her excellent mother, was unbounded, and verged to excess. Love for the poor and pity for the wicked were prominent features in her character.

“Once, when returning to the South, Mrs. Wesley rode behind her husband on horseback from Manchester to Stone, in Staffordshire, fifty miles. Having taken some refreshment at the inn where they intended to pass the night, she retired into the garden, and there sat down to rest herself. It was a fine summer evening; and though wearied with the journey, a heavenly calm came over her spirit, corresponding with the scene around her. She raised her sweet and melodious voice in a hymn of praise to her Saviour, who had so freely shed abroad his love in her heart. Her singing attracted the ear of some young ladies in an adjoining garden, who stood in silent attention listening to strains

which were equally devout and tasteful. Their father was a clergyman, who came and joined them with equal delight. When Mrs. Wesley had finished her hymn, he complimented her upon her voice and skill, and invited her to sing in his church on the following Sabbath. But having learned who she was, and being given to understand that if the clergyman would have her in his choir, he must allow her husband to occupy the pulpit, he declined the services of both.”—*Jackson's Life of C. Wesley.*

Mrs. Wesley departed this life December 28, 1822, in London, aged *ninety-six*.

MRS. HANNAH CLARKE,

MOTHER OF DR. ADAM CLARKE.

“SHE was a *Presbyterian* of the old *Puritanic* school, had been well catechised in her youth, and had read the Scriptures with great care and to much profit. She ever placed the fear of God before the eyes of her children, caused them to read and reverence the Scriptures, and endeavored to impress the most important parts on their minds. If they did wrong at any time, she had recourse uniformly to the Bible to strengthen her reproofs and to deepen conviction. In these she was so conversant and ready, that there was scarcely a delinquency, for the condemnation of which she could not easily find a portion. She seemed to find them on the *first opening*, and would generally say, ‘See what God has guided my eye to in a moment.’ Her *own* reproofs her children could in some measure bear; but when she had recourse to the *Bible* they were terrified beyond

measure, such an awful sense had they of the truth of God's word, and the majesty of the Author. One anecdote will serve to show her manner of reproving, and the impression made by such reproofs. Her son Adam one day disobeyed his mother, and the disobedience was accompanied with some *look* or *gesture* that indicated an undervaluing of her authority. This was a high affront; she immediately turned to the Bible, and opened it on these words, Prov. xxx, 17, which she read and commented on in a most awful manner: 'The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it.' The poor culprit was cut to the heart, believing that the words had been sent immediately from heaven; he went out into the field with a troubled spirit, and was musing on this horrible denunciation of Divine displeasure, when the *hoarse croak of a raven* sounded to his conscience an alarm more terrible than the cry of fire at midnight! He looked up, and soon perceived this most ominous bird, and actually supposing it to be the *raven* of which the text spoke, coming to *pick out his eyes*, he clapped his hands on them with the utmost speed and trepidation, and ran toward the house as fast as he could, that he might escape the threatened vengeance.

"The severe creed of Mrs. Clarke led her more frequently to represent the Supreme Being as a *God of justice*, than as the *God of mercy*; the consequence was, the children *dreaded* God, and obeyed only through *fear*: *this*, perhaps, was the only impression that could be made to awaken conscience and keep it awake. To the religious instructions of his mother, Adam ever attributed, under God, that fear of the Divine Majesty which ever prevented him from taking pleasure in sin. 'My mother's reproofs and terrors,' said he, 'never left me, till I sought and found the salvation of God. She taught me such reverence for the Bible, that if I had it in my hand even for the purpose of studying a chapter in

order to say it as a lesson, and had been disposed with my class-mates to sing, or be facetious, or whistle a tune, I dared not do either with the Bible open in my hand. In such cases I always shut it and laid it down beside me.'

"We need not say that such a mother taught her children to *pray*. Each night, before they went to bed, they regularly kneeled successively at her knee and said the *Lord's Prayer* and the Apostles' Creed, and implored a blessing on father, mother, relatives, and friends. Every Lord's Day was strictly sanctified; no manner of work was done in the family; and the children were taught from their earliest youth to sanctify the Sabbath. On that day she took the opportunity to catechise and instruct her children, would read a chapter, sing a portion of a Psalm, and then go to prayer. While reading, she always accustomed the children who had discernment, to note some particular verse in the reading, and repeat it to her when prayer was over. This engaged all their attention, and was the means of impressing the word on their hearts, as well as on their memories. She obliged them also to get by heart the *Church Catechism* and the *Shorter Catechism* of the Assembly of Divines.

"Thus the children had the creed of their father, who was a *Churchman*, and that of their mother, who was a *Presbyterian*. But though their parents belonged to different religious denominations, they never indulged in personal animosities on that account. The parish clergyman and the Presbyterian minister were equally welcome to their house; and the husband and wife most cheerfully permitted each other to go their own way: nor were any means used by either to determine the children to prefer one community to the other. They were taught to fear God, and to expect salvation through a crucified Redeemer; and all other matters were considered by their parents of comparatively little moment.

"When the Methodist ministers visited that part of Ire-

land where Adam Clarke was born, his parents went to hear them. 'At length that truly apostolic man, *Mr. Thomas Barber*, came to the place; and with indefatigable diligence and zeal went through all the country, preaching Christ crucified and redemption through his blood; in dwelling-houses, barns, school-houses, the open air, etc., etc., and many were awakened under his ministry.' Mrs. Clarke went to hear, and immediately pronounced, 'This is the doctrine of the Reformers; this is the true, unadulterated Christianity.' In this she greatly rejoiced, and pressed all her family to go and hear for themselves. Mr. Clarke went, and bore testimony that it was 'the genuine doctrine of the Established Church.' The preacher was invited to their house, which he and all his successors ever had as their home, and were always entertained according to the best circumstances of the family.

"When Mr. Wesley signified his wish to place young Clarke as a pupil in the Kingswood school, his parents made strong remonstrances against it. His father, for a while, would neither see him nor speak to him; his mother threatened him with God's displeasure. 'We have brought you up,' said she, 'with much care and trouble. Your brother is gone; your father cannot last always; you should stay with the family, and labor for the support of those who have so long supported you, and not go to be a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth. I believe you to be upright. I know you to be godly; but remember, God has said, "Honor thy father and mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."' These solemn words, uttered by his mother in the fullness of her grief, made a deep impression on the tender heart of young Clarke. In this dilemma *prayer* was his stronghold, and to it he had recourse on that occasion. God knew the way that he took, and answered him, so that on his return from Colerain, whither he had gone for a few days, he was greatly sur-

prised to find his mother's sentiments entirely changed. Having got the persuasion that God required her to give up her son to his work, she instantly submitted, and used all her influence with his father to bring him to the same mind. Nor were her labors in vain. Both his parents received him on his return with a pleasing countenance, and though neither said *go*, yet both said *we submit.*' "

Ah! little did the mother of Adam Clarke think what honors awaited her son. To be sure, he had his trials at Kingswood school and elsewhere, but he survived them all, and as a linguist, a Biblical scholar, a traveling preacher, and a commentator on the Holy Bible he stands first and foremost of all the sons of Wesley!



MRS. MARY CLARKE,

WIFE OF DR. ADAM CLARKE.

THE maiden name of Mrs. Clarke was Cooke. She was the eldest daughter of Mr. John Cooke, clothier, of Trowbridge, Wiltshire, England, well educated, of a fine natural disposition, deep piety, and sound judgment. Mr. Clarke and Miss Mary Cooke had been acquainted for several years, and their attachment to each other was formed on the purest principles of reason and religion, and was consolidated with that affection which, where the natural dispositions are properly suited, will never permit the marriage life to be a burden; but, on the contrary, the most powerful help to mental cultivation and the growth of genuine piety. In such cases the *yoke* of the conjugal life becomes an "*easy yoke*" and the "*burden light.*"

The proposed connection between Mr. Clarke and Miss

Cooke was too good not to be opposed. Some of her friends supposed that they would be degraded by her alliance with a *Methodist preacher*, but pretended to cover their opposition with the vail, that one so delicately brought up would not be able to bear the troubles and privations of a Methodist preacher's life. These persons so prejudiced Mr. Wesley himself, that he threatened to put Mr. Clarke out of the connection if he married Miss Cooke without her mother's consent.

Finding that Mr. Wesley was deceived by false representations, Mr. Clarke and Miss Cooke laid before him a plain and full statement of the case. He heard also the opposite party, who, at last, acknowledged that in this connection everything was proper, and all would be well, should the mother approve.

Mr. Wesley, like a tender parent, interposed his good offices to bring these matters to an accommodation, and succeeded, so that in about a year from that time Mr. Clarke and Miss Mary Cooke were married.

MRS. DREW,

MOTHER OF SAMUEL DREW.

THE Life, Character, and Literary Labors of Samuel Drew, (author of an Essay on the Immateriality and Immortality of the Human Soul, and another on the Identity and Resurrection of the Human Body, and other works, editor of the Imperial Magazine, &c.,) published by Harper & Brothers, in 1835, contains a brief and beautiful sketch of the mother of this extraordinary man, whose talents as a metaphysical writer, unaided by a classical education, raised him from

obscurity into honorable notice, and whose virtues as a Christian won the esteem and affection of all who knew him.

“The mother of Samuel Drew was a Methodist. She was a woman of strong, masculine understanding, of courage and zeal in the cause of God which nothing could damp, and ready to brave every hardship, that the discharge of duty might render necessary. She was, indeed, a remarkable woman. Born of parents who could do no more than procure for their children and themselves the necessaries of life, her education was greatly neglected. When, in early womanhood, her heart was affected by the truths of religion, through the preaching of Mr. Wesley, it is uncertain whether she could read, and it is certain she could not write. She applied all the energies of her mind to overcome these obstructions to knowledge ; and it is said, that in both reading and writing she was entirely self-taught. Nor was it the mere ability to read and write that she acquired. The specimen of her penmanship which was preserved in the family after her decease has the appearance of a bold, firm, practiced hand ; and the following extract from a manuscript of hers proves that she must have made some proficiency in the art of composition :

““ Come out from among them, and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you, and will be a father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty.” Here is a privilege I would not barter for the world ! to be a daughter of the Lord Almighty, the King of kings, the Omnipotent God, the Sovereign of the universe ! If I am his child, adopted into his family, by faith in his Son Jesus Christ, all his attributes are at work for my good. His grace is mine, his wisdom is mine, his power is mine ; for he is unto me wisdom, and sanctification, and redemption. He hath promised that all things shall work together for my good if I love him. His cross is

mine, his crown is mine, his peace is mine, his patience is mine, his heaven is mine.

““Of him, and through him, and to him, are all things : to whom be glory forever. Amen.” Of thee, O eternal Benefactor, I had this hand with which I am now writing ; thou gavest me my eyes, with which I look on all thy wondrous works ; all my senses are thine : assist me, O Lord, and I will employ them to thy glory. What small degree of knowledge I have is thine, and shall be employed for thee. What learning thou hast bestowed on me shall not henceforth be prostituted to Satan, as it has been in times past. If I have any wisdom it is thine, and shall be employed for thee. My memory, O Lord, do thou sanctify, that it may retain nothing but what shall be profitable for me, and help me onward in the way to thy kingdom. Thou hast given me a voice, and to sing thy praise it shall be devoted. All that I have and am, is thine. Take me, O Lord, body, soul, and spirit ; mold me into thy own glorious likeness ; make me a vessel to honor, meet for the Master’s use ; and then appoint me labor, or toil, or suffering, or death, as it may seem good in thy sight. Only give me strength to bear it, and I will gladly take up my cross and follow thee.

““To you that believe he is precious.” O my eternal Friend and Lover, thou art precious to my soul ! more precious than the gold of Ophir ! the pearls of Ethopia cannot equal thee in my esteem. Thou art that Wisdom that stood by God at his right hand, when he made the world, and all that is therein. O make me a possessor of thyself, the only true wisdom, the life divine, the pearl of great price !

““They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.” Grant me this portion, O my God ! and deny me what else thou pleasest. I appeal to thee, that I bow not my knees for any temporal good ; I desire not a portion with the great ; I only ask thy grace to keep me unspotted from the world, and to fit and prepare me for thy kingdom.’

“Such was the mother of Samuel Drew, whose mental constitution he appears to have especially inherited. But amiable and gifted though she was, she did not live to see her son rise to that enviable position which he occupied in his later years. She died of consumption at the early age of forty-four years, in the full assurance of faith, leaving to her children, as a legacy, the unsullied luster of a Christian example.”—*Mem. of S. Drew.*

MRS. SOPHIA BRADBURN,

WIDOW OF THE LATE REV. SAMUEL BRADBURN.

SHE was a native of Gloucester, and in the eighteenth year of her age was brought to the enjoyment of the pardoning mercy and renewing grace of God ; when she immediately united herself to the Methodist society, of which she continued an exemplary member to the end of her life. It is stated, on good authority, that she first suggested to Mr. Raikes, with whom she was personally acquainted, the plan of Sunday-school instruction. Commiserating the large number of ragged children whom he saw in the streets, he said to Miss Cooke, (for that was her maiden name,) “What shall we do for these poor neglected children?” And she answered, “Let us teach them to read and take them to church.” The suggestion was adopted ; and Mr. Raikes and Miss Cooke conducted the first company of Sunday scholars to the church, exposed to public laughter as they passed along the street with their unpromising charge. As the wife of a minister, Mrs. Bradburn possessed many excellences. Through the greater part of her life, she was ac-

customed to rise at four in the morning, and was a regular attendant upon the five o'clock preaching, and upon the prayer-meetings which were held at that early hour. In visiting the sick, and as a class-leader, she was very active and useful for many years; and her devotional habits were most exemplary. It was her practice through the whole of her religious course every day to read the entire morning service of the Church of England in her closet; and when she was disabled by affliction, that same service was daily read in her sick-room by her daughter. From early life she enjoyed the personal friendship of Mr. Wesley; she used to remark, that his morning salutation, uttered with great cheerfulness, was, "Sophy, live to-day." During the last eight years she was mostly confined to her bed; and perhaps a more patient and cheerful sufferer was never seen. About five months before her death she was seized with apoplexy; from which, however, she in a great measure recovered. But on Sunday morning, March 16, she had another seizure, the violence of which her enfeebled constitution was unable to sustain; and she expired the following day, in a manner the most calm and placid, aged seventy-five years. She was a woman of a most amiable temper.

MRS. SARAH MYLES.

MRS. MYLES, relict of the late Rev. William Myles, was daughter of Richard Moore, Esq., who resided in the neighborhood of Dublin, and sister of the late Rev. Henry Moore, the biographer of Mr. Wesley. Her mother was a rigid Episcopalian, and educated her family according to the ritual of the Church to which she belonged. Nevertheless, she took great delight in entertaining the Rev. John Wesley under her roof, when paying his accustomed visits to Dublin. Her only son was set apart to the work of the ministry; and all her family, with the exception of her youngest daughter, were converted through the instrumentality of Methodism. Sarah, the subject of the present sketch, continued alienated in her mind, a stranger to the covenant of promise, until the close of the vicar of Madeley's last visit to Dublin. After refusing repeatedly to accompany her friends to the chapel, she was entreated and prevailed upon so to do, as it was the last sermon that Mr. Fletcher could stay to preach in Ireland. But she went in a very unhappy state of mind, the enmity of the carnal heart being roused to a state of intolerable disaffection, by the sight of the preacher, place, and people; but she was compelled to own that God was there, though, when she entered the place, she knew it not. She was completely overawed by the seraphic ardor which irradiated the messenger of Him whose word was "quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword." The text was Isa. xii, 3, "Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the well of salvation." Sarah had said to her sister, "This is the last time you can ask me," being determined to resist all further entreaties; but

now she said, "You shall never have that trouble again." Her proud spirit was subdued. This was in September, 1784, and she continued waiting for months with a sorrowful spirit, not daring to join the people of God. But on the tenth of May following she asked for a note of admission, and joined the Methodist society in Dublin, when Mr. Rutherford was stationed there. She was standing near the table in the vestry, when God, by an act of mercy, forgave all her sins, accepted her as righteous, and spoke peace, through the blood of the cross, to her troubled conscience, by applying these words to her heart: "Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." On her return home she was accosted by her sister, who asked her where she had been, as her countenance, heretofore expressive of continual anguish, was now radiant with peace and joy. "O, Becky," she replied, "the prettiest words you ever heard came into my mind while I was in the vestry!" and when she saw her sister referring to the passage, she was astonished to find them in the Bible. They seemed to her, to use her own description, "brilliant with gold and diamonds, so dazzling that she could not read them." From that time she became most exemplary in her nonconformity to the world, and abounding in love to the flock of Christ. After her union with Mr. Myles, who was "an Israelite indeed," she continued, in every respect, a highly qualified minister's wife; and after his death she sustained her bereavement nearly twenty years, with fortitude and joyful expectation of a reunion in heaven. When, a little before her death, one was speaking to her of the *veracity* of the promise-keeping JEHOVAH, who, notwithstanding our unfaithfulness, still visits and blesses us, she replied emphatically, "Wonderful! wonderful!" her countenance beaming with expressions of tenderness, and affection, and gratitude. Mark the perfect and behold the upright, for their end is peace.

MRS. ANN MOORE,

WIFE OF REV. HENRY MOORE, THE BIOGRAPHER OF WESLEY.

DURING a revival of religion at Colerain, in Ireland, a Mrs. Dawson, a very respectable gentlewoman, well-known and much beloved among the people in Limerick and Dublin, happened to visit Colerain, in the vicinity of which she had a married daughter. Mrs. Dawson was directed to call on a Mrs. Young, a widow lady, related to some of the first families in that part of the kingdom. Being from home, Miss Young, her daughter, received Mrs. Dawson, who, in the course of her conversation, inquired if there were any Methodists in that town. Miss Young answered there were some "poor folks" so called, who assembled at the old barracks, but observed that she could give no account of them, as none of the "better sort" of the inhabitants had any intercourse with them. Mrs. Dawson took the opportunity thus given her by that expression, of informing her young friend who were, in truth, the better sort of people, to the great surprise of Miss Young, who had never heard a gentlewoman speak thus about religion. After this Miss Young resolved to visit the poor folk at the barrack, and soon, with her sister, attended as a constant hearer. The two Misses Young becoming Methodists, as it was supposed they were, by their constant attendance, excited no small surprise among their gay associates, by whom they were much beloved. But Mrs. Young and the different branches of the family were exceedingly alarmed, and concluded that disgrace to the whole family, and utter ruin to the prospects of the young persons concerned, must be the inevitable consequence of such an association.

In about a year after that event Mr. Wesley visited Colerain again, and recorded in his Journal of that date the following event: "Sunday, June 7, 1778. In the evening I saw a pleasing sight; a young gentlewoman had joined the society without the knowledge of her relations. She was informed this evening that her sister was speaking to me on the same account. As soon as we came into the room, she ran to her sister, fell upon her neck, wept over her, and could just say, 'O sister, sister!' before she fell down upon her knees to praise God. Her sister could hardly bear it. She was in tears too; and so were all in the room. Such are the first-fruits in Colerain."

The "gentlewoman" thus mentioned by Mr. Wesley was Miss Ann Young, at that time twenty-two years of age, afterward the beloved wife of the Rev. Henry Moore. Her sister, on whose account she was so affected, was Miss Isabella Young, afterward the wife of Mr. Rutherford, a traveling preacher in the Wesleyan connection. "In 1779," says Mr. Moore, "my itinerant life began. I was sent to the north of Ireland. At Colerain, which was part of my circuit, I found a lovely and most pious people, among whom were the Misses Young. In a little time I became acquainted with them, to my great, and, I trust, endless comfort. I found Miss Ann Young walking in a strait path indeed; a path not well suited to the delicacy of her constitution. To spend the whole night in prayer was not an uncommon thing. She hardly ever ate a regular meal, especially when she could escape observation. When hunger made her weak, she would take a piece of bread, and immediately turn again to any employment in which she had been engaged. But she was in truth a 'happy ascetic,' and, therefore, even an extreme of self-denial was not grievous. She rose in the morning at four o'clock, and constantly attended the preaching or prayer-meetings, wherever they were held in the neighborhood, even in the depth of winter. In every place

where our lot was cast she was highly esteemed and greatly beloved by the Lord's people. When I was stationed in Dublin I became sensible that much good could not be done while we confined ourselves to the preaching houses. I resolved, therefore, to try what could be done by preaching abroad. Accordingly, I went on Sunday afternoon into Lower Abbey-street; and borrowing a chair, I stood upon it and gave out a hymn. An immense multitude soon assembled, running from all quarters and crying out, 'What is the matter?' They surrounded my little flock; and, for a time, their curiosity kept them quiet. Soon, however, they became boisterous, and some of them strove to get near to pull me down. The little flock that surrounded me, however, continued firm, till one fellow forced his way through them, and then attempted to overthrow the chair on which I stood. This was held fast on one side by my wife, and on the other by a young lady much attached to her. At first I was sorry for this, but I quickly found that it worked for good; the fellow dared not to meddle with them; if he had, he would soon have had the whole assembly upon him, such is the Irish feeling generally respecting females.

"My dear partner was a pattern of industry and attention to all her duties. I believe no creature ever beheld her for one quarter of an hour unemployed; even in company she used to work whenever she could do so without giving offense. At home, when she had leisure to read, she often contrived to knit at the same time; and, not unfrequently, she thus worked for the poor, whom she loved to relieve in every possible way. For many years she suffered much from occasional attacks of severe illness; and as often was, seemingly, almost miraculously restored. She was thus frequently and greatly oppressed with most distressing debility, but often revived in a surprising manner. During her last illness her dear sister watched over her with a love which only God can give. About two in the morning of the day before she died,

while I was sitting by her bedside, she said something which I did not fully understand. I said to her, 'My dear, what did you say?' She replied, 'What do I say? Why, I say, God is good, and God is love.' She slept much, her debility being very great; but always waked with a smile, and said something comfortable. To her sister she frequently said, 'My angel sister!' and often kissed her hand when she gave her anything. Soon after this her happy spirit passed away to the land of the blessed, without any appearance of acute bodily pain, while a heavenly smile settled upon her countenance."

"For still her features wore that light,
Which flits not with the breath;
And life ne'er look'd more purely bright,
Than in thy smile of death."

Doctor Adam Clarke, who knew her for more than thirty years, says of her: "She and her sister were not only ornaments of a society, certainly one of the first, in sense and piety, in the nation, but were exceedingly useful in diffusing the savor and influence of pure religion among many; and causing Methodism, where no ordinary recommendation of principles so opposite to the prevailing religious sentiments of the place would have been sufficient, to stem the torrent of prejudice."—*Life of Rev. Henry Moore.*



MRS ELIZABETH MORTIMER.

Thurs aff-^{to} & obliged
E. Ritchie

MRS. ELIZABETH MORTIMER,

FORMERLY MISS RITCHIE.

MRS. MORTIMER, who was long and justly considered as one of the most interesting specimens of primitive Wesleyan Methodism, was born at Otley, in Yorkshire. From her earliest years she was favored with the gracious visitations of the Holy Spirit; and at the age of sixteen, with an entire decision of purpose, devoted herself, in heart and life, to the love and service of God; resolved to be a Christian, not in name only, but to aspire after all the privileges, and seek to fulfill all the requirements, which that comprehensive character implies. Her attainments, consequently, were of no common order. She became eminently holy and extensively useful. Her "praise was in all the churches." By her unobtrusive, yet exalted piety, she engaged in a high degree the cordial and affectionate esteem and attachment of the Rev. John Wesley; and was admitted to the most intimate and inmost circle of his friendship, an honor which she retained to the close of his protracted life; and, being privileged to watch his dying pillow, she gave to the Church that record of his last hours, which has ever been perused with the deepest interest by all who knew his labors, and revered or loved his name. Her union with Mr. Mortimer exchanged her sphere of duty, but afforded no less scope for the employment of her consecrated talents in the service of her blessed Master, and for the benefit of those to whom his providence directed her regard. Her wisdom, piety, and prudence, as well as tender and solicitous affection, were eminently exemplified in the recognition and discharge of those maternal obligations, which her new responsibilities

involved. A numerous family required her vigilant attention, and exercised her deep and prayerful interest for its present and eternal welfare. In these relations, arduous and important as they were, she fully sustained her exalted Christian character; and ceased not to receive testimonies of the grateful and affectionate regard of those whose benefit she labored to promote. As a spiritual guide and teacher, as an exemplary pattern of diligent and cheerful piety, she exhibited such practical and impressive lessons as will not soon be obliterated from the thankful recollections of her family and friends. Her heart was accessible to all the sympathies of friendship, and the law of wisdom and kindness was on her tongue when endeavoring to administer comfort to the afflicted, or to assist with counsel those who resorted to her under circumstances of trial and embarrassment. As a more extended memoir of this truly eminent Christian has been published at our Book Room, it is only necessary to add, that a venerable age, passed in great tranquillity, was closed by an emphatically peaceful death. Through a lingering confinement to her sick-chamber, she exhibited all that patience, meekness, and resignation, of which the maturity of her Christian character warranted the expectation. In the assured hope of immortal life, through the merits of Christ Jesus, her adorable Lord and Saviour, she breathed her spirit into his hands, and passed the barrier of death into a blissful eternity, without a struggle, and without a groan.

MRS. SARAH BYROM.

MRS. BYROM, of Liverpool, England, was a person far above the ordinary standard of Christian and intellectual excellence. Few females were more extensively known, and more generally respected, not only by the members of the Wesleyan connection, but by a long list of ministers, and by the public at large, for the space of thirty years. In early life she became experimentally acquainted with the power of godliness, and lived under its influence for nearly half a century. She was placed at the head, and had the chief direction of various female schools, with other institutions formed for the benefit of females. In these situations she possessed the full confidence and affectionate esteem of those who acted with her. Her judgment, prudence, and discretion were so respected, as seldom to be dissented from; she guided their counsels rather than governed their determinations. There has seldom been a person, occupying such public responsible situations as those which she filled for so long a time, that incurred so little censure, or whose conduct commanded such universal approbation. She possessed information and intelligence of no common order. For nearly forty years she was on terms of intimacy with almost all the Wesleyan ministers, who were successively stationed in Liverpool, including many who were venerable in age, wisdom, and experience; and others rising as the brightest stars in Methodism; by which intercourse she greatly profited. She had read extensively on all useful subjects, could clearly apprehend what she read, had a capacious, retentive, and ready memory, the stores of which she communicated in an easy, unostentatious, and interesting manner, which rendered her conversation

instructive, entertaining, and edifying, especially to the young. Under her treatment there was nothing repulsive in religion; it was made to appear amiable and attractive. She was for many years a useful class-leader. Her equal in all things will not soon be seen. Methodism in Liverpool has had its full share of agitation; but, amid the clash of parties and the strife of tongues, Mrs. Byrom's voice was never heard, her words never repeated. Her last affliction was short, her removal unexpected, but her end was peace.

MRS. MARY HUDSON,

OF HALIFAX, YORKSHIRE.

THE character of the early Methodists deserves to be had in everlasting remembrance by their successors, who have entered into their labors, and now reap the fruit of their toils and sufferings. Among the most distinguishing points of character of the early Methodists were spirituality of mind, tenderness of conscience, and unquenchable zeal for God. A fine specimen of this class was Mrs. Mary Hudson. Her comeliness of person displayed, even in old age, an appearance not unworthy of the beauty of a renewed soul, and she was continued to advanced years, as if to preserve in the Wesleyan Methodist Society a salutary reminiscence of former days.

She was of a highly respectable family in the middle class of society, and it was her privilege to be favored with a pious mother, who accustomed her from early youth to reverence the word of God, and worship in his sanctuary. When she was about thirty years of age she experienced the converting

grace of God, and immediately united with the Methodist society. For a time she met with much opposition, as some of her relatives regarded it somewhat disgraceful to be associated with the Methodists. During the month of April, 1803, the waters of affliction, through which she was called to pass, were more than ordinarily deep and boisterous; one wave of trial followed another, and half overwhelmed her sinking soul. For a while she wrestled and prayed, but found no relief. At last it pleased the Lord to manifest himself to her in a remarkable manner. She was returning from the house of God one Sabbath morning, and it seemed as if the sun had darted rays with tenfold brightness from the clouds, so that, perfectly overpowered, she stood still in the street, while these words were powerfully applied to her mind, "Stand still and see the salvation of God." From that time she went on her way rejoicing. On another occasion she was almost miraculously saved from a watery grave; and, when the time came for her ransomed spirit to "quit this mournful vale, and soar to worlds on high," her eye sparkled with delight, and heaven beamed in her countenance. Being unable to speak, she waved her hand in token of victory, and escaped to the mansions of rest.

MRS. MARGARET MARTINDALE.

SHE was the wife of the late Rev. Miles Martindale, some time governor of Woodhouse-Grove School, near Leeds, Yorkshire.

Mrs. Martindale commenced her religious course when about seventeen years of age, and for sixty years maintained her confidence in God through the various trials of her long

pilgrimage. It was through her instrumentality that her husband was first induced to attend the ministry of the Methodists. She was well acquainted with the venerable founder of Methodism, and by him was greatly esteemed. During the eight years that she was resident at Woodhouse Grove, her maternal tenderness gained her the esteem and affection of many of the sons of the preachers. For eighteen years she was a widow indeed. Her last affliction was severe, but by grace she was saved through faith. The last words which she intelligibly uttered were, "Happy, happy, happy!" She died at the advanced age of eighty-seven.

MRS. REECE,

MOTHER OF THE LATE REV. RICHARD REECE.

THIS venerable mother in Israel, at the time of her decease, had been a member of the Wesleyan branch of the Church of Christ nearly *sixty-five* years. When she joined the society, she had to go a considerable distance to attend the means of grace; but "the word of the Lord was precious in those days," and long walks through muddy fields and miry roads, were obstacles easily surmounted. Occupied with the cares of a large family, she could do little beyond her own immediate neighborhood, but the law of kindness was in her heart, and she was ready to every good work. After living sixty-six years with the husband of her youth, they were separated for a short season, but soon to meet again. With an humbling sense of her own unworthiness, she had that sure trust in Christ which kept her in perfect peace. Early on the morning of the day of her death, she appeared

restless and raised herself up. Her daughter went to her and sat down on the bed, when she calmly laid her head upon her daughter's shoulder and expired, as though she had fallen asleep. She was aged ninety-three years.

MRS. HARRIET BIGBIE.

SHE was brought under religious impression when residing at New-Providence, West Indies, about eighty years ago, and before any missionary had been appointed to that island. When one was sent, she and a few friends, concerned like herself for their salvation, most heartily welcomed the missionary, and undertook to support him. She soon found peace with God, and joined the Wesleyans. Not long after she embarked for England and settled in London, where she finished her course with joy, May 21, 1842, exclaiming, "I am happy! Blessed be the Lord God of Israel!"

MRS. CATHARINE CORLETT.

SHE was a consistent member of the Methodist society for about thirty years, an active and useful tract distributor, and the oldest female missionary collector in the city of Bristol, England, where she died in the seventy-eighth year of her age.

MRS. KEZIA GEDEN,

MOTHER OF THE REV. JOHN DRURY GEDEN.

THE author of the *Memoir* from which this sketch is taken very justly remarks, that "God often subjects his servants to painful and protracted discipline, that they may be fashioned to his will, and may shine as the stars forever and ever."

The subject of this notice, when quite young, was bereaved of her mother, and fell under the care of an uncle and aunt, who adopted her and brought her up with parental kindness. Her foster parents were members of the Church of England, but they took no pains to instruct Kezia in the momentous truths of Divine revelation, or to guide her youthful feet into the way of holiness and peace, and no wonder, for they were strangers to experimental religion; and the minister of the parish was as fond of gayety, and fashion, and the amusements of the ball-room and the card-table as themselves. For dancing, in particular, the buoyant spirit of the young lady acquired a fondness which amounted almost to a passion, and her gracefulness in the ball-room and her skill at cards were the boast of her uncle and her own pride. Affectionate, amiable, joyous, and morally blameless, nearly twenty years of her life passed away before she suspected that she was walking in the way of the transgressor.

The Wesleyan Methodists had but recently found their way into the village where this young lady resided, when, attracted by the novelty of hearing a sermon in a blacksmith's shop, Kezia and her youthful companions ventured, as outside hearers, to listen to the words of eternal truth, pronounced by a man of God who wore neither surplice, nor gown, nor bands.

The young ladies enjoyed the amusement, but it is not known that any one of them was even awakened by the discourse. Nevertheless, the subject of this account carried away with her a mingled feeling of astonishment and pleasure which led her to desire a more perfect acquaintance with the things which she then heard.

The following year she was fully aroused to a sense of her sinfulness before God, and of her need of a personal interest in Christ. Her cherished amusements now lost their hold upon her heart, and shortly after were abandoned forever. This gracious change, as we should call it, in her sentiments and conduct, was highly displeasing to her uncle. For a time his displeasure manifested itself chiefly in expostulation and sarcasm, but it was not long before it broke forth into other and more violent forms. In the eyes of her minister Methodism was a vulgar and odious enthusiasm, and a sinful schism from the true Church. "If," said he on one occasion, when conversing with her on the subject, "I had an uncle and aunt who had treated me [as *kindly* he meant] as yours have treated you, I would leave anything [going to the Methodist chapel was what he intended by the remark] to oblige them." "Would you leave your Church?" she inquired. "No," he replied, with considerable warmth, "I would not." "Nor can I leave my chapel," was the respectful rejoinder.

The strength of her Christian principles, however, was to be subjected to tests of yet greater severity. By his will her uncle had constituted her an heiress to considerable property, but now he protested she should never enjoy the smallest interest in his possessions, and she was formally disinherited. On a subsequent occasion, upon her persisting to decline to accept and comply with an invitation to join a party at cards at the house of the clergyman, he declared she should no longer remain under his roof, and with bitter reproaches he bade her begone from the home of her childhood. Hardened,

however, as her uncle had become through the power of evil, the absence of his niece was intolerable to him, and he sent for her back again to his house. But she refused to return unless she might be permitted without further interruption to attend the ministry of the people of her choice. To this her uncle acceded, and it was not long after this heavy trial that she obtained a clear sense of her acceptance with God. From that time she found much comfort in the study of the Scriptures, and in communion with God in secret prayer, and abounded more and more in the knowledge and love of Christ.

Regular Methodist preaching having been established in the village, and a class formed, she was appointed its leader and for nearly four years filled the responsible office with great acceptance and usefulness. To us, who enjoy the unspeakable privilege of comfortable class-rooms, carpeted and cushioned, it seems strange that a female, delicately brought up, educated, and refined in her manners, should meet her class in a blacksmith's shop on a Sunday morning, even if it was "swept and garnished" in the best possible manner by the owner himself, who was a right good man, full of holy zeal, and faith, and hope, and love, but, perhaps, not abounding in spiritual gifts of sufficient variety and prominence to be judged competent for the office of a leader. Yet so it was. Hated and loved, despised and admired, ridiculed and respected, this good woman maintained the beginning of her confidence without wavering, and caused the light of her blameless life to appear as a city set on a hill.

In the summer of 1821 a new and wider sphere of usefulness was opened to her as the wife of a Wesleyan minister, in which relation the ignorant, the poor, the sorrowful, the afflicted, the sick, and the dying, all in their turn shared her tender and practical sympathy; and while it was her first concern to adorn and gladden her home with serene and happy goodness, she found opportunity to promote the tem-

poral and spiritual advantage of many around her who called her "blessed."

As a *wife* and *mother* she was blameless. Her management of her house was worthy of a woman professing godliness. Diligent, punctual, energetic, and careful, she allowed no room for the intrusion of sloth or disorder within the range of her domestic authority and influence. The salvation of her children was her paramount anxiety, but she had a high regard for the rights and interests and spiritual profit of those who were employed in her service; and among those who lament her departure from this world of change and trouble, not the least genuine mourners will be several pious females, who once called her *mistress*, and whose remembrance of their former connection with her must belong to the most grateful memories of their bygone years.

When her last sickness had assumed that permanent form in which no hopes of her recovery could be any longer indulged, and she was informed that it was the opinion of the physician that in a few hours her earthly course would be finished, she joyfully exclaimed, "O, that is the best of all!" and when her husband, in answer to the question, "Can this be death?" said, "Perhaps it may be: I do not think it can be far off," she faintly answered, "O, what a mercy," and in a few moments sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

MRS. ELIZABETH ASBURY,

MOTHER OF BISHOP ASBURY.

THE following is from the bishop's own pen :

“ My father's name was Joseph, and my mother's Elizabeth Asbury. They were people in common life. My parents had but two children, a daughter called Sarah, and myself. My lovely sister died in infancy. She was a favorite, and my dear mother being very affectionate, sunk into deep distress at the loss of a darling child, from which she was not relieved for many years. It was under this dispensation that God was pleased to open the eyes of her mind, she living in a very dark, dark, dark day and place. She now began to read almost constantly when leisure presented the opportunity. When a child I thought it strange my mother should stand by a large window, poring over a book for hours together. From my parents I learned a certain form of words for prayer, and I well remember my mother strongly urged my father to family reading and prayer. The singing of psalms was much practiced by them both. When I was about fourteen years of age, God sent a pious man, not a Methodist, into our neighborhood. My mother invited him to our house, and by his conversation and prayers I was awakened. I now began to pray morning and evening, being drawn by the cords of love, as with the bands of a man. I soon left our blind priest, and went to West Bromwich Church. Here I heard Ryland, Stillingfleet, Talbot, Bagnall, Mansfield, Hawes, and Venn ; great names and esteemed Gospel ministers. I became very serious, reading a great deal ; Whitefield and Cennick's Sermons, and every good book I could meet with. It was not long before I began to

inquire of my mother, who, where, and what were the Methodists. She gave me a favorable account, and directed me to a person that could take me to Wednesbury to hear them."

"My mother used to take me with her to a female meeting, which she conducted once a fortnight, for the purpose of reading the Scriptures to them and giving out hymns. After I had been thus employed as a clerk for some time, the good sisters thought *Frank* might venture a word of exhortation. So, after reading, I would venture to expound and paraphrase a little on the portion read. Thus began my Gospel efforts, when a lad of sixteen or seventeen; and now I would rather have a section or chapter for a text than a single verse, or part of a verse. When the society called me forth from obscurity, my performance in public surpassed all expectation. But they knew not that the stripling had been exercising his gifts in his mother's female prayer-meeting."—*Journal*, July 17, 1792.

When Mr. Asbury was about to embark for America he says :

"My mother is one of the tenderest parents in the world, but I believe she was blessed in the present instance with divine assistance to part with me."

RUTH HEDDING,

MOTHER OF BISHOP HEDDING.

THE late bishop, in a note to the editors of the Christian Advocate and Journal, says :

“ My dear mother, RUTH HEDDING, left this world of sorrow for a world of everlasting joy, at the house of her son-in-law, Mr. Asa Stiles, of West Chazey, Clinton County, N. Y. on the 4th of April, 1845, in the eighty-second year of her age.

“ She was born in Dutchess County, N. Y. As early as I can remember, she taught me the fear of God, the moral duties, and hopes of Christianity, and her instructions made impressions on my mind which were never wholly lost. In the year 1789 she was awakened to a sense of sin, and the need of a Saviour, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church under the ministry of the Rev. Benjamin Abbott who was then laboring on Dutchess Circuit. I was then nine years old, and frequently accompanied my mother to the preaching, and to the class-meeting. I well remember the person and manner of the sainted Abbott, and the wonderful and gracious effects of the Holy Spirit produced through his ministry. In the year 1791 my parents moved to the State of Vermont, to a part then a new country where there were no Methodists, and but few Christians of any sect, and but few religious privileges ; and, consequently for a few years, she was less attentive to her soul's salvation than she had been before. In 1798 the Methodist preacher came into that country, and many were turned to the Lord through their instrumentality. A society was formed in the place where my mother resided. She experienced a great

revival of the work of God in her own soul, obtained a clear witness of her justification and adoption, and rejoiced in God her Saviour. From that time she held on her way as a true disciple of the Son of God, until the day of her death. She was a good wife, a kind and faithful mother, an obliging neighbor, and a true Christian. The disease of which she died, according to the testimony of the physician who attended her in her last sickness, was a dropsy of the chest. The progress of the disease was gradual. At times she suffered greatly, but her Saviour, whom she had served, supported her with peace, and joy, and hope."

MRS. KENT,

MOTHER OF THE REV. ASA KENT.

THE venerable Asa Kent, whose pious and instructive sketches have often graced the columns of the *Christian Advocate and Journal*, is still living. "His mother was one of three praying women, who were in the habit of meeting at each other's house in West Brookfield, Massachusetts, to supplicate the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, in that period of religious declension and indifference which preceded the introduction of Methodism into New-England. Before the birth of her son, she had been deeply affected by reading the account in the Book of Samuel of the piety of Hannah, and with equal piety consecrated her infant Asa to the service of God. Her two praying friends, who were present at his birth, encouraged her to believe that the child would live and become a preacher of the Gospel. But her faith was put to a very severe trial when he was about eight years of age.

At that time young Asa was seized with a fever, which deprived him of reason, and threatened his life. It was then suggested to her mind, "If he dies, what will you think of all your prayers?" This was a fiery dart, and wounded her deeply. She immediately prostrated herself before the Lord, and seemed dumb with agony, but the words of David occurred to her, "Remember thy word unto thy servant upon which thou hast caused me to hope." She made this her only prayer, repeating it again and again. The conflict was short, a whisper, "He shall not die," soothed her troubled spirit; wiping her tears, she came in, saying, "He will not die." He soon opened his eyes; the crisis was past, and he recovered. Surely that faith was of the operation of the Spirit of God, which enabled her to rely with so much confidence upon Him who hears and answers prayer. The depravity of childhood and waywardness of youth often led her in importunate prayer to get the promise renewed; and then, in the rejoicings of hope, she would say to herself, "Whatever I now suffer by his means, I shall be more than compensated when he becomes a preacher of the Gospel." She never dreamed that he would preach until he had first been to college. No way opened for that course, but she left all with the Lord.

See Stevens's Memorials, vol. ii., where a full and particular account of the conversion, call to the ministry, labors, and usefulness of Mr. Kent are given in detail, pp. 185-192.

MRS. FISK,

MOTHER OF DOCTOR FISK.

THE life, labors, and character of Doctor Fisk are well known. In the excellent memoir of the "First President of the Wesleyan University," by Doctor Holdich, very little is said of Mrs. Fisk. The following is the most that can be gathered :

"She was very assiduous in impressing upon the minds of her children the great principles of Christianity. She took them early and constantly to church; made it a particular business to read to them the word of God; required them to learn their catechism, and commit texts, hymns, and prayers to memory.* She had the happy art, too, of rendering those things more a pleasure than a burden. According to their capacity, she was almost constantly stimulating them to thought and inquiry by her conversation with them. Both parents were exemplary in the observance of the Sabbath. They regarded it as a day strictly set apart for religious uses, and hence the time not spent in public worship was occupied in family instruction. They neither made nor received calls or visits on that day. Yet their piety was mild and cheerful; and their household was governed by a uniform Christian consistency."

* In this respect Mrs. Fisk resembled the mother of Doctor Adam Clarke.

MRS. RAPER,

MOTHER OF WILLIAM H. RAPER.

"HISTORIANS may write of the brave and patriotic of ancient times, of the mother of the Gracchi, and the mother of Napoleon and Washington, and the more patriotic deeds of our Revolutionary mothers, who freely gave up their sons to fight the battles of liberty, and sacrificed everything but their more than Roman virtue, in supporting our *heroic* fathers in the conflict for freedom; be it our pleasing task to record some of the achievements of our pioneer mothers in the West, whose zeal, and courage, and self-sacrificing devotion, afford specimens of a moral sublimity greater than was ever witnessed in the *heroism* of the patriot mothers of olden time."—*Dr. Strickland.*

William H. Raper, who, for thirty-three years, was a member of one of the Western conferences, was in early life an officer in the American army during the last war with England. At the close of the war he was offered a commission in the regular army, which he consented to take, provided it was agreeable to the wishes of his mother. Such was his love for her, that he would take no important step without first consulting her. His mother's answer was worthy of the noble mothers of that day: "My son," said she, "if my country was still engaged in war, and I had fifty sons, I would freely give them all to her service; but as peace is now declared, and there is no such necessity, as a Christian mother, therefore, I cannot consent, for I think something better awaits my son than the camp-life of a soldier in times of peace." The son often spoke with gratitude of this advice of his mother, and that he felt it a far greater honor to

be an humble minister of Jesus Christ, than to have been at the head of the American army.

After he had been in the itinerancy some time, he was crossing a stream which empties into the Ohio, one night, during a freshet, when the river was very high, and the water of the creek, at its mouth, perhaps fifty feet wide. The creek being full of drift-logs and brushwood, and the night being dark, and the traveler having mistook his road, took the drift for a bridge, and went upon it; he thought it was a very shackling kind of bridge, but passed over, leading his horse without injury, not knowing the danger he was in till the next morning. At another time, when crossing another stream, his horse, by some means, became entangled while swimming and sank, throwing him off. It was a cold morning, a little before sunrise; and being encumbered with heavy clothing, he found it very difficult to swim; but with great effort he succeeded in catching hold of the limb of a tree, which was hanging over the stream, where he was enabled to rest and hold his head above the water. While thus suspended in the stream, the thought rushed upon him, "My mother is praying for me, and I shall be saved." After thus resting for a moment or two, he made the effort and got ashore. His horse also had made a safe landing, having the saddle-bags all safe. His clothes and books were wet, and himself much chilled by the early bath. But while this was going on with himself in the stream, his mother, some eighty or a hundred miles distant, that morning suddenly awoke as from affright, when the thought rushed upon her, "William is in great danger;" when she sprang from her bed, and falling upon her knees, prayed for some time in intense supplication for his safety, when she received a sweet assurance that all was well. When they met and related the facts, and compared the time and all, they precisely agreed.—*Finley's Sketches of Western Methodism.*

MRS. L.

THE substance of the following sketch was communicated by the late Bishop Hedding to the Rev. Abel Stevens, and by him placed among the "Sketches and Incidents of a superannuated Itinerant," vol. i, p. 83.

THE SAILOR BOY'S CONVERSION.

Mrs. L. was a remnant of the first generation of Methodists in B. Her husband was a sea captain, of French origin, a Catholic in his early religious education, but a decided skeptic in his maturer years, tolerating with affability the religious opinions of others, but utterly reckless of his own. Mrs. L. consecrated her house to God: she erected the family altar, and guarded its hallowed fire with scrupulous fidelity. Even her infidel husband was compelled to admire her Christian integrity. Skeptic as he was, he felt that the family altar shed a cheering influence and a hallowed light on his hearth-stone at home. Nay, often, in foreign ports, amid the dissipated scenes of a sailor's life, did strange and affecting images of that home-worship pass over his memory, and often, in the perilous extremity of the night-storm, did the trembling unbeliever bethink himself that the evening prayer had gone up from affectionate hearts for him, and that good might it be with him if there should be a God to hear it.

Mrs. L. believed not only in the moral influence of domestic religion, but in the direct answer, sooner or later, of her prayers in behalf of her husband and children. Years passed away, however, without the realization of her hopes; but she persevered humbly and hopefully at her altar, till God

answered her, though in a way she could not have anticipated. He blessed her by misfortune. She had occasion to correct her son one day by confining him to his chamber. The boy escaped by a window and could not be found. Days passed away, weeks and months elapsed, and no intimation of the missing child was heard. The mother, wrung with anguish, still clung to the domestic altar. Misgivings, painful misgivings, met her there during these anxious months. Had she not had reason to expect a different effect on her children from her efforts in their religious education? Had God disregarded her supplications? Was it in vain that she planned, and prayed, and wept before him for them? Ah! who has not had such assaults of the adversary in dark hours? But "trust in the Lord, and wait patiently for him." Know ye not that adverse providences are God's most common means of blessing? that he has led the Church through the world, and his individual saints up to heaven in triumph, by them? Her boy was wandering, she knew not where; but God's providence was following him, and leading him to his salvation.

He had embarked in a vessel, and after a long voyage arrived in Charleston, South Carolina. Here he remained, destitute and dependent, several weeks; but at the moment of his extremity his father arrived unexpectedly in the harbor from Havre. The boy, subdued by reflection and sorrow, flew to the arms of his parent, and confessed his misconduct with tears. The juvenile romance of adventure had died in his bosom, but the tender remembrance of his home still lived, melting his young heart, and disposing him to return to its deserted altar, and mingle there his tears with those of a mother's anxiety and love.

The vessel sailed for Havana, and arrived at a time when the yellow fever raged in the city. In a few days the poor boy, predisposed, perhaps, by anxieties and grief, was attacked by the dreadful malady. And now revived, in overpower-

ing force, the recollections of his early religious instructions. The confused reveries of a fevered mind could not dispel them. Ah! even in this extremity the prayers of the desolate mother were prevailing in heaven. One day, when all hope of his recovery had gone, the father, a man of strong feelings, entered, with a broken spirit, the chamber where he lay. The dying boy, with his tears dropping upon the pillow, was sobbing the name of his mother: "My mother! my dear mother! O, that she were here to pray for me as she used to!"

The father bent over him, unable, for a time, to speak, but mingling his tears with those of his son. Claspng his trembling hands, and casting a look of appalling earnestness at his parent, the boy exclaimed, "Father, I am dying with my sins upon me! I shall be lost in my present state! Send, O send for some one to pray for me!"

"My child," replied the father, trembling with emotion, "there are none but Catholic clergymen on the island, and they cannot help you."

"O, what shall I do, then, father?" exclaimed the son.

"Pray for yourself, my dear child," replied the father, unwilling to repose the destiny of his son on his own infidel views of the future.

"I do," replied the boy; "but I need the help of others; O, can you not, will you not pray yourself for your perishing son, father?"

The captain felt as if the earth shook beneath him. He had never prayed in his life; but his heart melted over his child; he felt, as by consciousness, the necessity and truth of religion. He felt that none but a God could meet this terrible emergence of man. As if smitten down, he fell on his knees by the bedside of his son. His spirit was broken; his tears flowed like rain, and, with agony, he called upon God to save himself and his child. The family and servants of the house were amazed; but he continued praying, and before

he rose, his child's prayers were heard, if not his own. The suffering boy had found peace, and soon after died, trusting in his Saviour, and full of tranquil hope. Oppressed with sorrow, the father did not cease to pray for himself: he was deeply convinced of sin, and before long found peace in believing. He returned to B., his child a corpse, but himself a new man—the son in heaven, the father on the way. He brought to his wife the first news of her missing son. She wept; but with tears of gratitude as well as sorrow, acknowledging that, in affliction, God had blessed her. Her prayers had not failed. God in his mercy had overruled the misconduct of her child for his own and his father's salvation.

Captain L. lived several years after this incident, a devoted Christian, and died praising God aloud for his mercy to him at Cuba.

The impressions of childhood, how ineffaceable are they! How, amid the confusion and dissipation of later life, do they still abide, though concealed, like burning coals, smothered, but not extinguished, amid the rubbish that afterward they consume? Search the records of Christian biography, especially of the Christian ministry, and you will find that a striking proportion were the children of Christian parents, or, at least, of Christian mothers. If there are any prayers which, more than others, must prevail with God, they are those of the devoted mother pleading for her wandering child.

LADY MAXWELL.

A MEMOIR of this excellent lady has been in circulation among the Methodists many years. To those who have not read that work, it may be interesting to know that by birth and rank she belonged to the nobility of Scotland, and after having received the first rudiments of her education under the parental roof, which was completed in the classical city of Edinburgh, at the age of sixteen she went to reside, for a time, with her uncle and aunt, Lord and Lady Lothian, in London, for the purpose of being presented at court. While there she went to spend a few days at a small villa in the neighborhood of London, which belonged to her uncle. When walking one day in the garden, the gardener, encouraged by her serious and interesting appearance, came up to her, and with all humility addressed her; stated the deep distress of soul under which he then labored, in consequence of sin; in effect inquiring, "What must I do to be saved?" The young lady was much affected on witnessing his sorrow, and gave him such directions and encouragements as were the means, under God, of leading the inquirer to the knowledge of the Saviour. The poor man exchanged the spirit of heaviness for the spirit of praise, and went away exulting in the God of his salvation. The words which she spoke were probably suggested by the Spirit, for she afterward observed that she knew not the meaning of what she said.

Soon after her return from London she was married to Sir Walter Maxwell. This union was highly agreeable to her mind, and seemed, for a time, to open wide fields of earthly enjoyment to her dazzled fancy and aspiring hopes. But this vision of felicity was soon ended. As in many

similar cases, the cup of bliss no sooner touched the lip than it was dashed to the ground, and became "a broken cistern, which could hold no water," for in little more than two years she was deprived of her husband and child by death, and was left a widow at nineteen years of age. When the heart-rending intelligence reached her that her child, who died six weeks after the father, was no more, without lamentation and complaint, but under a short, silent struggle with her nature, she said: "*I see God requires my whole heart, and he shall have it.*" This painful dispensation of Providence was the means of her conversion. But as she could not relate the history of that gracious change without adverting to the painful bereavement which she had sustained in the death of her husband and child, she seldom mentioned it, and that with reluctance and brevity. Nearly all that could be gathered from her conversation was given to her most intimate friend in one short sentence: "*God brought me to himself by affliction.*"

Lady Maxwell, for many years, kept a diary, or dayly record of her religious experience. The following extract from these papers, as it affectingly alludes to these painful bereavements, and more fully illustrates the early stages of her religious experience than any other part of her writings, is here inserted, though not in strict chronological order. It is dated "September 3, 1772," nearly ten years after the death of her husband:

"This morning the Lord collected my thoughts and fixed my mind in meditation upon his goodness and kind dealings with me ever since I was a child. And O, what abundant matter did I recollect calculated to excite my wonder, gratitude, and love! How has he, from my earliest days, hedged up my path? When following the dictates of Satan and my own wicked heart, he with a strong hand, yet by degrees, rescued me from the ways of the destroyer. He gradually enlightened my mind, showed me the evil of sin, and gave

me ardent desires after moral rectitude. Then he caused the sun of prosperity to shine resplendent upon me, and gave me to taste of what the world calls happiness—possession of riches, honor, and pleasure. But he saw that I could not bear this, and therefore, with a hand graciously severe, tore all from me, until the language of my poor heart, almost callous with reiterated strokes of his rod, was, ‘Fate, drop the curtain, I can lose no more.’ I did not know that the thoughts of my God toward me, even in these dispensations of almost unmingled woe, were thoughts of peace, and not of evil. Having thus brought me into the wilderness, he spoke comfortably to me, drew me with the cords of his love, as with the bands of a man; taught me, as I could bear them, the lessons of his grace; he informed my judgment, but first affected my heart. Without this, I should have gone on heavily, if at all. The Lord, by the effectual operations of his Holy Spirit, clearly convinced me of my original pollution, in consequence of Adam’s sin, and of my guilt, in consequence of my accumulated transgressions; whereby I must have remained forever miserable, without a saving interest in Christ. Yet in this wretched state I had little, if any, of those dreadful terrors of hell and eternal misery which many experience. The Lord so tempered judgment with mercy that I was rather *drawn* than *driven*, and was generally supported, and often comforted, with hopes of obtaining all that was necessary for happiness. He gave me line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little, till at last, having feared God for some years, the Sun of Righteousness arose upon my soul with healing in his wings. He dispelled the cloud, removed the condemnation, and for great bitterness gave me sweet peace. The law of the Spirit in Christ Jesus made me free from the law of sin and death. And then, O my God,

“ ‘My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and follow’d thee.’ ”

It was while Lady Maxwell remained a child of sorrow, that she became acquainted with the Methodists. The early ministry of the Rev. John Wesley, and of the Rev. George Whitefield, which, in England, was treated by many with contempt and obloquy, and subjected to violent opposition, was, at the same time, generally esteemed in Scotland; and their congregations, throughout the length and breadth of the land, were large and respectable; many, in the higher classes of society, attending and approving their apostolic labors. In proof of which there are, in some of the great baronial mansions in the north, dining and other rooms still pointed out where the venerable Wesley held forth the word of life to the proprietors of those residences, with their friends and domestics. Ministers of the Establishment, and members of the University, also, and persons of rank and title, were found mingled in their audiences. And it is probable that some of these pious nobles who were among the admirers of Wesley and Whitefield, were instrumental in bringing Lady Maxwell to hear them. Be that as it may, it is certain that Mr. Wesley, on the 16th of June, 1764, preached to large congregations in Edinburgh, and that four days after he wrote the following letter to her ladyship. It is dated

“NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, *June 20, 1764.*

“Will it be agreeable to Lady Maxwell that I trouble her with a letter so soon? and that I write with so little ceremony? that I use no compliments, but all plainness of speech? If it be not, you must tell me so, and I shall know better how to speak in time to come. I think God has taken unusual pains, so to speak, to make you a Christian; not in name, but a Christian indeed, worshiping God in spirit and in truth; having in you the mind that was in Christ, and walking as he also walked. He has given you affliction upon affliction; he has used every possible means to unhinge your soul from the things of earth, that it might fix on him

alone. How far the design of his love has succeeded, I could not well judge from a short conversation. Your ladyship will, therefore, give me leave to inquire, Is the heaviness you frequently feel merely owing to weakness of body and the loss of near relations? I hope it is not. It might, indeed, at first spring from these outward circumstances. But did not the gracious Spirit of God strike in, and take occasion from them to convince you of sin, of unbelief, of the want of Christ? And is not the want of this one great cause, if not the greatest, of your present distress? If so, the greatest danger is, either that you should stifle that conviction, not suffering yourself to be convinced that you are all sin, the chief of sinners; or that you should heal the wound slightly; that you should rest before you know that Christ is yours, before his Spirit witnesses with your spirit that you are a child of God. My dear lady, be not afraid to know yourself; yea, to know yourself as you are known. How soon, then, will you know your Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous! And why not this day? Why not this hour, if you feel your want? I beseech the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ to look upon you now! O give thy handmaid power to believe! to see and feel that thou hast loved her! Now let her sink down into the arms of thy love, and say unto her soul, 'I am thy salvation.' "

Lady Maxwell did not obtain a clear evidence of her acceptance in the Beloved till some time in the year 1768. Mr. Wesley's letters to her, written at intervals from the time of their first acquaintance up to that period, show how anxious he was that she should build her hopes of salvation upon the right foundation. At length, however, after passing through a long season of doubt and temptation, she could say most exultingly :

" Now I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain ;

The wounds of Jesus for my sin,
Before the world's foundation slain;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away."

The manner in which Lady Maxwell spent her time is worthy of note. During the former part of her Christian life, she usually rose at four o'clock, certainly a very unfashionable hour for one of her rank in society, and attended preaching at the Wesleyan Chapel at five, morning preaching being usual at that time; but at a later period she did not rise quite so early. The time between rising and breakfast was spent in devotional exercises. In her earlier days Lady Maxwell breakfasted at seven, afterward at eight, after which she discharged the duties of the head of a family in her own house. From eleven till twelve she spent in intercession with God for her friends, the Church, and the world; and the intervening time was devoted to reading, writing, exercise, and the performance of acts of benevolence to such as might require it. She generally retired to her closet before dinner, and again as soon after dinner as was convenient. The evenings, when she was alone, were spent in reading, chiefly divinity; and, after an early supper, she again committed her family into the kind keeping of that great Shepherd of the sheep who never slumbers nor sleeps; and then, having spent some time in praising the God of all her mercies, she retired to rest, in the blessed assurance of faith and hope, of eternal salvation, if she should not see the light of another day. This history of one day of her domestic life may be considered as a fair account of every day, excepting the Sabbath, and also the Friday, which were marked by more special acts of devotion. In this manner, for nearly fifty years,

" Her virtues walk'd their dayly round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void;
And sure th' eternal Master found
Her various talents well employ'd."

From the time that Lady Maxwell obtained the justifying grace of God she deeply felt the necessity of full salvation from all sin, while she clearly saw that such a salvation is a privilege graciously promised in the Gospel of Christ; and as she believed that the meritorious fountain of the Saviour's blood was opened, as well for all uncleanness of heart and nature, as for guilt on the conscience; that Divine faithfulness and justice were equally pledged to cleanse the believer from all unrighteousness, as to forgive the penitent, that grace could reign until an end was made of all iniquity, and the heart filled with the perfect love of God; so it will be found, that, with an ardent, uniform pursuit of soul, she followed after, that she might be saved as fully as a fallen creature, wearing a body of flesh and blood, and dwelling in a world of temptation, could be saved; that she might, body, soul, and spirit, be wholly sanctified to God. And, as her Christian course is pursued, by the clew of her own diary and correspondence, in her published memoirs, it will be seen that she attained to a constant assurance of sanctifying grace. There were, indeed, in her experience, moments of mental depression, but not of unbelief; there was a deep consciousness of short-coming, but no condemnation on account of backsliding. Her outward religious experience had its varieties, but they were the varieties of advance: her inward experience, also, had its changes, but they were those of the glorious rising morn, which shines brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. After the attainment of the blessing above referred to, her songs of praise rose gradually in the scale to notes becoming more exalted and more divine, until her triumphant spirit took its flight, to unite with the choirs above in singing praises to Him who had loved her, and washed her from her sins in his own blood. To whom be all glory ascribed, forever and ever. Amen. The limits of this work do not admit of a more extended notice of this eminently pious Christian lady's personal experience.

"In *person*, Lady Maxwell was a little taller than the ordinary size. Her form was regular, just in its proportions, and remarkably straight: her complexion inclining a little more to dark than light. Her features were quite feminine, yet every line was full of meaning, and strongly marked with intelligence. Her eye was quick and penetrating, yet full of sweetness. And when she was bordering on her seventieth year, time had neither impaired her sight, nor drawn furrows on her countenance; while she sat and walked as erect, and moved with as much ease and grace as when in her twentieth year. The amiable part of her manner was scarcely perceived by strangers at first sight, in consequence of a superlative dignity in her mien, which appears to have been so natural, that on very few occasions she could forget it. Though her dress was plain, her person appeared most majestic. I always felt, upon approaching her house, as if I were about to behold the face of an angel. There I often met honorable and right honorable ladies; but they always appeared children in her ladyship's presence. The awe which her person inspired was not diminished by her conversation. Her thoughts were so collected, that every sentence was fit for the press; and so pure and heavenly was her mind, that she discussed every subject with a grace and sweetness almost inconceivable.

"Lady Maxwell's piety was sound, deep, and consistent. Humility, love, joy, candor, and benevolence, were conspicuous traits in her character. There was scarcely a humane institution, or a private or public charity, whether for the repose of age, or the instruction of youth; the relief of indigence, or the help of sickness; for the reformation of morals or the spread and support of religion; from which she did not receive applications, and to which she did not contribute."

Thus speaks one of her biographers, the Rev. William Atherton, who enjoyed a personal acquaintance with her for

eleven years, and who visited her frequently in her last sickness. But it is in her diary and letters we see the full portrait and complexion of her heavenly mind. To the "Life of Lady Maxwell," as published at the Book Room, the writer of these brief sketches, therefore, most affectionately refers all the mothers and daughters of the present race of Methodists into whose hands these pages may come.

After I had finished my sketch of Lady Maxwell, I very unexpectedly met with one which had escaped my notice, in the Ladies' Repository, by the Rev. Daniel Wise. His concluding remarks in that sketch are so much to my taste that I could not forbear to copy them. They are as follows :

"We commend the character of this noble lady to the study of women generally, and to ladies of wealth particularly. It is to be regretted that her biography is burdened with too much repetition of similar sentiments ; but, nevertheless, it is eminently a profitable book, and every pious lady, whose lot it is to move in wealthy circles, should make it her careful study. It will forcibly illustrate to her the truth which Jesus taught ages since—the impossibility of any compromise between the spirit of the world and a holy affection. It will impress her with the superior grandeur of a mind which fully yields itself to the control of divine love over one which divides its affection, and indulges unworthy longings after worldly amusements and after the approval of the fashionable world. It will convince her that an entire abandonment of the world is more profitable, considered merely as a question of enjoyment, than a partial forsaking of it. It will stimulate her to aspire after the complete purification of her affections. Lofty piety is lovely and powerful everywhere, in every social grade ; but it is much more potential in high life, because it manifests itself in a wider sphere. Piety in a lowly woman is like the modest violet, which unfolds its beauty and sheds its fragrance in some mountain nook. Few eyes behold it, few are delighted

with its delicious odors. But piety in high life resembles some rare but beautiful exotic, planted in some public conservatory or garden, which is thronged by the crowds of beauty and fashion who seek their pleasure there. Many eyes look upon it, many minds feel its power. Great, therefore, is the opportunity of a lady of wealth for usefulness, and great, too, is her responsibility. By her example she must corrupt or improve many minds. Let her be frivolous, fashionable, vain, worldly, and the contagion of her example will spread like the plague. She will confirm the vain in their vanity; she will corrupt others who move in spheres beneath her; she will pluck down spiritual ruin upon herself. But let her resemble LADY MAXWELL in her piety, and her life will be a constant rebuke to female folly in her own sphere, a source of attraction to those below her, and a diadem of beauty to herself."

MRS. JOHNSON,

AN INTIMATE FRIEND OF LADY MAXWELL.

"ONE of the members of Mr. Wesley's society, with whom Lady Maxwell became intimately acquainted, and to whom many of her letters are addressed, was a Mrs. Johnson. This pious female was a maiden lady, descended from an ancient and noble family. She was the youngest of four children, one son and three daughters, and was born in June, 1721. From her infancy she feared God, but did not obtain an experimental knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins, through faith in the atoning blood, until near the close of the year 1744. Soon after this she united herself to Mr.

Wesley's society in Bristol, and was one of the first-fruits of the extraordinary work of God, the light of which was then just dawning on the world. For above half a century she continued a steady, pious, consistent, and active member; adorning, in all things, the Gospel of God her Saviour. During the greatest part of this period, she resided with her eldest sister, Mrs. Mary Johnson, a lady of similar spirit, and they had one heart and one way. Like Lady Maxwell's, her benevolence was bounded only by her abilities. In the earlier part of her religious life, she also, like Lady Maxwell, regretted her want of means to gratify the generous wishes of her heart; but, by the death of relatives, she received repeated accessions to her property, all of which she cheerfully devoted to the cause of God, and to the wants of the necessitous. In one instance, twelve hundred pounds came into her possession, purposely to be distributed among the poor; and this labor of love was faithfully performed, and with delight and satisfaction, by her own hand. Mrs. Johnson died as she lived, exulting in the blood of the cross. About three o'clock on the morning of her death, she endeavored to repeat the apostle's triumphant exclamation, 'I have fought—' but here her breath failed, and she was not able to finish the blessed sentence, the import of which her heart experienced. About four, she cried out, 'Come, Lord; come, come;' and a little after, with the word 'Lord' on her lips, she sunk into the arms of her Redeemer. 'Thus,' says her biographer, 'on the 18th of December, 1798, after near *fifty-five* years' close walk with God, Mrs. Elizabeth Johnson attained the summit of her wishes, the answer of her prayers, the end of her faith, the final salvation of her soul; and, as a ripe shock of corn, was gathered into the heavenly garner, in the *seventy-eighth* year of her age.'—*Atherton's Life of Lady Maxwell.*

LADY CAYLEY,

OF BROMPTON GREEN, YORKSHIRE.

THIS eminent Christian lady had lived till she had passed her fiftieth year "in the usual follies of the world, in complete ignorance of God and of his Christ. I was convinced of sin," she says, "in an assembly-room, where everything in an instant appeared madness and folly, and where the faultiness of my whole life was brought to my recollection. A strong desire to do better arose in my breast; but the way I knew not. I had read but little of the Bible; and had concerned myself little about prayer, except when I attended the service of the Church. Had I cried out, 'What must I do to be saved?' none around me could answer the inquiry. My sins weighed heavily upon my mind, and made me cry mightily for pardon. During the whole time that I was in this sorrowful state, so condescendingly kind was our blessed Lord, that I was always comforted when on my knees; at which times the Holy Spirit always placed my numerous sins before me, and presented to my mind a view of my Saviour pleading for the pardon which I so earnestly desired. During this period, I never felt myself safe but when engaged in prayer. After about eight months, he condescended to apply his blood to my conscience, blotting out my sins, and giving me an assurance of his favor. I rose up rejoicing with unspeakable joy; and to his praise and glory can say, he has never taken from me the abiding witness of his love; though it is now twenty-three years since he first blessed me with it. My heart danced with joy, night and day, at being reconciled to the God of my salvation. All things had become new; old things were entirely done away,

and peace and joy in believing were my happy portion. Afterward, while on a visit to the late Robert Spence, at York, in the year 1804, I saw many serious and pious people, who were all anxious to help me in the good way. Mr. Spence took me to all the band-meetings, which, joined to his instructions, left nothing undone that could be of the smallest help; and, indeed, I think Mr. Spence is so truly a Christian, that his example was the best of all. I felt deep conviction for the sin of unbelief, which I found to be a grand hinderance to my receiving the blessing of a clean heart. I saw the absolute necessity of being a partaker of the divine nature; and, the moment I believed, I was, as it were, filled with the fullness of God. All doubts and fears vanished in a moment, and I had as clear a sense of my entire sanctification as I had before of justification, so as never to leave any doubt of it on my mind. I received the blessing of pardon before I had heard anything of what I now call religion. The Holy Spirit showing me my complete ignorance after I had received the blessing of justification, I tried various means to get instruction; but I found none to suit my case till, having heard of the people called Methodists, I resolved to try what I could learn among them; and frequenting a chapel about two miles from my home, to my great surprise and joy, I found everything explained that I was anxious to know, and believed every sermon I then heard to be actually preached for my sole use. I became a constant attendant, but not having joined the society, I conceived that I was acting improperly, enjoying the sweets without acknowledging from whence I drew them. I resolved, therefore, to make myself known to Mr. Needham,* whose ministry I had sat under

* Mr. Needham was one of the most devoted and useful preachers in his day. He died in London, June 27, 1818, in the forty-sixth year of his age. See the obituary notice in the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine for September, 1818, and another in the Magazine for 1820, and a poem in the volume for 1819.

with great delight, and inquire how I could become a member of the society. He talked long and delightfully with me, strongly advised me to join the society, prayed with me, and left me happy in the resolution of becoming a member. The ticket I then received from him I regarded as a token of great spiritual advantages; and I hope to praise God eternally for having been admitted into the Methodist Society."

To Lady Cayley's own account of her conversion it is proper to add, that after she was convinced of sin, and had resolved on an entire change of life, she began to read all the books of divinity she could obtain, in order that she might be instructed in the way of the Lord, and find comfort to her mind. But the more she read the more was her mind confused; nor could she meet with anything to still the tempest of her troubled breast. While in that perplexed state, she paid a visit to her friends in Ireland; and while in that country she was providentially brought into the company of a certain lady, to whom her ladyship mentioned her state, and asked what books she would recommend to her. The lady recommended her to read Wesley's Sermons. Lady Cayley replied rather hastily, "Sermons! I have read sermons till I am sick of them." She was, however, induced to read those of Mr. Wesley; and before she had read half of the first volume she perceived, what she had not clearly seen before, the way of salvation by faith in Christ. From that time Wesley's sermons were held in her esteem next to the sacred Scriptures. Rather than be without such a treasure, she said she would give any price for them. She immediately purchased them; and ever after they were her daily companion, and afforded her much instruction and comfort.

About the year 1780, Thomas and Frances Allin, who then lived at Brompton, had preaching in their house for some time, but after the death of her husband, Frances was obliged to leave the village. When going away *she kneeled*

down in the street, lifted up her hands, and most devoutly prayed that the Lord would raise up one of the Cayley family to bring back the Gospel to Brompton, which was actually the case about twenty-three years after. Lady Cayley used to say, that it was in answer to Frances Allin's prayers that she was converted.

Having felt the value of real religion herself, Lady Cayley knew that it must be equally valuable to others, and resolved, if possible, to introduce preaching again into the village where she resided. Hitherto she had been under the necessity of traveling to Swainton, about two miles distant, where the Methodists had a small chapel, or to an adjoining village where the preaching was in a cottage. To this latter place she went many a dark and dreary night, always on foot, in company with one or two of her own servants, and a few poor women of the village. The proprietor of the cottage at length threatened to burn it down, if the family who occupied it continued to entertain the Methodists. This affair led to the discontinuance of preaching there, to the grief of Lady Cayley. But everything of the kind became a matter of prayer, and having made known her regret to her son, Sir George Cayley, she obtained permission to introduce the preaching into Brompton, from which time the Methodist preachers were received under her hospitable roof.

Lady Cayley, after her conversion to God, was very diligent in the improvement of her time. It was her usual custom, when in health, to rise at five in the morning, and to spend from that time to eight o'clock in private devotion. Before breakfast she sang and prayed with her family. From ten to one she visited the poor and sick in the village and neighborhood, and administered relief and comfort to the body and mind. After she returned from those morning visits she retired to her closet, and prayed for the blessing of God upon her visits. The rest of the day was spent in acts of devotion and piety. From seven to eight, as long as she

was able, she attended the means of grace in the village, and frequently had meetings for prayer in her own house. She supped at nine, and between ten and eleven retired to rest, praising God for the mercies of the day. Her rank in society often gave her access to persons and families where humbler visitants would have not received so cordial a welcome. This privilege was turned by her to good account, and on one occasion she said to a friend, "I do not pride myself on being called Lady Cayley, but my title is a key that opens every door in this and the parishes adjoining, and I bless God for it."

Her last sickness was severe, but not of very long continuance. At different times, in her affliction, she was peculiarly animated, and derived much comfort and support from prayer. "Prayer," said she, "always brings peace and joy." The last day that she was able to speak she was exceedingly happy, and exclaimed, "Glory, glory, glory!" She died on the 30th of July, 1828, in the eightieth year of her age.



THE DAUGHTERS OF SIR GILLIS PAYNE.

IN the village of Tempsford, Bedfordshire, England, lived a family of the name of Bennett.* The father, Mr. Samuel Bennett, was a tenant of Sir Gillis Payne. Mr. Bennett had experienced religion in his youth, and joined the Baptist Church. At his first settlement in Tempsford he and his wife had to travel eighteen miles on the Sabbath, to the nearest place of worship of the denomination to which he belonged. Mr. Bennett was not only a strictly religious

* Some of the members I was well acquainted with. See "My Youthful Days," p. 128.

man, but a very excellent farmer, and soon became a favorite of Sir Gillis Payne. Some time in the year 1794, he met with a Methodist minister going to his appointment, and after some conversation invited him to come and preach at his house. The preacher complied, and before the day arrived the farmer had gone through the neighborhood and invited the people to attend. After the first visit the farmhouse was the regular preaching place, and in a short time the congregation had so increased that the house would not contain all who wished to hear the word. Mr. Bennett applied to his landlord for leave to occupy a large barn on the premises as a place for public worship, but the answer was, "Those Methodists will certainly ruin you, Mr. Bennett, as sure as you are a man." "O no, Sir Gillis," was the reply, "they will do me no harm, but much good; and they will do the whole village good too." The baronet had confidence in his tenant, and gave his consent. But little did he think that the old barn would eventually become the spiritual birth-place of two of his own daughters and a niece; yet so it was. The three young ladies, while walking past the old barn, heard singing; and, the windows of the barn chapel being open, they turned aside and looked in to see what was going on. They supposed that Farmer Bennett would be preaching. But it was a praying-meeting, and in their prayers the humble worshipers did not forget to pray for the members of Sir Gillis's family. Turning away, one of them said, "Did you ever hear people pray so? such poor people too, and without a book. I am afraid that we could not have prayed so! And they prayed for *us* so earnestly! If they are right, I fear we are wrong. If they are in the way to heaven, I am afraid there can be little doubt as to the way in which *we* are going."

The young ladies went home greatly distressed in their minds, and the next day sent for the farmer to tell him that they were all very unhappy, and to ask him how to get rid

of their horrible feelings. Mr. Bennett conversed with them freely, prayed with them, and pointed them to the Saviour of sinners. In a day or two after they all found peace in believing, and it was not long before their sorrow was turned into joy. In their subsequent visits they often united with the farmer and his wife in praise and prayer. They likewise joined the society that had been formed, feeling that they needed the advantages afforded by the communion of saints, as much as the poorest member of the class.

But Sir Gillis died, and his successor was bitterly opposed to Methodism. The society had greatly increased, and wished to build a chapel; but not a foot of ground could be obtained. A meeting for special prayer and supplication was appointed, for the express purpose of presenting the whole affair at the throne of the heavenly grace. The next morning, while Farmer Bennett was praying with his family, a knock was heard at the door. When it was opened an aged man entered, who possessed the most eligible spot for a chapel in the whole village. He had been applied to, but refused to sell the land. But now, in his own provincial dialect, he said, "Well, Mr. Bennett, I am come about that piece of ground which you wanted for the chapel. I count you must have it after all. I have not been easy in my mind since I said 'No' to you. You are like to have it, and the sooner the better." The terms were easily agreed upon, and upon the ground thus obtained the first Methodist chapel was built in the village of Tempsford.

At one time efforts were made, by those who were opposed to Methodism, to have Mr. Bennett removed from the village, so that, if possible, Methodism might be put down. On that occasion the Misses Payne exerted their utmost influence to prevent the disaster, and were successful. They regarded Farmer Bennett, under God, as their spiritual father, and deemed no sacrifice too great, by means of which they might be able to serve him.

MRS. ELIZABETH BUDGETT.

Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life.—*Prov.* xxxi, 10-12.

THE "Successful Merchant," (Mr. Samuel Budgett, of Kingswood Hill, near Bristol, England,) found just such a woman in the person of Miss Smith, of Midsummer-Norton, in the County of Somerset. Very brief are the notices of Mrs. Budgett in Mr. Arthur's graphic "sketches" of the *hero* of his story, the reason for which may easily be seen in his preface to that thrilling narrative. "The design of this volume," says the author, "is to furnish a work wherein an actual and remarkable life is traced in relation to COMMERCE. It was never meant to enlarge the knowledge of the scholar, to mature the graces of the holy, or to hallow the retirement of the contemplative, but to be a friendly, familiar *book for the busy*, to which men from the counting-house might turn, feeling that it concerned them, and for which they might possibly be better here and hereafter."

An interesting memoir of the late Mrs. Budgett is given in the London Wesleyan Methodist Magazine for 1825, from which the following paragraphs are copied :

"Cool, deliberate, cautious, and possessing unusual decision of character, the system which Mrs. Budgett adopted in the early stage of her Christian course, became, in its practical application, the habit of her life, even to its close.

"Early in the year 1804, Miss Smith was invited to partake of the Lord's Supper with the Methodists at Midsummer-Norton ; and availing herself of the opportunity, she

from that hour secretly resolved, 'This people shall be my people, and their God my God.' On the 8th of February, the same year, she received a note of admission into the Methodist society, and from that time regularly attended to receive her quarterly ticket; nor did she ever, for twenty years, unless prevented by sickness or other urgent necessity, neglect to meet her class, one solitary instance excepted, in which the time was suffered to lapse into social conversation, the consequence of which was, what might naturally be expected in the case of one possessed of great tenderness of conscience, her soul was brought into much heaviness for many days.

"On the 16th of October, 1806, Miss Smith was married to Mr. Samuel Budgett. The local situation in which Divine Providence had now placed her, and the new relation into which she had entered, were both calculated to call into full exercise and activity all the piety, prudence, zeal, benevolence, and firmness of character which she possessed. The management of the concerns of a large family, and an active share in an extensive business, might have been thought sufficient to furnish plenty of employment for one individual, and that individual a female, without anything else to occupy her attention. Such, indeed, must have been the case in any ordinary instance; but not so in that of one whose views and habits had been uniformly subjected to the control of moral discipline, and whose every movement in life had a reference to eternity.

"Surrounded by human wretchedness and woe in every form, and by moral degradation of every hue, such a character as Mrs. Budgett could not, after the business of the day was over, quietly and contentedly sit down with her family, however desirable that might be, while she was aware that hundreds around her were perishing, not only for lack of knowledge, but also for lack of bread. Notwithstanding the many excuses which might have suggested themselves

to her mind with great show of reason and propriety, often would she disappear from the bosom of her family, without intimation or knowledge, for hours together, for the purpose of feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, instructing the ignorant, and praying with the sick and dying. In the discharge of these duties no difficulty could deter, no danger appal; although the fever should rage, and contagion float through the tainted air, she was still found at her post of duty.

"A life so devoted and exemplary could not fail of a glorious termination. This was, indeed, peculiarly the case. For some months previous to her decease her chief and unceasing endeavors appeared to be, to make a full and entire surrender of her all to God. On receiving her quarterly ticket in June, three months before her death, she expressed a deep conviction of the absolute necessity of being wholly the Lord's, and, with unusual fervor of spirit, acknowledged his goodness and faithfulness in saving her from the love and power of sin, and in blessing her with a glorious hope of eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord. From that period she was led to urge, with increased earnestness, every member of her class to seek the blessing of entire holiness.

"The last time she met her class was on the evening of Wednesday, September 15th, 1824; on the 17th she was taken suddenly ill, and on the 26th she died in the triumphs of faith."

The writer of the above account says he had known Mrs. Budgett for more than fifteen years, during which period he does not recollect even a solitary instance of her uttering an idle word; but in the private circle of her Christian friends, when discoursing on subjects of paramount importance, she always spoke to edification, and wisdom hung upon her lips.

MRS. ROBINSON

WAS a native of Scotland: born in Dundee, August 27, 1749; died in Guernsey, January 16, 1825, aged seventy-six.

"In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst," "in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft." 2 Cor xi, 23, 26, 27.

Such was the experience of the Apostle Paul in the cause of Christ; and very similar was the experience of Mrs. Robinson, though in a somewhat different cause.

At the early age of twelve years she experienced the pardoning love of God, and continued in the enjoyment of that blessing four years; but an unguarded step which she took, in forming a matrimonial connection, was not only a source of grief to her parents, but probably the cause of all her subsequent troubles. She married a soldier, and came with her husband to Boston. The fatal day of battle arrived, June 17, 1775, but her husband was not killed. Their next remove was to Halifax. The men were then sent to New-York, and the women left behind. She followed in a transport ship, but her husband was no more. She was tempted to drown herself and child, but the sentinel saw her and rescued her from a watery grave. In General Howe's family she found a pleasant home, and afterward in the family of Colonel O. By the advice of the colonel and his lady she married a second time, and after visiting St. Lucia, Antigua, St. Kitts, and St. Eustatius, was taken prisoner by the French and carried to

Martinique, where she was persuaded to go into a convent but not liking that mode of life, after staying four years she was released and sent to Port Royal.

From Port Royal the French fleet sailed on the 9th of April, 1782, and on the 12th fell in with the English fleet, under Admiral Rodney, between Martinique and Guadaloupe. An engagement soon took place. Seven French ships were sunk, [how many human beings perished is not said.] Other ships took fire, and five of the line were captured, with Admiral Count de Grasse. After the battle Mrs. Robinson and her husband were taken to St. Domingo. Toward the latter end of May, they were put on board a convict ship to be sent to France, but on an exchange of prisoners being ordered they were afterward sent to England. The regiment to which her husband belonged was ordered to Scotland, and Mrs. Robinson had an opportunity of visiting her parents, who received her with joy, exclaiming, "The dead's alive; the lost is found." Her mother said, "Now my prayer is answered in your behalf;" and in five weeks from that joyful hour the old lady died in peace.

The May following, Mrs. Robinson accompanied her husband to Ireland, where they remained nearly six years. Their next remove was to the West Indies, where they remained but a short time. Mr. Robinson was then discharged from the service, and returned to England with a pension. But the nations of the earth did not long enjoy peace.

In the year 1793 the war with France began. Mr. Robinson entered the army again, and received orders to go to Guernsey. Mrs. Robinson accompanied him thither. She had been partially reclaimed while in Ireland, and when she found herself among some warm-hearted friends among the Methodists in Guernsey she joined them, and soon found rest to her soul. She must have been of a *heroic* spirit to endure what she did, but till she had settled in Guernsey she had not attained that maturity of Christian character which au

thorized her biographer, (the Rev. Mr. Toase,) to say "she was an Israelite indeed, in whom was no guile." After she had found rest to her own soul she was doubly anxious for the salvation of her husband, and was instrumental in his conversion; and as she died in the communion of the Church of her choice, I thought best to put her among the Heroines of Methodism.

MRS. GALT.

SHE was the third daughter of Hugh Montgomery, Esq., of the County Donegal, Ireland. On her entering into connection with the Methodists, many of her friends beheld her with the deepest regret. Her father, who was a tender, affectionate parent, lamented his beloved daughter, and pointed out to her in the strongest colors her folly, as he expressed it, in changing her religion. But she gently reasoned with him, and drew his attention to the truths of Scripture, and to the doctrines of his own Church, (the English Episcopal Church,) showing him with great submission, how fatally we may err by not looking for the enjoyment of those blessings which the word of God has promised, and the doctrines of the Church so strenuously hold out as attainable by men; and her pleasing labors were crowned with the most happy success. From that period Miss Montgomery not only increased in happiness herself, but was rendered abundantly useful in turning others from the ways of error. "A woman of a stronger mind," says Dr. Clarke, "I have never met with, nor one who conducted herself with more decency and propriety."

Her death was most triumphant. A short time before

her departure, "On entering her room," says her beloved companion, "I found her in a transport of joy, exulting in that glorious truth, 'Jesus hath done all things well;' 'yes, well, well, well!' which she repeated above twenty times; and then said, 'O that I had a thousand tongues, to declare what Jesus hath done for me! If I could I would publish his loving-kindness to all the world!' Then she shouted 'Glory! Glory! Victory! Victory! through the blood of the Lamb,' and dwelt for a long time on the glorious cause of all her happiness, THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB. 'This,' said she, 'is my rejoicing, that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin; yes, from ALL—ALL sin.' In a few minutes after, her spirit took its everlasting flight"—"to fairer worlds on high." Amen.

OLD AUNT MARY,

AGED ONE HUNDRED AND THREE YEARS.

MARY DAVIES, better known by the familiar title of "Old Aunt Mary," was born at Aberdeen, and died at Milford, Haverfordwest Circuit, South Wales, in the one hundred and third year of her age. At the early age of seventeen she married a soldier named John Davies, whom she accompanied to various parts of the world. She had a family of fourteen children, and was in America during the whole of the Revolutionary war. Her husband and two of her sons took part in the sanguinary strife on Bunker's Hill, where her eldest son received a wound in his leg, which occasioned the loss of his limb. Her husband subsequently deserted her, and she returned to England; and in order to support her

numerous family was compelled to take up the humble occupation of a peddler. About the year 1790 she settled in the neighborhood of Milford, and became an attendant at the Methodist chapel. Her eyesight entirely failed her ten years before her death. She had been to the chapel, a distance of two miles, and on her way home, being unintentionally left to grope her way alone, she was passing through a field in which there was a pit filled with water, deep enough to drown her; she put out her walking-stick, and thereby happily discovered her perilous situation. No sooner had she reached the outside of the field-gate than she kneeled down and thanked God for her deliverance. While there she saw herself to be a poor helpless sinner, and was enabled, then and there, to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ to the saving of her soul. She arose from her knees unspeakably happy, and went home rejoicing in the God of her salvation. She immediately joined the Wesleyan society, and adorned her profession by a holy life and godly conversation, till her spirit returned to God.

MRS. SUMMERHILL,

AGED ONE HUNDRED AND FIVE YEARS.

MR. EVERETT, in his portrait of Dr. Adam Clarke, says, "In his pastoral visits he was extensively useful. Among other persons he took an unusual interest in the history of *Dame Summerhill*. Her account of herself, as given to him on his first visit, is somewhat extraordinary. She was then in her one hundred and fourth year. 'Mr. Wesley,' said she, 'was my father in the Gospel,' and a man of God.

When he first came to Bristol, I went to hear him preach; and having heard him, I said, This is the *Truth*. I inquired of those around, who and what he was; and was told that he was a man who went about everywhere preaching the Gospel. I further inquired, "Is he to preach here again?" The reply was, "Not at present." I asked, "Where is he going to next?" and was answered, "To Plymouth." "Will he preach there?" "Yes," replied the person. "Then," said I, "I will go and hear him. What is the distance?" "One hundred and twenty-five miles," was the answer. "I went; walked it, heard him, and walked back again."

"About two years afterward, Mr. Clarke, having occasion to go to Bristol again, made inquiry after her. The first person to whom he spoke, replied that he did not know her; the second said she was 'mad;' the third that she was 'possessed.' Mr. Clarke replied, 'I will go and see her, and hear for myself.' He immediately proceeded to the house, when an infirm old woman, between seventy and eighty years of age, the daughter of Mrs. Summerhill, opened the door. On inquiring after the welfare of her mother, he was shown into a room, and going to the bedside he accosted her in the frank way in which he had been accustomed to address her. The old lady inquired, 'Who are you?' 'My name is Clarke.' 'Are you the Adam Clarke who used to visit me.' 'The same person.' On this she raised herself in the bed, and grasping him by the hand, poured forth blessings upon him; blessings, he observed, in narrating the circumstance, which he believed he had never lost, and he had no doubt he had received hundreds through her prayers. The conversation proceeded. 'What age are you now, Mrs. Summerhill?' 'I am in my one hundred and sixth year, and my daughter there is in her seventy-fifth.' 'Though excluded, through infirmity, from the ordinances of God's house, I trust you realize his sacred presence.' 'As a substitute for the public means of grace, I read the Church serv-

ice daily. I am not telling you a falsity ; I can read the smallest print.' A small printed Bible being handed to her, 'Now,' said she to Mr. Clarke, 'you shall hear me.' She then read a portion of Scripture without hesitancy, with a firm and audible voice, and perfectly clear apprehension of the subject.

"This woman," said Mr. Clarke, "so far from being *mad* or *possessed*, was perfectly rational. She possessed great originality of character ; and on any one visiting her, with whose conversation or conduct she was not well pleased, she immediately let drive at them some of her strong sayings, and they, in return, said she was mad."

Mr. Everett, in a note to the above, says, "The first class-paper (containing the names of females only) was written, apparently, by Mr. Charles Wesley, at the head of which the name of *Dame Somerhill* stands as leader."—Vol. i, p. 250.

THE SOWER AND THE HARVEST:

BEING THE FAITH AND CONVERSION OF DAME SUMMERHILL.

By J. W. NICHOLS, Esq., of Danbury, Conn.

The sower wander'd forth, indeed,
 Throughout the length and breadth of land;
 And scatter'd thick the precious seed,
 With earnest heart and liberal hand;
 With *all* he left the words of peace,
 With *God* the blessing and increase.

And as he sow'd, some kernels fell
 On deep, and some on barren soil;
These bore the fruit that cheer'd him well,
 But *those* requited not his toil:
 Yet still, "beside all waters," fast
 He sow'd, in hope of fruit at last.

Behold this stern, heroic dame,
Attendant on his words of fire ;
Her heart has caught the preacher's flame,
She listens, and would fain inquire :
The flying seed has taken root,
Where God decrees abundant fruit.

Her heart, like Lydia's heart of old,
Was opened, and though in her youth,
She spoke, in spirit utterance bold,
"This is the way and this the truth ;
And though I reap in toil and strife,
I'll seek these precious words of life."

"And will he preach here soon again?"
The wondering listeners told her "Nay!
He preaches next on Plymouth plain,
One hundred twenty miles away."
"Then I shall hear him !" (and she smiles,)
"If twice one hundred twenty miles !"

She took her scrip and little purse,
And fired with true heroic zeal,
Set forward o'er the weary course,
Nor sought of horse, or sail, or wheel,
The power to hear that saving tone ;
The strength, through God, was all her own.

She went, she heard, and then returned,
The lengthened way before she trod :
But higher still the flame now burned,
To be a faithful child of God :
Her heart went up in praise and prayer,
While *faith* and *works* united there.

And now, when five score years and six
Had nursed that iron heart and will,
The man of God beheld her fix
Her eyes upon the Bible still,
And read the blessed page of truth,
With eyes as those of early youth.

The people thought her mind unsound,
So high the dayly path she trod;
The preacher found her heart abound
With truth and saneness unto God;
And often stood beside the dame,
To catch her words of holy flame.

Think ye who now are dayly saved,
And held in downy laps of ease,
What this heroic woman braved;
How labor'd *those*, how suffer'd *these*;
What toil, what pain, what treasure bore
This precious Gospel to your door.

Think, and then give the Lord of hosts,
The God of heaven and earth, the praise;
Worthy the Lamb to be our boast!
Worthy the Lord of life and grace!
Who gave the scatter'd seed its root,
That we might reap abundant fruit.

MRS. SARAH STEVENS.

HER maiden name was Willis. She was born at Bristol, February 17, 1770. Her parents were members of Mr. Wesley's society, and while she was very young were in the habit of taking her to the morning and evening preaching at Mr. Wesley's room. Miss Willis's father and mother died before she had attained her fourteenth year. She was then placed under the care of an uncle, whose unkind treatment, and that of his family, nearly proved fatal to her. After suffering much from them, and not having the consolations of religion to support her, she came to the horrible resolution to destroy herself. But on her way to the pit into which she intended to cast herself, she had such awful views of eternity as pre-

vented the rash act. Thus, the early religious training which she had received was the means of saving her soul from everlasting death. After this she was placed in charge of a lady who spent much of her time in reading novels and attending the theater. Here, also, she was exposed to snares and dangers which, from her youth and inexperience, she was but just able to escape.

The time and manner of her conversion are not distinctly stated, but in the year 1786, when she was just turned sixteen, she joined the Wesleyan Methodist society. At that early age she visited the sick, instructed the ignorant, and directed the wanderer in the right way. Her piety was deep and uniform, and her talents were exercised for the good of others. In 1788 Mr. Stevens visited Bristol, where he found Miss Willis actively engaged in doing good. She was the steward of a society of females whom she had collected together, whose office it was to visit the sick females in hospitals and prisons. On their first interview Mr. Stevens was so struck with the person of Miss Willis, which was comely, but much more with her mental endowments and spiritual attainments, that he sought her hand in marriage, and soon obtained it. Mr. Stevens was then stationed in the Glamorgan Circuit, South Wales. No provision being made for a preacher's wife on that circuit at that time, their support was very scanty. The next year they were appointed to the Islands of Guernsey, Alderney, and Jersey. On their arrival the friends treated them with great kindness, and provided everything for their comfort. In the Island of Jersey Mrs. Stevens formed a society for the relief of the sick and poor, and with her little company she visited the hospitals, the barracks, and the prisons, and pointed out to the female inmates of those places the way of life.

Mr. Stevens, with all his piety and usefulness, was not a *popular* preacher, and therefore he seldom stayed more than a year in one place; but Mrs. Stevens was admirably

calculated to be a help to her husband, and such she truly was to the end of his life. After spending one year in the islands, Mr. Stevens was stationed at Portsmouth, and after being there they were removed to the Oxford Circuit. At that time (1791) the Methodist society in the City of Oxford numbered only twenty-four members, and the circuit extended far into the country, so that the preachers were more than half their time out of the city. But in their absence Mrs. Stevens helped to keep up the prayer-meetings. For two months, at five o'clock in the morning, she and a few others wrestled with God in mighty prayer. At length the Spirit was poured out, souls were awakened and converted, and, in a short time, *nine* were added to the society. The novelty of a few praying souls, headed by a woman, excited attention, and awakened curiosity, and though the instruments were weak, the work was of God and prospered. In 1792 Mr. Stevens was reappointed to Oxford, and during that year the work of God continued to prosper. Latimer, in defense of Protestantism, had sealed the truth with his blood in Oxford, in 1555, and Wesley had borne the reproaches of Methodism in his day in that same city, and in 1791 an *unpopular* preacher and his praying wife were the means of rekindling a flame which has not yet gone out.

At Bramley, in the year 1794, while Mrs. Stevens was meeting the class, the power of the Lord was present to wound and to heal in a wonderful manner. The cries of the distressed were so great that it brought several of the neighbors; some laughing and ridiculing were soon cut to the heart, "and those who came to mock remained to pray." There were many present, but not one who was not affected. Parents, when they found peace, went and brought their children, and children their parents who were at home, that they might all be blessed of the Lord. Here, as at Kirksal-Forge when Bramwell and Nelson were present, as soon as one was convicted they prayed with her till she found peace.

While Mr. Stevens was at conference, in July, 1794, Mrs. Stevens wrote to him as follows :

"At Reighton, last Sunday, ten found peace with God. At Doncaster many are under awakenings, and at Brewell there is a general inquiry after the Saviour of sinners. O, what golden days are these ! Truly they are the days of the Son of man !"

February 6, 1796, she says : "I bless God for his life and power in my own soul. The prosperity of Zion lies near my heart. The conversion of souls is that which I most long for. At present my hands are full with two classes, three bands, a prayer-meeting every morning at six o'clock, and the public bands on Saturday evening. In such employments, and blessed with so many means of grace, how wise and holy ought I to be !"

"In every circuit," says her biographer, "Mrs. Stevens was active in establishing band-meetings and prayer-meetings."

In 1801 her husband's health, which had been very poor for several years, was so reduced that he could do the work of a circuit preacher no longer. The conference, therefore, put him on the supernumerary list. At the close of the conference he was appointed "writing-master" at Kingswood school, a situation he was well qualified to fill. "Nothing," says the biographer, "in the history of a Methodist preacher is so trying as to be laid aside from the work in which his soul delights ;" and in that he says truly. But greatly depressed in his feelings as Mr. Stevens often was, his good wife continued to improve her talents. In answer to her prayers it pleased God to pour out his Spirit upon the boys, many of whom yielded to conviction, broke off their sins, and united on the Lord's side. These were formed into classes, and were committed to the care of Mrs. Stevens, who watched over them in love, and gave them religious instruction suitable to their tender age, for which office she was

well calculated. Many of those boys (says the biographer) are now publishing the glad tidings of the Gospel.

Mrs. Stevens was a principal agent in beginning the Benevolent Society in Kingswood, which, since its commencement, has proved a great blessing to thousands. The "Successful Merchant," the philanthropic Reynolds, and the benevolent Mrs. Stocks, greatly aided this truly humane society.

Mr. Stevens continued to act as writing-master in the Kingswood school till 1807, at which time his income was greatly reduced, probably on account of his enfeebled state of health. To Mrs. Stevens this was a severe trial, for few in their journey through life ever had more severe trials than she and husband had, and few could record more singular and timely deliverances than they had known. But now it seemed, for a while, as if they would want bread.*

In the month of November, 1813, Mr. Stevens, after suffering long, died in the full triumph of faith. This was the heaviest cross and the severest trial she had ever been called to bear. On that sad occasion, in a letter to one who had been one of her husband's pupils, she writes, "When young and an orphan, the Lord condescended to take possession of my heart, and guided me through the slippery paths of youth, gave me one of the best of men for my husband, and continued him to me twenty-five years. You are a witness of the happiness we enjoyed in each other's society during the whole time you abode with us. And now the Lord has taken my dear husband to himself, he enables me to say, 'The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord.'"

* That Mr. and Mrs. Stevens, after his salary was reduced, did not really suffer for lack of bread, appears from a record kept by them of what they gave toward the support of those who were poorer than themselves. In 1809, as the Lord had prospered them, they gave five shillings a week, and in 1810 ten shillings to the poor fund.

Her health, which for many years had not been good, was much worse after the death of her husband. How she was supported during her last illness, which was protracted, and how she triumphed over her last enemy, will appear from the following particulars communicated by her daughter. At one time she remarked,

“Through Jesus’ blood, not merits of my own,
I stand approved before Jehovah’s throne.”

“Looking at me, with a heavenly smile on her countenance, she said, ‘My dear, death is no more than going out of one room into another. Death would indeed be a welcome messenger to me, for then I should be ever with Him whom my soul loveth; and you know that part of my family are there. Your dear father, with seven of your brothers and sisters, are in heaven.’

“At another period she observed, ‘I am encompassed with angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect. I believe your father is now very near me. I frequently think that many precious souls, to whom my adorable Lord has made me an instrument of good, will welcome me on the blissful shore. O! the delights which I now experience. Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive what there is laid up for those that love him;’ adding, ‘I love him with all my heart, with all my mind, and with all my strength.’ She was often in raptures, and used to say she knew not where to find language strong enough to express her love to her precious Saviour.

“On another occasion, with her eyes uplifted to heaven, she said, ‘Who are these arrayed in white, brighter than the noon-day sun? They are those that have come out of great tribulation, such as I am now suffering, and they washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.’ To her medical attendants she often preached Jesus, telling them of her great happiness, and exhorting them to seek the

same blessing. To her faithful domestic she said, 'My dear girl, when I get above I shall say to my dear Redeemer, Inasmuch as she has done this, or that, for me, give her her reward.' For every little attention shown her, she used in a sweet manner to express her gratitude, noticing that she was unworthy the solicitude of any. This greatly affected us, being well assured we never could sufficiently repay the *unbounded* love of such an *affectionate* parent.

"During her protracted illness she often spoke with exceeding great delight of the pleasing retrospections she enjoyed; and with heartfelt joy she would speak of the different circuits in which the Lord had made her a means of good to precious souls. 'O my dear children,' she would frequently say, what a happy life mine has been. It has been as a day without night?' A few minutes before her dissolution Mrs. Budgett* said to her, 'You feel Jesus precious, my dear, do you?' She replied, 'Yes; precious Jesus! precious Jesus!' She begged Mr. Budgett would entreat the Lord to give her an easy passage to the realms of bliss. Just before her departure a heavenly smile overspread her countenance, and in a few moments her ransomed spirit, without a sigh or groan, escaped to the mansions of rest.

* "The Successful Merchant's" wife.

MRS. HANNAH THURSTON,

OF ASHFORD, IN THE COUNTY OF KENT.

HANNAH THURSTON was born of parents in humble life, at Beckley, in Sussex, in the year 1768. When quite a girl she left home, and entered into service. She first became acquainted with the Methodists in Canterbury, where she lived in a Methodist family, attended the preaching and prayer-meetings, and was invited to join the society. In these means of grace her convictions of sin were deepened; and under a sermon preached by the Rev. Zachariah Yewdall, she found peace with God, and could rejoice in her Saviour. This blessing she retained to the end of her life. Her long and constant intercourse with the Methodists in Canterbury was of great benefit to her. She became more enlightened and established, and those habits of piety and self-denial were formed which distinguished her to the last. While there she might have had places more advantageous than some of those she lived in; but *she never would engage in any family where she could not have liberty to attend the Methodist chapel*. She was present when Mr. Wesley attended the death-bed of her mistress; and so much attention did she pay to what he said, that she could repeat the short prayer which he offered up for the dying woman.

After ten years' residence in Canterbury, she removed to Hamstreet, in the Rye Circuit. Here she found a society of Methodists, with whom she gladly united, and after two years was married to Mr. John Thurston. She had often thought that her highest ambition was to be married to a godly, industrious man, and to entertain the Methodist preachers at her house. This desire was granted, and for

more than twenty years this noble-minded woman acted the part of the goodly Shunammite of old. When receiving the Lord's Supper for the last time she made her confession to Almighty God, saying, "I have often deviated from the right path, but I never kept away from Christ. I always came back to him, and he always received me. I shall overcome. I shall be saved. I always believed in the doctrine of entire holiness, and wait to be perfected in love." A few days before she died she said to her husband, "Now I know that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." Of the Methodists she had a very high opinion. She said that they took her by the hand, and showed her kindness when she was a friendless girl. They had been the means of her conversion, and, by the providence of God, of raising her to what she was. She was a member forty-four years, and a class-leader twenty-five.

MRS. SARAH HOOLE,

MOTHER OF THE REV. ELIJAH HOOLE, MISSIONARY.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good." Eccles. xi, 6.

Mrs. Hoole, at the time of her death, had been a Methodist more than fifty-four years. Soon after her marriage to Mr. Holland Hoole, of Oldham-street, Manchester, she and her husband had their attention attracted by the sight of a congregation, listening to a sermon delivered in the open air in one of the streets in Manchester. Under that discourse she

was convinced of her need of pardoning mercy and renewing grace. She was invited to a class, and under the instruction of her leader, and of the Methodist ministers, she soon found the blessing she so much needed; and under the influence of those joyous feelings which sure salvation brings she devoted herself to God. She never forgot her vows; in all the relations of life she exhibited the grace, the love, the gentle courage of the Christian. She was not exempt from trials; but it was her habit to carry all to God in earnest and believing prayer, the result of which was, that, however heavy her afflictions might be, she was never overwhelmed. The departure of her second son as a missionary to India, in 1820, was followed within a few months by the death of her beloved husband; and soon after by the death of another son and daughter, both young persons possessing piety and talents of much promise; but under these heavy afflictions her heart bowed in meek submission to the will of God. Her last sickness was a season of peculiar tranquillity and freedom from anxiety and care. She conversed cheerfully with the ministers and friends who visited her, and to her latest moments she was happily delivered from "the sorrows of death." Having kept the sayings of Christ, she did not seem to "see death," but "fell asleep" in tranquil repose on the atoning merits of her redeeming Lord, and in joyful hope of resurrection unto life eternal, in the seventy-fifth year of her age.

The preacher whose sermon was the means of Mrs. Hoole's awakening and conversion, probably never knew of that instance of the success of his ministry; much less could he be aware that the further fruit of his labors was to be found in the conversion, by her instrumentality, of her husband, who was for many years useful as a leader and preacher, and of her eldest son, who for many years filled the same important offices, and of all her other children, and even of more remote descendants and relations; and it may be that, by the

missionary labors of her other son in India, some in that distant country may have received spiritual and saving benefits in consequence of the grace which was vouchsafed to her under that one sermon. Therefore, let him that soweth the good word, sow in hope.

MRS. JANE TRETHEWEY,

OF CORNWALL.

THE parents of Mrs. Trethewey were zealous adherents of the Established Church. When she was about ten years of age, a great revival of religion took place in that part of Cornwall where she then lived, during which her mind became thoughtfully exercised on the subject, but it was not till she had attained her nineteenth year that she found peace with God. For many weeks she sought the Lord with tears of godly sorrow, and he at length appeared as her deliverer. Being at the Episcopal Church one morning, her mind was powerfully impressed by the reading of the Litany; and when the minister came to that part of the solemn service, "By thine agony and bloody sweat, by thy cross and passion, by thy precious death and burial, by thy glorious resurrection and ascension, and by the coming of the Holy Ghost, *good Lord deliver us,*" new light broke in upon her mind. She saw clearly the way of salvation through a crucified Redeemer, was at once enabled to believe on him for a present salvation, and to rejoice in the assurance of the Divine favor. Being now a happy partaker of the unspeakable comfort of *justification by faith*, she soon began to seek with diligence the blessing of *entire sanctification*, and she did not seek in

vain. When about to enter the marriage state, being much impressed with the importance of the duties of that new relation, she earnestly prayed that God would fit her to discharge them by filling her soul with his perfect love, that body and soul might be presented to him a living sacrifice. And her intimate friends remember her testimony, that on a certain day, during the arrangements for her intended marriage, she retired to her room to plead with God for his full salvation, and while thus employed was enabled to lay hold on the blessing, and to prove that "the blood of Jesus Christ his son cleanseth from all sin."

After her marriage, which took place in 1785, Mrs. Trethewey and her husband went to reside at Roche, and opened their house for the preaching of the Gospel. Thus the Methodist ministers were introduced to an extensive parish, where their labors and usefulness were previously unknown. This was soon followed by the conversion of souls to Christ, and the formation of a class of which Mrs. Trethewey was appointed the leader. In this work she continued eminently useful, until warned by the infirmities of age that the time of her departure was at hand.

Having experienced the benefits of the means of grace, she and her husband directed their efforts to the building of a chapel, and they soon succeeded in rearing a little sanctuary on their own premises, which was long and truly consecrated by God's manifested presence. Their house, meanwhile, became a most happy home, to which, for upwards of *thirty* years, Christ's ministers were affectionately welcomed.

Mr. Trethewey, though possessing a good understanding, was a man of few words. He was a sincere lover of the truth, and irreproachable in his conduct before the world. He died in peace, June 11, 1846, in the *eighty-seventh* year of his age. His wife, who survived him but a few weeks, having in youth enjoyed greater advantages, and possessing

higher attainments in spiritual religion, was, through life, more actively engaged in religious exercises. She conducted family worship, watched with Christian solicitude over the best interests of her children, and, by her daily deportment in her home and in the Church, gave pleasing evidence that she held fast those blessings which she sought with prevailing earnestness at the beginning of her Christian course. Such was her attention, through a long life, to the claims of both worlds, that she seemed to have taken as her motto the words of the apostle, "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." To a young friend she once remarked that "we should live for this world as if we were to live here forever; and for eternity as if we knew we were to die to-day." She knew the value of intercessory prayer; and she has been known frequently to leave her bed, in the silence of night to plead with God for the salvation of her children, grandchildren, and friends.

For many years she kept a record of her religious experience. At one time, when past the meridian of life, she wrote as follows:

"Bless the Lord, I feel he is mine. He reveals himself to me. He brings me to the foot of the cross, and I love to be there. I love God with all my heart, and try to serve Him with all my strength. I love the word of God; it strengthens my soul! it is better to me than my daily bread."

She entered into rest July 5, 1846, in the eighty-second year of her age, and sixty-third of her spiritual life.

MISS ANN MAW,

AN ISRAELITE INDEED, AND A DORCAS INDEED.

EPWORTH, better known as the birth-place of John and Charles Wesley than for the picturesque beauty of its location, "had nothing of special interest about it. The people were generally hard characters."

In that place Miss Maw began business as a milliner, in the year 1792, with a pleasing prospect of success. At that time she was a stranger to experimental religion. But in the year 1794 the death of a beloved sister, fourteen years of age, of whom she was very fond, and whose death she greatly mourned, was made instrumental, in the hands of a merciful God, of leading her to seek consolation in the unfading realities of personal piety. In 1795 she and another sister joined the Methodist society. In the year 1800, accompanied by a brother, she went to London "to gain a knowledge of the fashions." While there she attended the theater and witnessed the performance of a play. By this indiscreet step she lost the comforts of religion, and brought guilt and darkness upon her soul, and it was some time before her peace was restored. At a meeting for religious conversation and prayer she was enabled to cast herself upon the mercy of God in Christ, and in so doing she found pardon and peace. From that time she never lost the evidence of her acceptance with God, but became "steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord."

"The amiableness of her manner, the sweetness of her disposition," says one who knew her well, "together with her exemplary piety, soon gained my esteem. I saw that she was richly endowed with the graces of the Spirit. In

the midst of a large and prosperous business, she was not lifted up by prosperity. She was naturally of a liberal disposition, which was bounded in its manifestation only by her circumstances. She would not suffer any poor persons to want, when she knew their necessities, if she could possibly supply them. In the winter season she frequently baked bread and bought meat for the poor. *She kept a stock of clothing of various sorts, ready made up, for poor women and young children, which she distributed with a liberal hand*; and when her store grew low she many times employed her midnight hours to recruit it; and when she had accomplished it, she would exultingly say, 'These are my estate, my treasure for the poor.' She never repaired any of her own clothes, but gave them all away; and at times said that they did not wear out half fast enough; but when these failed she supplied the poor with new. At the quarterly love-feasts she always provided for the entertainment of the country friends. She particularly sought for and invited those whom she thought most likely to be unprovided for. She rejoiced when her house was filled, and those who were in need she generally sent away with a gift in their hand. In her last sickness I sat up with her several nights, and was with her the night before she died. Before I left her in the morning I asked her, 'Are you in much pain?' She answered, 'I cannot say but I am restless, but Jesus is precious, very precious; I shall soon be with him in glory.'

"Thus departed my dear and amiable friend, August 26, 1810, in the fortieth year of her age. May my last end be like hers."

M. T.

"For ne'er was brighter luster thrown
On path by woman trod,
Than hers, who dwelt among her own,
And cared for those of God."

MRS. ANN BENNETT.

“ Out of great distress they came ;
Wash'd their robes by faith below,
In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Blood that washes white as snow.”

ANN BENNETT was a native of Derbyshire, England. Her parents were poor, but unacquainted with experimental religion. Her husband also was a stranger to vital godliness, and being advised by a neighbor not to allow his wife to go among “such a low and ignorant people as the Methodists,” locked her up in the house to keep her away from the meeting; and, on one occasion, forced her away from a prayer-meeting, and drove her home with blows.

“But,” said she, “when I was shut up in the house I could go to my room and pray in secret. He might hinder me from going out, but he could not hinder me from praying.”

Prayer prevailed, the furious man was subdued, and afterward became her fellow-traveler to the kingdom of God. She was a member of Mr. Longden's class, and when she first joined was so poor that she had to deny herself the use of butter that she might contribute her “penny a week.” She and her husband, however, lived to see better days in things temporal as well as spiritual.

About three years after Mrs. Bennett had become a member of the Wesleyan society, and experienced the converting grace of God, the great division occasioned by Mr. Alexander Kilham and his friends took place. Sheffield, unhappily, saw the hottest part of the contest. To Methodism there it was a terrible and sifting time, but to many it proved an opportunity for displaying a strength of principle which betokened the stability of their future course. Of this number

Mrs. Bennett was one. Many of her class-mates were carried away by the torrent, but when Mr. Longden put the question to her, "Do you, also, intend to go away?" she replied :

"No. Where I received my first good, there I mean to continue till I die."

After this, while listening to a sermon in Norfolk-street chapel, in which the believer was encouraged to follow on to know the Lord, she was enabled to apprehend, by a present faith, the promise and power of the grace of God to sanctify her wholly, and was added to the number of those whose blessed experience it is to know that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

Mrs. Bennett possessed a strong mind, and being unreservedly devoted to God, she exerted a considerable influence on those who were around her. Her power in prayer was great. In 1812 the charge of a class was committed to her; for which, by her clear and deep experience, her sound understanding, and a good degree of natural fluency of speech, she was well fitted to perform the labor and bear the responsibilities. During the prevalence of cholera in Sheffield, a great religious awakening took place, and so many were added to the class of which she was the leader, that it had to be divided again and again, and eventually became four. But notwithstanding her deep piety and great usefulness, she was, in the latter part of her life, the daughter of affliction. Nearly twelve years before she died she had an attack of illness so violent she never recovered from its effects. For seven years she was confined to her bed, and not able to sit up one day in all that time. But at the close of that period she could say, "In poverty, in affliction, in trials and conflicts, God has never forsaken me; he has always upheld me."

About two years before her own death her husband was taken from her. Her anguish of mind on that occasion was

greatly soothed by the assurance that, during his affliction, he was supported by a good hope through grace, and that he had finished his course with joy. To a friend who was with her in her last sickness she said, "It is now more than *fifty-two* years since God graciously pardoned my sins, and accepted me in his beloved Son; and never, in the darkest hour of the strongest temptation, have I lost my confidence in him as a sin-pardoning God, but always felt assured that it would be well with me at the last. Tell my friends that I am very happy."

To her nephew she said: "You will have to take care of my body, but all is well with my soul; the Lord will take care of that." These were her last words.

"Rejoice for a sister deceased;
Our loss is her infinite gain;
A soul out of prison released,
And freed from its bodily chain.
With songs let us follow her flight,
And mount with her spirit above,
Escaped to the mansions of light,
And lodged in the Eden of love."

MRS. ELIZABETH HENRY,

OF LONDON, AGED EIGHTY-FIVE.

MRS. HENRY was received among the Methodists by Mr. Wesley, at the Foundry, when she was about *fifteen* years of age, and continued "steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord," about *seventy* years. She was a liberal supporter of various benevolent institutions while she lived, and took care that they should not suffer by her

death. Besides several other legacies, she left the following : £10 to the poor members of the Wesleyan society worshipping at Gainsford-street Chapel ; £5 to the Sunday school at that place ; £100 to the Strangers' Friend Society connected with the Southwark Chapel ; £100 to the Wesleyan Contingent Fund, for the spread of the Gospel through Great Britain and Ireland ; and £100 to the Wesleyan Missionary Society, for the spread of the Gospel throughout the world : in all, three hundred and fifteen pounds sterling (\$1,500.) Her end was that of perfect peace. "Blessed are the dead in Christ: they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

MISS PARKER,

AND HER FAVORITE MINISTER.

THE following fact shows the necessity of making God the exclusive object of our worship and confidence.

Mr. John Edwards, Independent minister of White Chapel, Leeds, was, for some time, one of Mr. Wesley's preachers. He separated from Mr. Wesley in the year 1754. Before that event he was stationed in Limerick, Ireland. Being an eloquent Scriptural preacher, God owned his labors in the city ; his congregations were large, and several sinners were awakened, among whom was a young lady of family and fortune, well known by the name of Miss Parker.

After Mr. Edwards had left Limerick and settled at Leeds, Miss Parker was led to think that she could never find peace under any other minister. Her class-leader and religious friends strove to convince her that this was a tempt-

ation, but she would not be convinced by them. She wrote to Mr. Wesley, who also strove to persuade her that this impression was a device of the enemy to keep her from looking to God, the Author and Finisher of faith. She then wrote to Mr. Edwards, and offered to pay his expenses if he would come from Leeds to Limerick. He came and was hospitably entertained at the lady's house. Mr. Wesley also consented that he should have the use of the Methodist chapel during his stay. But the first evening that Mr. Edwards was to preach, Miss Parker fell and broke her leg. Mr. Edwards then preached in her chamber, but even then she did not receive the blessing she sought, nor while Mr. Edwards stayed in the place; but after she was able to walk about again she experienced peace in believing, and lived many years, and died a pious Methodist, rejoicing in the Lord.

MRS. MARGARET CROSS,

OF ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN.

THIS venerable lady was born in the town of Newry, North of Ireland, September 9, 1763, and died at Ann Arbor, Michigan, August 1, 1846, in the eighty-third year of her age.

She was of an ancient and honorable Scotch family, bearing the name of Hannah, but descended in a direct line from Sir Malcomb, brother of Sir William Wallace. At the age of twenty-three Miss Hannah was united in marriage to Bernard Connelly, Esq., a gentleman of fortune, and a pious member of the Wesleyan body, whom she accompanied, soon

after their marriage, to a conference held by Mr. Wesley in London. On their way they were accompanied by Dr. Coke, and several Wesleyan preachers from Ireland. From these associates she learned the necessity of personal regeneration, which, though educated in the Protestant faith, she had never realized before. During the session of conference she made her home with the family of the Rev. Henry Moore, at Mr. Wesley's house, adjoining the chapel in City Road, and while kneeling at her bedside, after enjoying a season of prayer with the family, the Holy Spirit descended upon her heart, and created her anew in Christ Jesus. She then cast in her lot with "the sect everywhere spoken against." About six years after, she was left a widow, with three children, in which state she remained some time, rejecting advantageous offers of marriage, to the grief of her friends. Finally she married Mr. John Cross, a poor but pious man and local preacher. For this she was disowned by her father, and her children taken from her, and never allowed to live with her any more.

Her choice in regard to her second marriage was considered by her relatives as an evidence of her incapacity to take care of her children. She never saw her father again, and she fled to America to avoid the numerous persecutions carried on against her. She had a small property in her own right, which she disposed of at an annual interest of about three hundred dollars, which she continued to receive for the last forty-three years of her life. Thus she was saved from want, yea, was enabled, by industry and economy, to give liberally to benevolent objects. She denied herself cheerfully all the superfluities, and even some of the conveniences of life, to advance by her gifts, as well as her prayers, the kingdom of Christ upon earth; and no doubt many will rise up in the day of eternity and call her blessed. In extreme old age her faculties were somewhat impaired, but, whatever else she forgot, she never forgot her Saviour. At the mention of his

name her eyes would brighten with unearthly light, her countenance would become expressive and joyous, and her whole soul would glow with love to God. She could say truly :

“My God, I am thine,
What a comfort divine,
What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine!
In the heavenly Lamb
Thrice happy I am ;
And my heart doth rejoice at the sound of his name !”

MRS. SARAH WALLACE KAIRNS,

AGED ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN.

“WITH the early history of this mother in Israel we are not acquainted, further than that, at the time of her birth, her father, a Scotchman, and her mother, an Irish lady, were in America, but in her infancy they returned to Ireland, and lived in the City of Cork, where she was married ; but subsequently she returned with her husband to the country of her nativity. Mrs. Cairns was the mother of many children, nearly all of whom have passed away, and left her an honored legacy to the Church of her choice, whose privilege it has been to minister unto her its blessings and comforts, in the feebleness and infirmities of her extreme old age. She experienced the religion that sustained her through the strange vicissitudes of an inconstant life, at the early age of *nine* years ; and O ! how beautifully did she exemplify its virtue and vitality in its closing scene. Being possessed of much native dignity, ease, and gracefulness, with a well cultivated mind and ever

cheerful spirit, she secured to herself the love and esteem of all who knew her. For the last three years it was the privilege of the Ladies' Union Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to have her under its immediate care; and the ladies of that society acknowledge, with devout thanksgiving, their gratitude to Almighty God, in thus setting the broad seal of his approbation upon their efforts to provide for his aged people, in permitting them to have the care of this beloved disciple, in every way so worthy of their affectionate attention. She was an object of attraction to the institution, and many who have visited that comfortable home and received her blessing, will remember with how much sweetness and emphasis she sung :

“ ‘ And when I hated all my sin,
My dear Redeemer took me in.
What happy seasons I have seen
E'er since I felt this heavenly union.’ ”

“ But the last, the closing scene of life, language fails to describe. Her last illness—if such may be called what was a merely giving up the natural to receive eternal life—was a continued scene of spiritual interest; she constantly exulted in the prospect of heaven, and often repeated

“ ‘ Happy day,
When Jesus wash'd my sins away.’ ”

“ She often tried to sing with her friends, and when she could not, would listen, and shout aloud the praises of God. While these words were sung,

“ ‘ Bright angels are from glory come,
They're round my bed, they're in my room,’ ”

she rejoiced with exceeding great joy; and as the voice of those present failed, because of emotion, in singing,

“ ‘ We'll range the bless'd fields on the banks of the river,
And shout halleluiah forever—’ ”

she finished the sentence with emphasis, 'and ever!' Her blessing was given to all. The hand of her kind physician, Dr. Elliott, was grasped with both of hers, while, with an overflowing, grateful heart, she exclaimed, 'The Lord bless you; the Lord be with you.' On the last night of her life she bade adieu to many kind friends; and when, after it was supposed that sight was ended, and hearing gone, the words of the Psalmist were repeated, 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,' she shouted 'Glory! glory!' and again, when it was said, 'There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God,' with her eyes upturned, and hand uplifted, she exclaimed, as the power of articulation was almost gone, 'Halleluiah, halleluiah! amen and amen!' O, the power of Divine grace to save, yea, to exult in the hour of death. Her last effort was to leave her blessing for her absent and only son, to bequeath to him a mother's Bible, and some other mementoes of a dying mother's love. She came down to the grave in a good old age, like a shock of corn fully, fully ripe for the heavenly garner."

MRS. ELIZABETH CAIRNS,

Was born in England, in the year 1753. She embraced religion very early in life, united with the Wesleyans, and enjoyed a personal acquaintance with its venerable founder, the Rev. John Wesley, Dr. Coke, and several of their cotemporaries, on whose memory she dwelt with peculiar delight.

More than sixty years ago she emigrated to this country with her husband, a local preacher, who has long since gone to his reward. For many years she lived in New-York and in her widowed home the social meetings for prayer were held

the influence of which subsequently led to the organization of the Willet-street Methodist Episcopal Church. She enjoyed a comfortable home among friends until within the last three years of her life, when, through unforeseen circumstances, she was left to the care of the Church, and found an asylum in the institution which is generally called "The Old Ladies Home," where she received all the kindness and attention that benevolent hearts and careful hands could bestow. It was very gratifying to witness the affection of these aged mothers [Mrs. Kairns and Mrs. Cairns] for each other. They were seldom separated, and often rejoiced in the hope of meeting in heaven. Mrs. Cairns died triumphantly, after having been a member of the Church *seventy-five* years.

MRS. HICK,

THE MOTHER OF METHODISM IN NEW-YORK.

"THE introduction of Methodism into these United States," says Dr. Bangs, in his History of the Methodist Episcopal Church, "was attended with those circumstances which show how great events often result from causes comparatively insignificant. Like the entire structure of Methodism, it originated without any foresight of man, without any previous design in the instruments to bring about such an event; and yet it will undoubtedly mark an era in the history of our country, on which its future historians will stop and pause, as having a bearing on its destinies. It was not the design of Methodism to enter into the political speculations of the day, nor to meddle with the civil affairs of the country, yet it is thought that its extensive spread through the country, and

the influence which it has exerted on society, in uniting in one compact body so many members, through the medium of an itinerant ministry interchanging appointments from north to south and from east to west, have contributed not a little to the union and prosperity of the nation.

“The first Methodist society, or class, was established in the City of New-York, in the year 1766, by a small number of pious emigrants from Ireland, who, before their removal to this country, had been members of a Methodist society in their own. Among their number was Philip Embury, a local preacher. But though they had been attached to Wesleyan Methodism at home, it appears that on their arrival here they came very near making ‘shipwreck of faith and of a good conscience.’ They were strangers in a strange land; and not finding any pious acquaintances with whom they could associate, they gradually lost their relish for divine things, and sunk into the spirit of the world. In this state of lukewarmness and worldly-mindedness they were found the next year, on the arrival of another family from Ireland, among whom was a pious ‘mother in Israel’ of the name of HICK, to whose zeal in the cause of God they were all indebted for the revival of the spirit of piety among them. Soon after her arrival she ascertained that those who had preceded her had so far departed from their ‘first love,’ as to be mingling in the frivolities and sinful amusements of life. The knowledge of this painful fact aroused her pious indignation, and with a zeal which deserves commendation, she suddenly entered the room where they were assembled, seized the pack of cards with which they were playing, and threw them into the fire. Having thus unceremoniously destroyed their ‘playthings,’ she addressed herself to them in language of expostulation; and turning to Mr. Embury she said, ‘You must preach to us, or we shall all go to hell together, and God will require our blood at your hands.’”

“This pointed appeal had its desired effect in awakening

his attention to the perilousness of their condition. Yet, as if to excuse himself from the performance of an obvious duty, he tremblingly replied, 'I cannot preach, for I have neither a house nor congregation.' 'Preach in your own house first, and to our own company,' was the reply. Feeling the responsibility of his situation, and not being able any longer to resist the importunities of his reprove, he consented to comply with her request, and accordingly preached his first sermon, 'in his own hired house,' to five persons only. This, it is believed, was the first Methodist sermon ever preached in America.

"The little flock thus gathered soon increased. They accordingly rented a room of larger dimensions, the expense of which was defrayed by voluntary contribution, 'toward which,' says Mr. Paul Hick, son of the good old lady before mentioned, 'the first sixpence I could ever call my own I put into the plate, which was carried round to receive the contributions of the people, and I felt in so doing an inexpressible pleasure.' But the 'hired house' soon became too small for the congregation, and the *Rigging Loft* in William-street was hired. But the rigging loft was not long capacious enough to accommodate all who wished to hear the word, and the society began to consult together on the propriety of building a small church. For the accomplishment of this pious undertaking, however, many difficulties were to be encountered. But while all were deliberating on the best means to be adopted for the accomplishment of this desirable object, MRS. HICK,* while fervently engaged in prayer for direction and help in the time of need, received, with inexpressible sweetness and power, this answer: '*I the*

* Mrs. Hick's maiden name was Barbara Ruckle. Before her emigration to America she lived in a house opposite the present Methodist chapel in Bellingrane, Ireland. Several of her descendants, "to the third and fourth generation," are yet found in the Methodist Churches in New-York and its vicinity.

Lord, will do it !" At the same time a plan was presented to her mind, which, on being submitted to the society, was generally approved of and finally adopted. Subscriptions were obtained, and eventually a building was erected in John-street, *sixty* feet in length and *forty-two* in breadth, which, out of respect to the founder of Methodism, was called WESLEY CHAPEL, the first of the kind ever built in America, and in which the first sermon was preached by Mr. Embury, October 30, 1768.

MRS. PECKETT.

"At Bradford, in Vermont," says Mr. Asbury, "I saw old Mrs. Peckett, who formerly lived in Mr. Wesley's family in London." "This venerable lady," says Mr. Stevens, "had an important instrumentality in the introduction of Methodism into Vermont. Her house was a home for the first Methodist itinerants who entered that State. She had not only been house-keeper to Mr. Wesley, but a 'band mate' of Miss Bosanquet, afterward Mrs. Fletcher. She was deeply versed in Christian experience, and had in her rustic dwelling, amid the mountains of Vermont, most of the works of Wesley, and was thereby enabled to make known to her neighbors the peculiarities of the new denomination. Her religious influence was most salutary and manifest. Laban Clark, Martin Ruter, and others among our primitive ministry who were raised up in Vermont, found her to be a mother in Israel, and received from her much of their early religious guidance."

MRS. AZUBA WICKS,

OF PATCHOGUE, LONG ISLAND.

SISTER WICKS, if not the oldest, was one of the first who joined the Methodist Episcopal Church on Long Island. She was one of that interesting little band of pious females who met in the town of Southold to pray together every week, on Monday evenings, in the year 1795, (see page 132.) They met, not only to sing and pray, but to mourn over the low state of religion where they resided. They severely felt the want of religious privileges, the congregation to which they were united being too far distant for their attendance, and the then resident minister of the parish not being, in their view, sufficiently interested in their spiritual welfare. The principal object of their weekly meetings was to intercede at the throne of grace for God to send them a minister of his own selecting. About that time Mr. Wilson Lee, who was on his way to New-York, being unexpectedly detained by contrary winds at New-London, became suddenly and strongly impressed to visit the east end of Long Island. He therefore crossed the Sound the same day, and landed a short distance from Southold, and was soon conducted to the house of Mrs. More, the oldest of the praying band. Mr. Lee told Mrs. More the circumstances of his coming. Both were surprised at the singular circumstance, and Mr. Lee's heart being too full for utterance, he gave vent to his feelings with tears of wonder and joy.

Sister Wicks was among the first to meet the pious band, but survived all the rest. For many years previous to her death she was a great sufferer, so much so that for two or three years for the greater part of the time, both mind

and memory seemed greatly impaired, with the exception of a few happy intervals. At those seasons she would advert to bygone days with peculiar interest and pleasure. As the period drew nigh when she must take a final leave of her earthly friends, her grand-daughter commenced singing :

“What is this that steals upon my frame?
Is it death? Is it death?”

and when she came to that line,

“I soon shall see his face in glory,”

the grandmother responded with peculiar emphasis,

“*I* soon shall see his face.”

Soon after this she took her departure to join her companions who had previously arrived in the mansions of bliss. Thus ended the days of this venerable handmaid of the Lord, August 4th, 1845, in the eighty-fourth year of her age.



MRS. MOORE.

THE following narrative respecting the introduction of Methodism into Southold, Long Island, is taken from Dr. Bangs's History of the Methodist Episcopal Church, vol. i, p. 300.

“In 1794, a Mrs. Moore, who had been converted by the instrumentality of the Methodists, removed to Southold. Being destitute of a spiritual ministry, she united with two other pious females every Monday evening in holding a prayer-meeting, in which they prayed especially that God would send them a faithful minister. Twice they met at the

house of a Mr. Vail, who, though not a professor of religion, was willing that the meeting should be held in his house, as his wife was one of the three engaged in this pious work. A circumstance occurring one evening which caused them to omit their social meeting, each one retired in her own house to pour out the desire of her soul to God that the primary object of their prayers might be granted. During the exercises of that evening they all felt an unusual spirit of prayer, but more particularly Mrs. Moore, who continued her devotions until near midnight, when she received an assurance that God had heard them, by the following words being deeply impressed upon her mind: 'I have heard their cry, and am come down to deliver them;' and so strong was the conviction upon her mind, that she praised God for what she believed he would most assuredly do.

"At that very time, Wilson Lee, one of the early Methodist preachers, was at New-London, and had put his trunk on board a vessel with a view to go to his appointment in New-York. Contrary wind prevented his departure. On the same night in which those pious females were praying, in their several apartments on Long Island, for God to send them a shepherd, Mr. Lee was detained by contrary winds in New-London, and felt an unusual struggle of mind for the salvation of souls, attended with a vivid and powerful impression that it was his duty to cross the Sound and go to Long Island. So powerful, indeed, was the impression, that, though he tried to resist it, he at length resolved that if a way opened he would proceed. On going to the wharf next morning, he found, to his surprise, a sloop ready to sail for Southold, and without further delay he immediately embarked, and on landing, in answer to his inquiries was conducted to the house of Mrs. Moore. On seeing him approach the house, and recognizing him from his appearance for a Methodist preacher, though a total stranger, she ran to the door, and saluted him in the following words: 'Thou blessed of the

Lord, come in!’ They mutually explained the circumstances above narrated, and rejoiced together. A congregation was soon collected, to whom Mr. Lee preached with lively satisfaction. God blessed his labors, a class was formed, and from that period the Methodists have continued, with various degrees of prosperity, in Southold until this day.”

MRS. MARY WELLS.

MARY WELLS, Ruth Hall, and Mrs. Risley, were the first three that joined the Methodists in New-England, and were the three women mentioned in Lee’s History of the Methodists, as composing the first society formed on the first circuit in the Eastern states.

Mrs. Wells, daughter of Joseph and Eunice Hall, of Fairfield, Connecticut, was born September 3, 1758. She was brought up in the duties of strict morality; but she was a stranger to experimental religion until after her marriage. About that time Mrs. Risley, a pious woman from Egg Harbor, came to the place where Mrs. Wells then resided. When Mrs. Risley left Egg Harbor, the Lord was reviving his work there among the Methodists. Mrs. Wells and Mrs. Risley now strove to pray that God would send some faithful laborers into that part of his vineyard. Mrs. Wells had been frequently warned by dreams of the danger she was in while unreconciled to God; but now she dreamed that she saw a large man coming toward her with four companies; one from the East, West, North, and South. She says, “I asked him, ‘What is the meaning of these great companies?’ He replied, ‘The glorious day is just at hand.’ I was so animated in my dream that I awoke with these words in my mind,

‘Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.’

“In the morning, while pondering on the dream and what could be its interpretation, a neighbor came in, and informed me that a minister was at their house, a stranger, who was the happiest man she ever saw. I went with her to see him, and lo! it was the same man I had seen in my dream. *It was Jesse Lee!* Glory be to God that I ever saw his face. He was the first Methodist preacher I ever saw. He explained to me the nature of conviction and conversion, and taught me the way of salvation by Christ.”

Still, however, for a short time she was much exercised and troubled in mind, till, on a Sabbath morning, when deeply oppressed with the burden of sin, and feeling as if sinking that moment into hell, she cried to the Lord in her distress; he heard her cry, and set her soul at liberty, when those words were applied to her mind:

“Cheer up, dear soul, nor let a cloud
Of dark, desponding doubt arise;
Behold the glorious Lamb of God,
With love and pity in his eyes.”

“I felt,” she says, “as if in a new world. That moment I saw Jesus, by faith, as evidently crucified for me and all the world. And O! what an ecstasy of joy did I then feel! I loved every one; all things appeared new and beautiful. With delight I read the word of God, and longed to tell to all around what he had done for my soul.”

About three months after this, Jesse Lee came round again, and at that time, namely, September 26, 1789, she and the two others above named left the Presbyterians, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, on account of which they had to endure much persecution. They were told that they were beside themselves, had left the pure Church, and were going after strange preachers, who were deceivers, and

leading them astray.* "As I was mourning the hardness of their hearts," she says, "a pious Presbyterian sister sent us word that she could not sleep on our account; she was so afraid the Methodists were leading us astray. I then took my Bible, and begged of God to show me my duty, when these words attracted my attention, 'Open ye the gates, that the righteous nation which keepeth the truth may enter in.' (Isaiah, xxvi, 2.) I was then fully convinced that God approved of my joining the Methodists, and I believe that thousands will praise God in eternity that he ever raised them up, and sent them through the world to preach his Gospel.

At a subsequent period she says in her diary, "The Lord is reviving his work in this place. Last evening Brother Scholefield preached here, and the Lord was with us in power. Three times he rose to speak to the class, but they appeared to be in such an ecstasy of joy that he sat down again. Glory to God! such an evening I never experienced before. The following evening in family prayer we had a gracious time. It seemed as if the house was filled with the glory of God. We continued our exercises about three hours. This was the beginning of good times; the work broke out, and many souls experienced religion. What will not the Lord do in answer to faith and prayer."

Mrs. Wells lived with her husband between thirty and forty years. And though possessing but little in this world, their house was a home for the preachers, who were received as the messengers of the Lord. Prayer was her delight, and the revival of the work of God the subject of her fervent petitions at a throne of grace. Her husband died two years before her, but it appeared to her in a dream that he came to her and told her that in two years she would follow him. And so it came to pass. He died September 11, 1825, and she died September 11, 1827.

* See this matter fully illustrated in "Stevens's Memorials of Methodism," vol. i, ch. i.

AUNT HESTER.

"In Attakapas, Louisiana," says the author of the following sketch, "pious servants were the pioneers of Methodism. It is a picture on which the pious heart must love to dwell, to see them, when removed from the regular means of grace to a land where every influence was anti-religious, holding to the faith once delivered to the saints, without wavering or doubting. Such was Aunt Hester, whose name stands at the head of this article.

"Aunt Hester was converted in Tennessee in 1801. She was brought to Attakapas in 1810, and was the first Methodist in Franklin. This was then a country offering many inducements to those who wished to make a fortune. But in a religious point of view it was enshrouded in the gloom of moral darkness. Those who were religious in the old states, when they came here in search of wealth, would forget the 'rock from which they were hewn, and the hole of the pit from which they had been digged.' But Aunt Hester enjoyed *much* of the life and power of religion, which caused her to feel a deep interest in the salvation of others, especially her fellow-servants. She would not only teach by **example**, but also by precept. She would read the Testament to, and talk, and sing, and pray with them. Soon some of them were converted, and they would have prayer-meetings in their cabins, where often the Holy Spirit moved powerfully on their hearts, and they would shout aloud for joy. Hester's master found that some new influence was at work among his servants; and as the natural heart understands not the things of the Spirit of God, (an influence that he knew as little about as the King of Siam knew about the

congelation of water,) he supposed Aunt Hester to be the cause, and came to the conclusion that, as good a servant as she was, he *must sell her*; 'For,' said he, 'she will ruin all my negroes.' Yet so faithful was she in all her duties to her master, that he would soon want her back, and would buy her again at the first opportunity. The person that he first sold her to badly mistreated her on account of her religion, yet she remained faithful. She would do everything for her owners but give up her faith in her Saviour; neither persuasion nor threats, kindness nor punishment, availed anything when this principle was at stake; she would have given up life itself rather than her peace with God and her hope of heaven. O blessed religion! that can throw a halo of light around its possessors in the darkest hour, and enable its recipients, with meekness and fear, to bear every wrong, and though here poor and ignorant, give them to know that they possess heavenly wisdom, and that they are heirs 'to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away,' reserved in heaven for them. When Aunt Hester's former master found that she was misused, he went to her owner and bought her back again. She was still the same kind, obedient, religious old servant, 'walking in all the commandments of God blameless,' talking to her young mistresses, and pointing her fellow-servants to the blood which cleanses from all sin. On this account her old master sold her a second time. This time she was sold to a lady who treated her with great kindness. Aunt Hester could now read her Testament, sing, and pray without hinderance. She had been so faithful to her first owner that he went to the lady and wanted to buy her back a second time. But the lady valued her so highly that she would not part with her, and declared that she was such a good servant that she would not sell her for twice her value. But after the lady's death her estate was sold, and her old master bought Aunt Hester a third time, and gave a very high price for

her too, saying to the bystanders that he never would sell her again, that he would rather put up with her religion, and the spoiling of his negroes, than to do without her.

"Aunt Hester could read her Testament. On Sabbaths, when other servants were out visiting, she would stay in her cabin and spend the blessed day in devotion. Her young mistress, (now a prominent member of the Church,) who communicated to the writer the foregoing particulars, would often go to her, and ask her why she did not, like the others, go out and enjoy herself. 'Ah, missy!' she would say, 'I have *more* enjoyment in sweet communion with my Jesus; you don't understand it now, but I hope in the Lord you soon will.' 'I have known her,' says another person, 'since 1810; she was always faithful; always a good Methodist! She had religion more at heart than anything else.' For years after she came to Franklin there was no preaching in the place. She then prayed that the Lord would send preachers there, and often said, 'O that I could hear preaching! I hunger and thirst for preaching.' The Rev. Mr. Nolly, of famous memory, was the first who preached in Franklin. Aunt Hester's old master had invited him there, at which her joy was such that she could scarcely contain herself.

"Some years before her death Aunt Hester had hired her own time, and before the spring of 1846 had paid for herself, when she was taken with the dropsy. In her affliction she enjoyed great tranquillity of mind. She lingered a while, and died in the prospect of a blessed immortality, without a cloud to dim her pathway to the paradise of God."—*Southern Christian Advocate*.

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord," whether bond or free; but especially those that are in bonds, for in Paradise the servant is free from his master, and there the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary are at rest.

THE WEALTHY CONVERT.

A NUMBER of years ago, when the late Bishop Hedding was stationed in Boston, he was surprised one morning by the call, at the parsonage, of a lady, whose costly dress and elegant manners indicated that she belonged to the highest circles of the polished society of that polished city. He was still more surprised when, after the usual introductory phrases, she made known, with language direct and decided, her wish to unite with the humble society under his charge. She gave him her name, and the highest references in the city for information respecting her, and retired with an earnest request that he would consider the application till she should be able to have another interview.

This lady was a near relative of the celebrated John Hancock, whose name stands so prominently on the Declaration of Independence, and in the history of his country. At the time of her visit at the Methodist parsonage she was surrounded with all the resources and gayeties of her high sphere in life; but that blessed Spirit which "is given to all men," had been striving with her mind, and had made use of an instrumentality to lead her to the church, and to heaven, so remarkable as to deserve notice and commemoration. While living in luxury, with no higher notions of religion than those afforded by the fashionable Unitarianism of the day, the providence of God placed in her family a devoted Methodist servant-maid, to whom was afterward added also, in occasional service in the household, a pious colored woman of the same denomination.

The religious example and converse of these humble Christians could not escape the observation of the lady of

the house; they were unostentatious ministries which God had placed there, and with the exercise of which he honors his lowliest saints, while he withholds it from the angels of heaven. Their mistress became interested and thoughtful; she picked up one of their books; it was a volume of Wesley's Sermons. She opened at the discourse on "The Witness of the Spirit:" what a mystical phrase! she had never heard of it in her own church; but on reading the *text* it appeared obviously a proper, a Scriptural title. She read the sermon through; it poured a flood of light upon her neglected spirit; if this was religion, she had never known it by experience. She read the whole volume; it explained to her, for the first time in her life, the true character of personal piety, and led her to the mercy-seat to seek it. Her deep and anxious convictions of sin were revealed to her devoted servants, and these lowly children of God, while laboring in her kitchen, became her instructors and guides in the way to heaven. She longed to hear a genuine minister of Christ who preached these new truths, and several evenings might be seen this votary of the fashionable world, still arrayed in her gay apparel, following at a short distance, and with a throbbing heart, her humble colored servant to the Methodist chapel. There she heard the same truths vivified by the living voice; their impression on her conscience was deepened; she sought with all her soul the pardoning mercy of God. In a few weeks she was "justified by faith, and had peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

She had thus far kept her exercises of mind a profound secret, known only to herself and her pious servants; she felt now that it was her duty, and her only safety, to openly confess Christ, and associate herself with his people. Too precious were the new truths and new sympathies which had dawned upon her soul to allow her to seek a fashionable religious communion, where the reproach of the cross might be evaded; the humble but devoted people whose agency

had reached her, and led her to "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world," were her decided choice, and she called upon their pastor, as stated, to solicit admission to their lowly fellowship.

In a few days she visited him again; he had consulted her references, and ascertained her high family relations and excellent character. No misfortune or eccentricity of mind could account for her predilection for the Methodist Church. She had been renewed in spirit, had consecrated herself to God, and, intent only on the salvation of her soul, resolved to place herself amid such religious associations as would most effectually enable her to work out her salvation with fear and trembling; and she justly inferred that the obscurity and poverty of the then little Methodist band would but render her connection with them a more exemplary proof of her love of their Redeemer, and increase her facilities for usefulness. Mr. H. informed her that there could be no objection to her reception among them; but assured her of the disparity between her circumstances and habits and those of most of his people. He explained to her also the disciplinary rules of dress.

Her reply was, that she had read the Discipline, had counted the cost, and was ready to conform to it. She was afterward publicly received at the altar of the church, attired in that chaste and beautiful simplicity which our Discipline and the spirit of our religion require, and, above all, with that spirit of meekness, that beauty of holiness, which forms the loveliness of piety on earth and of angels in heaven.

She was ever after distinguished by eminent piety and all its graceful fruits. In the church she found, as she had calculated, a useful field for her talents and resources. Her time was devoted to unostentatious charities. Not long after her remarkable change, the decease of her husband placed a large fortune entirely at her own command. She then consecrated herself to more abundant usefulness; the

poor, the sick, the widow, and the fatherless, and all the benevolent claims of the church, were the objects of her sympathy and liberality. Thus rejoicing in the hope of the glory of God herself, and dispensing happiness to all around her, life became to her a scene of the purest blessedness. Ah, if the rich and the fashionable, who, with satiated tastes and aching hearts, are ever turning from, and anon returning to, the hollow gayeties of the world, could discern the serene enjoyment of the heart which throbs only to serve God and bless man, how would the attractions of frivolous pleasure change to disgust !

For three years after the death of her husband did this Christian lady thus minister, like an angel of mercy, to the necessities of the sick and the poor. At the end of this period her Lord called her to her reward. Peacefully and with holy joy she passed to the society of the good above, with the tears and blessings of those who, in humbleness of life, but with true hearts, had loved in her the similitude of their Lord. But if to do is to live, her life did not end with her death. In dying she provided for its continuance. One who has narrated the interesting facts of her short but devoted pilgrimage, says, that "she appropriated in her will a liberal share of her estate to various benevolent and religious objects." To the minister who had received her into the Church, and to his colleague, she left valuable legacies, and to the church itself a perpetual fund for the support of the poor.

For the above facts I am indebted chiefly to the narrative mentioned ; but it was my lot personally to witness another incident which pertains to the sketch. Many years after the departure of this "elect lady," the providence of God placed me in the pastoral charge of — church. Though composed of several hundred members, devoted and respectable, I found none more esteemed than an humble old colored woman, called Mother Suma. Such was the purity of her

Christian reputation, sustained through a long pilgrimage, that it was justly appreciated as the common and personal property of the whole church. Tranquil and uniform in her piety, faithful through many years in every duty enjoined by the church, singularly useful in her sphere, and exhibiting always those gentle affections so characteristic of the African character, her color and caste seemed forgotten in a community where they were usually strongly distinguished; she was more than respected, she was beloved. Not long after my arrival she died in great peace. I officiated at her funeral. On entering her small rooms, no one could fail to notice the impress of the good woman's mind; everything was clean and extremely neat, instinct with that expression of homely comfort so congenial to the tastes of pious old age. Here had been her retired sanctuary, the scene of her daily meditations and prayers, where she daily expected her Lord and his ministering angels, and it seemed, in its whole interior aspect, to have been fitted for their reception. The aged saint lay in her coffin, in the midst of it. I was affected to see the interest of all classes to pay her memory the last acts of respect. The rooms were crowded, and throngs stood around the door unable to enter. The young were there, who had felt themselves instructed by the lessons of her holy life; the veterans of the church who had journeyed heavenward with her from the beginning of their pilgrimage, wept around her remains; the choir, with their chorister, were there to sing the adieus of the Church to the emancipated spirit which had escaped from its earthly sufferings; and as we spoke of her excellences, and prayed that her memory might be as a sweet savor among us, many hearts felt how beautiful is a holy life in even the lowliest vale of earth, and how serenely pleasant its end, and how hallowed its memory. More genuine regards accompanied that daughter of Ethiopia to the grave than attend the departure of nobles or monarchs.

The reader will share my interest in this humble saint, when I tell him that Mother Suma was the colored servant who had guided the wealthy convert of the Hancock family to the Methodist chapel. As an aged member of the Church was relating the fact to me, another, who stood by, one of its stewards, remarked, that "the providence of God had singularly blessed the zeal of the pious African to her own advantage; that during the later and helpless years of her life she had been comfortably sustained by aid from the proceeds of the fund left by the very lady whom she had thus led into the path of life! Every month," he continued, "for a long time, have I carried to her humble home the bounty of her deceased friend."

How marvelously does the providence of God sometimes use the feeblest means for the noblest ends! Despise not the day of small things; for "the excellency of the power is of God and not of men." And remember, that in blessing others we bless ourselves; in this life we reap a reward often, in the next invariably.—*Stevens's Sketches and Incidents.*

MRS. CATHARINE GARRETTSON.

THE late Rev. Freeborn Garrettson was the pioneer of Methodism in many places North of New-York, and in the western parts of New-England. "He married Miss Catharine Livingston, a daughter of Judge Livingston, and sister of the well-known chancellor; a lady of rare accomplishments, a correspondent of Lady Washington, Mrs. Warren, and other distinguished women of our Revolutionary epoch, and the personal friend of Washington, Hamilton, Jay, etc. The

vigorous and thoughtful mind of this noble woman led her to discover in Methodism the sterling doctrines of the Gospel, and to embrace them courageously, notwithstanding any apparent incompatibility of the social character of the new sect with her own elevated position. She united her lot with that of the *heroic* Garrettson, and died in 1849, after a pilgrimage of more than *ninety-six* years, which had been distinguished by one of the most beautiful developments of character, and most useful lives, known in the annals of the American Church."

"Whatever there is remaining in Rhinebeck of interest to those who have been accustomed to visit it years past, one of its principal moral attractions will hereafter be wanting. Mrs. Garrettson, that accomplished lady and mature Christian, who so long stood in the church like the tallest, most flourishing, and magnificent tree in the forest, observed, revered, admired, and loved by all, has been transplanted to the Paradise above."

"Our acquaintance with Mrs. Garrettson," says Dr. Peck, late editor of the *Christian Advocate and Journal*, "commenced in 1824, when, with her husband and daughter, she visited Utica, and spent several weeks there. During that visit we had a pleasant and profitable intercourse with the family, at the house of General Lynch, whose wife is a niece of Mrs. Garrettson.

"The first of a more intimate acquaintance with Mrs. Garrettson was some years after that event. After the session of the New-York Conference, in 1849, we spent several weeks at Rhinebeck, and while there requested Mrs. Garrettson to give us a relation of her Christian experience, which she very readily did. When quite young she was a regular attendant at the Episcopal Church in New-York. While there she became powerfully awakened to a sense of her lost condition, and spent much time in reading the holy Scriptures, and prayer, but had no one to whom she could unburden her

mind. She was, however, much encouraged by reading the following passage, Psa. lxxi, 20, 21: 'Thou, who hast showed me great and sore troubles, shalt quicken me again, and shalt bring me up again from the depths of the earth. Thou shalt increase my greatness, and comfort me on every side.' But she was not fully relieved until the recurrence of the sacramental occasion, when she asked her aunt, who was a communicant in the Church, and who sat with her in the pew, if it would be proper for her to partake of the sacrament. To this question her aunt, though she was taken by surprise, gave a favorable answer. While upon her knees at the sacramental table, light broke in upon her soul, and she felt indescribably happy. But, in her simplicity, fearing that when she should return to her seat she would lose the delightful feelings which then passed through her mind, she lingered at the altar, until, becoming an object of attention, she was prompted by her aunt, and returned to her seat. Her joy, however, did not leave her. She returned home, and retired to her room, to meditate, read the Scriptures, and pray. After this she continued in a happy frame of mind, but was so much given to retirement as to subject herself to the opprobrium of being too sober, quite melancholy, and the like. And lest this should grow upon her, a sort of family party was got up, to chase away her gloom, and restore her to her former buoyancy of spirits. She did not wish to attend, but upon the earnest solicitation of her friends, assuring her it could do her no harm, and that her absence would appear *singular* and might give offense, she was induced to attend. Upon being invited by a cousin to dance with him she complied; but, alas! all her religious enjoyment left her the moment she commenced participation in the amusement.

"She then passed through a long season of sorrow and spiritual darkness. She mourned before God, read the Bible, and tried to pray, but could have no access to God, and

hardly dared to hope that he would ever again show her the smilings of his face. After a long season of deep gloom and mental depression, on a certain occasion she retired to her room, with her Bible and prayer book, and in reading that affecting passage in the Litany, 'By thine agony and bloody sweat; by thy cross and passion; by thy precious death and burial; by thy glorious resurrection and ascension; and by the coming of the Holy Ghost, *good Lord deliver us,*' she found relief. Entering into the spirit of these soul-stirring supplications, the cloud broke, her peace flowed like a river, and her joy was like the swelling flood.

"A few days before the final adieu of this eminent Christian, she received the holy Sacrament at our hand in the church, and at a subsequent class-meeting at her house we remember well with what a glow of hallowed delight she there spoke of the beauty of holiness, of God, and of heaven.

"How far the influence of this Christian lady's example and conversation upon her numerous friends and family connections, as well as upon the neighborhood, how far her prayers and pious walk were the means of the permanent establishment of Methodism in Rhinebeck, and how many owe their conversion and salvation, under God, to her, will only be known in the day when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed. She now rests from her labors, and her works will follow her."

In a subsequent paragraph Dr. Peck remarks: "From a single observation which once dropped from her lips, we gathered that her feelings suffered a change at the time of Mr. Garrettson's death, from which she never wholly recovered. 'A sort of cloud,' she said, 'had seemed to rest upon her mind ever since the death of her husband. Not that she was gloomy or unhappy; for her countenance was always bright with hope, and her soul calm as a summer evening. But her heart was so closely united to that of her devoted and honored companion, that a void was necessarily

left in the very elements of earthly bliss when death ruptured the tie."

Whoever has read the beautiful sketch of Mr. Garrettson, in the *Methodist Magazine* for 1828, drawn by his affectionate and bereaved widow, will not wonder at the remark made by Dr. Peck in the above paragraph.

In that sketch, which is indeed a miniature likeness, and admirably correct, Mrs. Garrettson speaks of her husband in the most affectionate terms. Referring to his frequent visits to the churches, she says: "Though my dearest friend was often away, his punctuality in writing made his absence less tedious. There was a continual conflict in my own mind, so that I dared not make the least opposition to his visiting the churches; for this was his element, and in this he was blessed and made a blessing to others. And I now thank my God, that I never pained his feelings on this account. I gloried in the success with which his labors were crowned. If I did wrong in anything respecting his travels, it was that I did not fully give my approbation to itinerate with him. I never saw our way clear in this matter. All times of the night, and often at the break of day, has he landed from the steamboat, and come to his welcome home, to bless and praise our God together, for keeping us while apart, and uniting us again in health and safety at his footstool. 'Tis now over: no more happy meetings; no more sorrowful partings; his toils are over; no more crosses to take up; the laborer has entered into rest. Little did I think, when last he left his home, he was to return no more alive. Our parting was to have been only for a few days. No forebodings hung upon our minds. Our meal was pleasant, and I thought I never saw him more sweetly support the Christian character than he did at that time. Several friends were with us. His breast seemed to be the seat of a peace which nothing could disturb. I shall never forget his looks." "Our loss is irreparable, but we repine not; it is the Lord, his will be done."

The following letter to the Rev. R. Reece, soon after his return to England, from a visit to the United States in company with Dr. Hannah, is copied from the English Methodist Magazine.

*“ Dear Sir,—*We were truly grieved that you should have left our shores without casting a look at Rhinebeck, and have not yet got over our regrets. But the children of the kingdom must not be cast down at the parting scenes of friendship. They are painful but transient. Soon, soon shall we meet again, to part no more forever; meet in the kingdom of glory, to unite in the triumphant song of the ransomed of the Lord. We shall then behold the Christians of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. O! what bursts of joy, what ecstatic raptures shall we feel, when Jesus shall smile, and bid us welcome to his dear-bought heaven.

“ Our race is almost run. We are looking forward to our eternal rest, but not impatiently. We stay, I trust, to be made more meet for the heavenly inheritance. Our lot has fallen in pleasant places, and we have cause to say, all the day long, ‘ Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name.’ My daughter joins me in affectionate remembrance to yourself and Mr. Hannah, of whom we both regret to have seen so little. Farewell, dear sir; believe me to be, with much esteem, your friend and sister,

CATHARINE GARRETTSON.”

Mrs. Garrettson’s unabated love for the cause of Wesleyan Methodism, as related by the Rev. B. Creagh, in his report of the centenary meeting at Rhinebeck, adds additional luster to the brilliancy of her beautiful example. “ Our honored friend Mrs. Garrettson,” says Mr. Creagh, “ having been prevented by bodily indisposition from attending the meeting, sent the following note :”

"To the Rev. John Wesley I have ever felt under the deepest obligations, the attachment of a child to a spiritual father. Such he was to me, and his name will ever be precious to me. Such a monument as will do honor to his memory is justly due; and I hope there will be a joint effort made, by every member of the Church, to raise an enduring and convenient building for missionary purposes. For this I will subscribe *three hundred dollars*, one hundred and forty for myself, and twenty dollars each for the following names: [The names were appended to the note.] God grant that their names may be written in the book of life. To the superannuated preachers, and the widows and orphans of those who have died in the work of the ministry, I will give during my life, not only as a debt of gratitude but of justice, the interest of *two hundred dollars* yearly.

"CATHARINE GARRETTSON."

MRS. SANDS.

THE late Rev. Freeborn Garrettson was the first Methodist minister who visited Rhinebeck. His first sermon was delivered in a small barn to a small company. His next was in a mill, on the great post-road from New-York to Albany, near the village of Rhinebeck. His third sermon was at the house of Mr. Tillottson, where for a time preaching was established once a fortnight. After this the late Hon. Robert Sands, Esq., fitted up a school-house with seats and pulpit, for the accommodation of the Methodist ministry, and some time after Mr. and Mrs. Sands gave in their names as members of the little flock. The experience of Mrs. Sands was given to me in writing by Mrs. Garrettson, and is as follows:

“ At a very early period of Methodism in Rhinebeck, good Mr. Sands came forward to receive the preachers, and at his house they always found a most cordial reception. He gladly embraced the doctrines they taught, was awakened and converted, and nobly stepped forth, with his wife and daughter, when there were but two in society, and joined the little band.

“ Mrs. Sands was an humble, unassuming, sincere woman. After she had given liberty to have her name on the class-paper she became very uneasy, thinking she had been presumptuous in placing herself among a people who could speak of a change of heart, and refer to the time and manner of their conversion. Of this she feared she could never speak ; it was a blessing too great for her.

“ When a person, greatly interested in her Christian walk, congratulated her on joining the Church, she said indeed it was no pleasure to her, for her mind had been troubled ever since she had done it, and if she were not relieved before the preacher came round, she would have her name taken from the paper, assigning as a reason that she had no experience to relate. In this state of mind she sat down one evening to supper, when suddenly there was represented to the eye of her mind the Lord Jesus Christ. He appeared in an easy, reclining posture. She was at his feet, on her knees, and looking up to him she felt the sweetest peace flowing into her soul. On her right hand she beheld a number of Methodist ministers, and it was said to her, ‘ These have been the means of bringing you to the feet of your Saviour.’ On her left hand she beheld the wicked : they appeared, as the word of God describes them, like ‘ wild asses’ colts,’ running hither and thither, without motive or plan. ‘ O,’ said she, ‘ what love I felt for my Saviour and his ministers!’ It was then said to her, ‘ Go in peace ; henceforth the Holy Spirit shall be your guide.’ Immediately all was gone, and she found nothing in her soul but

love and peace. She was at the head of her table, with her own family and company sitting around, when this glorious manifestation was made, and so completely was she taken out of herself that she had no consciousness of where she was till it was all over.

"She then turned to her daughter, who sat next to her, and said, 'The Holy Spirit must be our guide, must he not?' 'Yes, mamma,' said Mrs. Schuyler; and looking in her mother's smiling face she soon saw that something uncommon had taken place. Supper being ended they walked out together on the piazza, where Mrs. Sands related to her delighted daughter the honor and blessing that had been conferred on her. 'My dear mother,' said Mrs. Schuyler, 'you are converted.' Mrs. Sands, in her humble, unassuming manner, replied, 'I believe I am, for I never felt so before.' 'Now,' said she to the friend who relates this interesting account, 'I do not want to take my name from the class-paper. I used to think,' she added, 'that I did love the Lord; and I should have been displeased if any had told I did not; but *now I know* that I love him.'

"Mrs. Sands continued a worthy follower of Jesus all the days of her life. She was meek and lowly, like her Lord. In affliction resigned, in trials and temptations patient, and in all the vicissitudes of life the same holy, humble, happy, loving disciple of Christ.

"How true are our Lord's words, 'He that receiveth you receiveth me.' What a blessing to this kind family was their friendly attention to the heralds of the Gospel. The mother, father, and two daughters were received into the Church; and a son was brought into the liberty of the Gospel and died in peace.

"Mrs. Schuyler (daughter of Mrs. Sands) was for twelve years a bright and shining light. Methodism was dear to her heart: through its teachings she saw herself a sinner, and through faith in that Saviour exhibited by its messen-

gers she became a saint. It was in this school she was taught to pray; and in the exercise of her gifts in that duty very few could equal her. This excellent lady died at Rhinebeck in 1805, and some of her last words were, 'Weep not for me; I see nothing but heaven and eternal glory.'"

MRS. MARY ADDOMS.

MRS. ADDOMS was born on Long Island in 1750. She experienced religion in her twenty-third year, and joined the Presbyterian Church. In June, 1778, she was married to Major Addoms of the Revolutionary army, with whom she lived happily forty-five years. She continued an acceptable member of the Presbyterian Church until the year 1808, when, during a glorious revival of religion in Cumberland Head, Plattsburgh, where she then lived, and where she died, her husband and seven children experienced religion, and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, at which time she felt it her duty and privilege to unite with them also. From that time she rapidly grew in grace, until at length she professed to enjoy the perfect love of God which casteth out fear. She was indeed a mother in Israel, and it appeared to be her constant aim to do all in her power to advance the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom. She faithfully reproved sin, both in rich and poor, and sweetly invited many who were young in years to come to the Saviour. Her mind was well-stored with Bible truth and spiritual songs, the memory of which was a great source of enjoyment to her when her eyes became so dimmed with age that she could not see to read. Her house and heart

were ever open to receive the ministers of Christ, with whom she delighted to converse on spiritual subjects. The close of life with her was eminently peaceful.

MRS. HINDE AND HER DAUGHTERS.

“DOCTOR THOMAS HINDE was born in Oxfordshire, England, in the month of July, 1737. He studied medicine and surgery with the celebrated Dr. Thomas Brookes, of St. Thomas’s Hospital. Having finished his studies, Dr. Hinde entered the service of his native country as surgeon’s mate in the British navy. The fleet to which he was attached arrived at the port of New-York in the month of June, 1757. He was with General Wolfe at Quebec, and soon after the fall of that place returned to England. Peace was concluded with France in 1763, after which Dr. Hinde returned to this country, and settled in Essex County, Va. He afterward settled at a place called Newtown, and practiced surgery and medicine with great success. In 1767 he married Miss Mary T. Hubbard, daughter of an English merchant, and settled in the neighborhood of Patrick Henry, and became his family physician. The statesman’s eloquence and political principles had their effect upon his physician, and the doctor, from being a staunch royalist, was changed to a sturdy republican. In 1797 he and his family moved to Kentucky. In 1798 the Methodist ministers began to preach in the neighborhood where the doctor resided, and several were awakened and converted. The doctor himself was a deist, and when his daughter Susanna was brought under conviction, her distress of mind made a deep impression upon the mind of her mother. The doctor, seeing the

visible change in his daughter, threatened to banish her from his home, and actually sent her to her aunt's, about forty miles distant. But the aunt had experienced religion and joined the society, so that the daughter's temporary banishment proved a blessing to her in the end. The mother became more and more affected, and the doctor, supposing that the disorder was in her *head*, rather than in her *heart*, deliberately prepared a large *blister* and put it on her neck. She very patiently submitted, and sustained the painful operation nearly all day, and became very happy in her mind, at which the doctor was astonished and confounded. His wife, seeing his great perturbation, mildly asked him if he thought he had punished her enough. 'You thought,' said she, 'that it was a punishment, but I never was so happy in all my life.' The doctor was confounded more than ever. His wife had expressed a desire to go to a quarterly meeting, to which he would not consent, and probably thought that the *blister plaster* would be a sure preventive. But he was mistaken in regard to its mental and moral effect, for though it was painful to the body, its operation brought peace to the mind. The doctor, finding that his medicine did not reach the case, gave his consent that his wife should go to the meeting. He dressed her blister at her own request. She attended the meeting, where she found the blessing of pardon and peace, and returned rejoicing in the God of her salvation.

"When the doctor discovered that he had banished his daughter and persecuted his wife, he was struck with horror and amazement. He fled to a secret place and begun to pray for mercy, and endeavored to settle the matter with his wounded conscience as well as he could. His daughter returned, and having obtained the witness of the Spirit, became a bold, intrepid, and courageous soldier of the cross. She possessed, naturally, a strong mind and great energy of character, and was fearless and undaunted on all occasions. It

was some time before the doctor gave his heart to God, but when he had so done, and found peace in believing, he came forth a bright and zealous advocate of the cause of truth, and opened his house for the preaching of the Gospel. Crowds attended. Another daughter was converted at the early age of eleven years, and was the first one in the family that took up the cross in family prayer. Another daughter also became an example of piety. The two sisters married traveling preachers, the Rev. Le Roy Cole and Rev. William Kavanaugh. Another sister was also converted, and became a zealous and active member of society; and eventually another, who embraced religion through the instrumentality of Bishop Asbury's admonitions, in 1803, and died in the triumphs of faith in the twenty-second year of her age. The doctor's conversion was remarkable, and ever after, for many years, in love-feasts, in class-meetings, and in social companies, when he spoke of the great change he had experienced, he seldom finished his testimony without referring to the *blistering process* by which he sought to cure his wife of her madness, and which was overruled in such a way as to be the means of convincing him of his folly.

"Mrs. Hinde lived to a good old age. She died at Newport, Kentucky, on Wednesday, December 19, 1830, in the eighty-fifth year of her age. She was for more than forty years a deeply pious, experienced, and useful Christian, and died in the faith and hope of the Gospel."—*American Methodist Magazine*, 1831.

MRS. CROCKER,

THE PERSECUTED WIFE.

THAT kind of writing called *autobiography* is, perhaps, less esteemed than most others, because it seems to savor of weakness or vanity in the writer; and yet it must be confessed that no one is so likely to know the truth in the case as the person immediately concerned; all that is necessary is, that the story should be told in a style and manner interesting to others. A work of this kind having fallen in the way of the compiler of these sketches, has afforded him materials for the work. It is entitled the "Life and Observations of Rev. E. F. Newell, of the New-England Conference, who was for more than forty years an itinerant minister in the Methodist Episcopal Church."

"In the fall of 1802," says the writer "I took a school in Warren, New-Hampshire. There was no preaching but by the Methodists, and that only once in two weeks. Rev. John Broadhead was the presiding elder, and Martin Ruter and Phineas Peck circuit preachers. Prayer-meetings were held when there was no preaching, and the little class were trying to live in the fear of God. But the best of all was, the Lord poured out his Spirit, and a glorious revival followed. The first fruits of it were among the young. One young lady came four miles on foot to meeting, in bad going, and when I asked her what induced her to come thus she replied, 'Because I love Jesus.'

"There was also a daughter of Captain Butler with whom I boarded. She was about starting to attend a dancing party in the evening, despite my persuasions and advice to the contrary. It was the fashion then to ride on horseback. When

all were ready I held the horse for her to get on, and then led him into the road, and off she rode with her companion. She told me afterward that my kindness made a deep impression on her mind; she thought that, because she had slighted my good counsel, I had given her up to run in the path of folly until it would prove her ruin! Grief almost overwhelmed her, and neither the cheerfulness of her young companions, nor the music, nor the cadence of many feet could relieve her aching heart. She was unhappy; she retired from the ball-room to a private chamber, reflected on misspent time, and wept bitterly.

"On Sabbath morn I saw her again, and asked her if she thought she should feel any worse if all her earthly friends and prospects were blasted? She replied, 'What is that? it is eternal damnation that I fear and dread!' At the prayer-meeting she rose and requested an interest in the prayers of believers, and invited her young friends to seek the Lord with her. On Monday morning she appeared to feel better, but fearing lest she should take conviction for conversion, I went to my school with increased anxiety on her account, and prayed that a deep and thorough work might be wrought in her soul. At ten o'clock I saw her again; and then she said, 'God has pardoned my sins and filled my soul with his love; and I could not rest at home, but like Mary when she ran from the sepulcher, so I must run and tell that Jesus had risen and appeared unto me. Glory to his name! for glory is his due. I called on you first, feeling that as you prayed for me so you would rejoice with me.' Thus she went on about four miles, calling at every house, and declaring what great things God had done for her soul, entreating all to repent, seek the Lord, and go to heaven with her. Great and glorious was the work of grace in all that region, and many were the happy converts in those days."

The case of Mrs. Crocker was as follows: "While listening to the preaching of the Rev. D. M'Call, truth," said she,

“arrested my mind, and repentance broke my hard heart, so that I could not conceal my sighs and tears. This offended my husband, and he forbade my going to that meeting any more. But while on a visit one day where another meeting was held, I ventured to go. As my husband was returning home from the mill he heard of it. When he came in I was weeping, and, with harsh words and angry looks, he demanded of me to promise that I would never attend another Methodist meeting, or to leave his house. He gave me no time to consider, but in a rage lifted his fist and bade me answer immediately. It was a late hour of the night; there was a driving snow-storm without, the snow already knee deep, and half a mile to the nearest house. To venture out as I was, bare-headed, hands and arms naked, thinly clad, and with poor shoes, into the piercing cold seemed like death. My husband, to whom alone I could look for protection, stood demanding of me what I thought I could not comply with, only at the risk of my soul's everlasting welfare; and to leave my children, house, husband, and all earthly prospects, was most severely trying. For a moment I thought I had no friend, either on earth or in heaven. The wrath of God hung over me, a frowning husband stood near me, and an enlightened conscience lashed me within! It was a dreadful crisis! I felt that I could say with the Psalmist, ‘The terrors of death compassed me about, and the pains of hell got hold upon me.’ I finally said to him, ‘If I must comply with your demand, and you will give me no time to think about it, painful as it is, I must leave your house!’ At this he opened the door and bade me be gone in an instant. Knowing his temper I hastened, thinking if the Lord did not pity me and save me there was no help for me! The door was shut after me with fury, but my sprightly step saved me from injury. As soon as the door was closed against me, and I had thus ‘forsaken all’ that I might seek my soul's salvation, Heaven smiled upon me!

God spoke peace to my soul, and all within me was calm peace, and holy joy. I threw my apron over my head, and stood a moment pondering what to do. I then went to the log barn, opened the door, and as I stepped in where the cow was I thought of Jesus being born in a stable, 'because there was no room for him in the inn,' and the place seemed filled with his presence and glory. I crept in among the hay, blessing and praising God for his mercy to me, content to spend the rest of the night with my Saviour in that situation.

"But God had touched my husband's heart, and he began to reflect on what he had done, *turned his wife out of doors!* and for what? For seeking her soul's best good. He thought within himself: I ought to seek for mercy too, and how shall I answer to my neighbors, my children, or to God, if in her flight she should perish in the snow-drifts. He took his lantern and followed my footsteps to the old log hovel, and entreated me to forgive him and return to the house. He also promised to let me go to the meetings, and to go with me himself. I complied, and he has been faithful to his promise." How great a change in one short hour! The trial of her faith was severe, but peace, and joy, and victory followed in the train.—*Newell's Autobiography.*

MRS. STAATS.

"At a place called Fox Hill, on Flanders Circuit, New-Jersey," says the late Rev. Elijah Woolsey, "there was one S., a drinking man, and very profane, whose wife had joined society. He was at the meeting one evening, made much disturbance, and at length broke up the meeting. His wife

tried to get him away from the house, but, for a while, her efforts were all in vain. When he consented to go home, he told her he should set her some rules to live by, which were, that she should leave off going to the Methodist meeting, praying, and reading, and it was *this* or *death!* at which she said she would sooner sacrifice her life than submit to his rules. He then began to beat her, and she cried for help. Brother J. F. and his wife, and some others, came to her assistance; and after taking care of him took her home with them. In the morning she said she would go and see how it was with her husband, expecting, if it were in his power, that he would fulfill his threat; 'but,' said she, 'I leave the event to God.' [Was not this an instance of *true Christian heroism?*] When she came to the place where he was, he told her he would 'wash his hands in her heart's blood,' and attempted to knock her down. She saw nothing but death and judgment before her, and fell on her knees, and cried to God for deliverance in that 'distressing hour.' God heard her cries, and smote him to the floor by his almighty power alone; and there he remained, helpless and speechless, for three hours. When he came to himself he began to cry for mercy, and continued praying and seeking the Lord for three days and nights; and then, like Saul of Tarsus, he 'obtained mercy.' When I came round again to the place of meeting, I looked out at the window and saw him and his wife coming arm in arm to the meeting; my heart leaped for joy at the sight, and yet I could hardly believe it possible that so great a change had taken place."

MRS. BALL.

"WEDNESDAY, January 17, 1787, I had," says Bishop Asbury, "a crowd of careless sinners at Mrs. Ball's, Virginia, who is a famous heroine for Christ. A lady came by craft and took her from her own house, and with tears, threats, and entreaties, urged her to desist from receiving the preachers and Methodist preaching; but all in vain. She felt the sting of death some years before, and was a most disconsolate soul; having now found the way of peace she would not depart therefrom."

MRS. JONES.

"THE Rev. Thomas Ware relates the following thrilling incident. It is full of romance; but it is not the romance of fiction, but of real life. It is full of poetry, the poetry of truth. In reading we shall see that there were *heroines* in those days, as well as 'heroes;' women of nerve, of decision, of courage, whose noble deeds are worthy of all praise. 'Many daughters have done virtuously,' but they seem to have excelled them all."—*Heroes of Methodism*, p. 225.

"A Sister Jones, of Mecklenburgh, Virginia, had to pass through fiery trials. She was a woman of superior gifts as well as grace; and her courage and perseverance in the service of the Lord constrained all who knew her to acknowledge her deep sincerity. Her husband cherished the most

bitter and inveterate prejudice against the Methodists; and being naturally a man of violent passions, and most ungovernable temper, he, by his threats, deterred her for a time from joining them. Nor did he stop there, but positively forbade her going to hear them. Soon after this, Mr. Easter, a man remarkably owned of God, and a favorite preacher of Mrs. Jones, was to preach in the neighborhood. Mrs. Jones told her husband she believed it to be a duty which she owed to God and herself to go and hear Mr. Easter, and begged his permission; but he refused. She then said she should be compelled, from a sense of obligation to a higher power, to disobey his command. At this he became enraged, and in his fury swore if she did, he would charge his gun and shoot her when she returned; but this tremendous threat did not deter her. During preaching she was remarkably blessed and strengthened; and on her return met her infuriated husband at the door, with his gun in hand. She accosted him mildly, and said, 'My dear, if you take my life, you must obtain leave of my heavenly Spouse;' and thus saying, approached him, and took the deadly weapon out of his hand, without meeting any resistance. This virulent temper God in due time softened and subdued, so that the tiger became a lamb. When on my way to my first quarterly meeting in Mecklenburgh, in this district, (says Mr. Ware,) I called on Mr. Jones, and had the whole history of this transaction from the parties themselves, who, united with one heart in the service of God, accompanied me to the meeting."

MRS. ELIZABETH NIXON.

SHE was the daughter of William and Martha Craigg, and was born November 11, 1767, in South Carolina. Her parents were members of the Presbyterian Church, of which she became a member when very young. She had, indeed, the form of religion, but knew nothing of its power. She was married to Mr. John Nixon, October 25, 1787. He also became a member of the same Church. They were taught to believe in the doctrine of particular election and reprobation, and believed themselves among the few who could not be lost. The Methodist traveling preachers visited their neighborhood some time about the year 1796, and as they preached a different doctrine, the minister warned his people not to hear them. Nevertheless *curiosity* had more influence over them than his *advice*. Mrs. Nixon went to hear for herself, and found to her astonishment that the preacher spoke "the words of truth and soberness." Her prejudices from that time were entirely removed; she continued to hear them preach at every opportunity, and soon discovered that she was in the "broad road to destruction." The anguish of her soul was unutterable, and her friends began to think that she was "beside herself." They requested her not to hear the Methodists any more. She consented for a while, but the dry formal discourses of her former minister were less interesting than ever. She then resolved to hear the Methodists again. She went accordingly, and when the preacher rose to give out his hymn, her heart was melted into tenderness, and she felt an indescribable joy mingling with her sorrow, and could scarcely refrain from saying, "These men are the servants of the most high God," etc.

Her mind was now prepared to "receive with meekness the engrafted word which is able to save the soul." During the sermon Jesus Christ was held forth as the only and all-sufficient sacrifice, once offered for all, and willing to save the most helpless and unworthy of the human family. She received power to claim him as her great High Priest in the presence of God, and felt in her own soul that he had power on earth to forgive sins. Sorrow fled away, and she felt with wonder and joy that she was a new creature. She immediately joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, and set apart one day in every week as a day of fasting and prayer, that God would convert her husband. And God was pleased to hear and answer her prayer. Her husband sought and found the same blessing and joined the same Church. During the remainder of her life Mrs. Nixon followed the Lord fully. She was the mother of fourteen children, three of whom have gone to be with her in Paradise. Her latter end was peaceful; it was more, it was joyful; for just before her spirit took its everlasting flight she said, "Lift me up, that I may give glory to God and praise his holy name."

MRS. RACHAEL ROWE.

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor."

ON the head waters of the Conestoga, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, lived an obscure family, in 1807, distinguished for nothing but their deep poverty, industry, and frugality. Methodism had been introduced into the lower part of the

county some years previously, but, until the time of which we speak, had not found its way into this part. About that time an Irish weaver, by the name of M'Elroy, came into the neighborhood, and being a Methodist he invited the preachers to his house, opened his doors for the preaching of the Gospel, and for years continued to bear the burden himself.

Among others who went to hear the new doctrine, as it was esteemed, was Mrs. Rowe. In early life she had felt the need of the comforts of inward religion, and had sought them among different denominations, but found them not. Their ministrations in those days, as far as her case was concerned, were powerless, and "disappointment laughed at hope's career," until she was brought within the sphere of Methodist preaching. The preaching was four miles distant, and on the afternoon of a week-day, too. Nor had she any kind of conveyance to take her to the place, but this presented no insurmountable obstacle. She had learned something of the character of Methodist meetings and usages from an acquaintance, and resolved to go and hear the preaching herself. She went, and found that the preacher understood her case, and that the Gospel, as preached by the Methodists, was exactly suited to her wants. She at once became a regular attendant on the preaching, and in fact was one of the first which formed the first class.

Up to this time Satan had kept his goods in peace in that region, but no sooner was it noised abroad that Mrs. Rowe and one or two others had been at the Methodist meeting, than the emissaries of Satan became furious, and resolved that such things should not be tolerated there, so that, by the time the next preaching day arrived, Mrs. Rowe was compelled to go a mile out of her way, and ford the creek, to avoid suspicion that she was going to the meeting. Opposition did not cease for some time, but it only seemed to increase her courage. She continued to attend until she found rest to her soul, and from the time she obtained peace till the day of her

death, (June 20, 1839,) she continued to give evidence of the reality of a change of heart, by a life of the most spotless purity, and devotion to the cause of God.

Her love for the means of grace was most ardent. For fourteen years, though she lived four miles from the place where her class met, she *regularly* attended every Sabbath, if circumstances would at all permit, walking the whole distance, summer and winter, and often when the roads were next to impassable. In those days the word of the Lord was precious, the circuits were large, and the quarterly meetings remote; but even then Mrs. Rowe was known, frequently, to walk ten or fifteen miles that she might enjoy those special means of spiritual profit.

“For lofty Christian heroism,” (says the Rev. William Barnes, who attended her funeral at Harrisburgh, Pennsylvania,) “sterling virtue, and unsullied character, she had few equals and no superior. She was a wild flower, gathered from the forest, and transplanted into the garden of the Lord on earth, where she flourished a while, and now blooms eternally in the Paradise of God.”



MRS. DORSEY.

THERE was, perhaps, nothing particularly *heroic* in the conduct of the two *ladies* whose history is related in the following paragraphs. But the narratives afford an illustration of the correctness of the remark: “The object of Methodism is *military enterprise*.”

“My next appointment,” says the Rev. Thomas Smith, “brought me to Lyons, New-York, where I preached in the evening. Here we had a respectable society, and a small

meeting-house. But the people of Lyons were generally wicked. They took pleasure in unrighteousness, in deriding the ways of God, and in persecuting the humble followers of Jesus Christ. They interrupted and insulted us in our religious worship, and on this evening they were worse than usual. I paused until I got their attention, and then remarked that I should not wonder if Lyons should be visited on the morrow in a way that it never had been before, and perhaps never would be again to the end of time. We then had quietness till the close of the meeting. When the congregation was dismissed, and I had come out of the house, the people gathered round me, and with one voice cried out, 'For God's sake, tell us what is to happen here to-morrow?' I replied, 'Let to-morrow speak for itself.' I went home with Brother D. Dorsey, a short distance from the town. The next day after breakfast, I said to Sister Dorsey, 'I wish you to go with me into Lyons this morning, as there are some families to which I cannot get access without you.' She, being acquainted with the place, readily consented. At nine o'clock A. M. we entered the town. Scores from the country were already there, and the place was in commotion. We went to the house of Mr. A., where we were politely received. *I knew if we could storm* THAT castle the day was ours. After conversing some time I remarked that Mrs. Dorsey and myself were on a visit to Lyons, and if it were agreeable we would pray before we parted. 'By all means, by all means,' was the reply. Before prayer was over there were scores of people at the door, and by that time the order of the day began to be understood; and they that feared God were at their posts, coming up to the help of the Lord against the mighty. We then went in large procession, from house to house, entering every door in order, and praying for the souls of the families. When we came near the tavern, where we had been so derided, it was inquired, 'Will they admit us?' But the doors and windows being open we entered, and was

there ever such a shout while *storming Lucifer's castle*? At four o'clock in the afternoon we came to a halt to see what was done; and forming a circle on the green the new converts were invited within the circle, when *thirty-two* came in, who had that day found the pearl of great price, Christ in them the hope of glory. These thirty-two, and eight more, were added to the Church of God on that afternoon. Thanks be to God, this was another good day's work in the Lord's vineyard. These meetings produced a pleasing change in Lyons, and Methodism gained a footing in that place it never had before. To God be all the glory."—*Smith's Memoirs*.

MRS. BURTON.

"CAPTAIN THOMAS BURTON was professedly a Churchman, and being a man of strong predilections, entertained violent prejudice against the Methodists. His minister also was greatly opposed to them, and appointed a day to preach the funeral sermon of Methodism on the Eastern Shore of Virginia. Captain Burton, of course, was there with all his prejudices in favor of his own Church, and against the Methodists. But strange to tell, under this very sermon Captain Burton became so troubled that he could not rest day nor night, through fear that his minister might be wrong, and the Methodists right, after all. Three days having passed and his trouble remaining, Mrs. Burton said to him, 'What is the matter with you? You have not been yourself since you came from church on Christmas day!' He told her that he was afraid he and his minister were both wrong, and that the Methodists, after all, were right. *She advised him to send for a Methodist preacher to come and*

see him. He objected, saying, 'My dear, how can I send for a people to come to my house whom I have so bitterly reviled?' She replied, 'I have always thought the Methodists were the Lord's people, and if the Lord will forgive you I am sure *they* will.' After having made up his mind to do as his wife advised, the captain sent for me. I went and was kindly received, and after a long conversation on the doctrines, discipline, and history of Methodism, prayed with the family and left them. Presently after I received an invitation to preach at the captain's, and on New-Year's day, at three o'clock, the news having been circulated, I went and preached to a crowd of people at the front door, the house not being large enough to contain them; and before sunrise the next day *the enemy's flag was struck*, and the banner of Jesus Christ was waving there. It was a memorable night, and excelled all that I had ever seen. At the commencement of the meeting the Spirit of the Lord came as a rushing, mighty wind; the people fell before it and lay in heaps all over the floor. The work continued all night; nor did it stop in the morning, but continued for thirteen days and nights without interruption; some coming, some going, so that the meeting was kept up day and night. At the close of this meeting we formed a new class of fifty-five members. Brother and Sister Burton headed the class-paper, then all their children, then followed their neighbors; and after that about forty colored persons. Thus, in about thirteen days, we added about ninety-five to the Church on probation. Some years after they built themselves a chapel, and there has been a fine society in that place ever since.

"Captain Burton, after his conversion, was zealous in promoting the faith that once he so much opposed. In order to be useful to the souls of men, and build up the Church, he would take his horse and travel about among his unconverted neighbors. On one occasion he visited the house of Mr. J. Burton, and introduced the subject of religion, when

Mrs. Burton remarked that the subject of religion was by no means agreeable to her. The captain replied, that as he had no other business there, he would leave ; but as he was going out of the door, he heard something fall, and, looking back, he saw Mrs. Burton lying on the floor. He returned and aided in laying her on a bed, where she lay three days and nights senseless. On the third day she came to, and immediately professed religion. She said that while she remained speechless, deaf, and blind, God, for Christ's sake, pardoned all her sins, and justified her freely. She afterward became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church."

"The steward of Annamessex Circuit, before his conversion, was exceedingly bitter against Mr. Smith. On one occasion, when the preacher rode up to the meeting-house being a stranger, some said, 'Is that the preacher?' A man said with an oath, 'If it is, he is a proud fellow,' and swore he would never hear him preach ; and mounting his horse, rode home. When the meeting was over, and his wife had returned home, she found him in a rage with the preacher. 'Sir,' said she, 'if you had stayed and heard Mr. Smith it is likely you would have thought better of him, for since you left the house many souls have been converted.' The next day, at a funeral, he did hear him, and was convinced of his error, and shortly after he was happily converted, freed all his black people, and became a leader and steward in the Methodist Church."—*Smith's Memoirs.*

MRS. ANNE RIDGELEY.

THE history of this venerable mother in Israel is one of unusual interest, identified as it is with the history of Methodism in Annapolis. For about sixty years she was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was, therefore, among the first who had the moral heroism to incur the obloquy and reproach which, at that early period of our Church's history, inevitably awaited those who identified themselves with us. Not only did she resolutely submit to bear, but she gloried in the "*reproach of the cross*" of her blessed Redeemer. For the unusually protracted period of *three score* years did she unwaveringly maintain her integrity, and, with a fidelity seldom equaled, ornament the Christian calling and profession. Long will her name, with her unsurpassed excellences, be fondly cherished by those who enjoyed the happiness of her acquaintance. Of her it may truly be said, that, in imitation of her blessed Master, she was "holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners." Her last illness was protracted; for three months she was confined to her bed; but in all that time not a murmur was heard to escape her lips, unless her oft-expressed desire to "depart and be with Christ," could be so regarded. Thus lived, and thus died, our venerable and much-loved Mother Ridgeley, in the blessed hope of life everlasting.

MRS. ELIZABETH RECKHOU.

“MOTHER RECKHOU,” says the record, “was born at Cedar Creek, New-Jersey.” She was converted to God, and joined the Church, more than *seventy* years ago. She was well acquainted with the early history of Methodism in that part of New-Jersey, and had listened with delight to the truth as it fell from the lips of an Asbury, a Ware, and a Cooper. Her hospitality was proverbial; and the entertainment of ministers of the Gospel she looked upon as an honor, no matter by what name they were called. Her piety was a lovely exemplification of all the graces which constitute the Christian character. Amid all the changes through which she was called to pass, her trust in a wise Providence was unshaken; and her humility and faith shone with such a steady luster, that they reflected the light and image of her Saviour on all around. For several years she was unable to go to the house of God; yet, as at her request the Gospel was carried to her dwelling, she found at home a sanctuary of the Lord, and thus passed away from his earthly courts to the courts above, at the advanced age of ninety-three years.

MRS. ANN GRICE.

MRS. GRICE was the daughter of Mr. John Hammond, of Annapolis, Maryland. She was born January 28, 1760, and died at the house of her son-in-law, Alexander Banks, in New-Rochelle, New-York, November 1, 1839, in the eightieth year of her age. In her parents' mansion, when she was but a child, the early Methodist preachers found a hospitable reception. In the perilous times of the Revolution, she was sent to the house of an elder brother, residing in Frederic County, Maryland, where there was less danger of trouble than in her native city. After her marriage, and some removals, she settled with her family near New-York. After having been many years convinced of sin, and for six months in great distress, she received spiritual comfort on the evening of November 29, 1802. Hence the 29th of November, ever after, was a day of joyful and prayerful recollection with her, as on that memorable evening, being alone in her room, she seemed to have a view of her Saviour holding out his hand, and saying,

“ *My blood can make the foulest clean,
My blood availed for thee !*”

The room appeared to her to be full of angels, and inexpressible joy filled her soul. Let no young or weak Christian, who may read this account, cast away his or her confidence, because no such vision was seen or voice heard by him or her at any time. Probably the conversion of Lydia was as genuine as that of Paul, though not attended with the same outward manifestations. After the conversion of Mrs. Grice, and her removal to the City of New-York, her house was always

the weary pilgrim's home; and in 1812, during the session of General Conference, Bishop Asbury and his fellow-traveler, Rev. Henry Boehm, were her guests, and there the portrait of the bishop was painted by the hand of Brother Paradise.

Mother Grice's life was marked by great faithfulness to God, and love to his ministers and people. The class-meeting was a delightful place to her, and the names of Asbury, Shadford, and other holy ministers of the Gospel, were precious to her, even amid the infirmities and forgetfulness produced by long illness and old age. But there was another name dearer still, "the Name which is above every name:" "Precious Jesus," was an expression which often fell from her lips, during an illness of fourteen months' duration. She had lived with her daughter, at whose house she died, fifty-five years, and left with her and hers her dying charge to follow her, as she had followed Christ, and meet her in glory.

MRS. ELIZABETH RICE.

MRS. RICE was a native of New-Jersey. In the year 1788 she experienced religion, and joined the Methodist Society, during the ministrations of Simon Pile, preacher in charge, and James Oliver Cromwell, presiding elder. In 1789 she, with her husband, emigrated to the Valley of Wyoming, soon after peace was settled with the Indians. In an early settlement, and in a new country, she suffered many privations in life, but, notwithstanding her trials and sufferings, the cause of religion was uppermost in her heart. She and her husband united themselves with the few who were called Methodists, and formed a little class, of which Annin Owen was the leader. By that means they got circuit preaching

in the place, and from that time until death she remained steadfast in the doctrines and usages of the Church. Her house was always open for preachers and preaching. Among the older preachers who labored there, were T. Ware, V. Cook, and J. Colbert. They had glorious times in those early days of Methodism; the Lord was present to help in time of need.

A short time before her dissolution Mother Rice said to her daughter, "I am going to die, and go where your father is. I am going to heaven." She had been a valiant soldier of the cross for about *fifty* years, and died happy in the Lord.



MRS. HANNAH PUGH.

"HANNAH PUGH was one of the first of the little band who joined the Methodists in the valley of Wyoming. For about fifty years she was a faithful member. She was permitted to see some of her children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren walking in the ways of piety. Religion with her was an every day business. She enjoyed a large measure of the spirit of the Holy One. In prayer she was mighty, and prevailed. The strains of eloquence in which she spoke were irresistible. I have sometimes thought, when she would exclaim, 'Glory be to God! Halleluiah to the Lamb!' that angels could scarcely praise him better. She died in great peace, aged eighty-one years."

MRS. CORREY.

"ON or about the beginning of November, 1804," says the Rev. John B. Hudson, (*Journal*, p. 94,) "having organized our little company, agreeably to the directions of our presiding elder, I established prayer-meetings and class-meetings alternately at different houses through the neighborhood. Happily an elderly lady, named Sarah Correy, had, prior to my coming, settled there. She had for years belonged to the Methodists, and proved to be truly a mother in our Israel. She had passed through deep waters of affliction, had lost her husband, her children and property; but she still retained her Christian character and devotional spirit; and her mental faculties, which were far above the common standard, appeared as fresh and vigorous as though she had not yet passed the noon of life, which, under God, may safely be attributed to her agency in the introduction and spread of vital Christianity in this part of the country. Many of our preachers, if living, will remember Mother Correy, whose conversation they often found to be both instructive and entertaining. Before my visit she had been long 'like a sparrow on the housetop;' but she continued to pray to God to send his messengers and his light to that dark place; and when a door was open there, although crippled, aged, and poor, she went about doing good. Among the people she was highly respected, and was rendered useful in promoting the spiritual interests of many."

NOTE.—The western part of New-York was at that time terribly infested with bears, wolves, panthers, rattlesnakes, merciless Indians, and drunken and disorderly white persons.

To form a circuit in such a part of the country at that period, required no small share of heroism. See Journal of John B. Hudson, from 1800 to 1810.

Anecdote. In those days the congregations, and sometimes the members of the society, were mostly *women*.

“When I came to Sela’s Creek the people were mostly gone to the *races*. Captain Sela said there would be no meeting. However, I went to the school-house, and there, to my surprise, I found about *sixty persons, all females, (except one man, who was blind,)* and mostly young ladies of respectable appearance.”—*Hudson’s Journal*.

MRS. ELIZABETH FALLEY.

SHE was the daughter of James and Mary Holland, of Chester, Massachusetts, and was born April 3, 1772. When about fourteen years of age, she was made sensible of her sinful condition by nature, purely by the strivings of the Holy Spirit. Her convictions were unusually deep and pungent; and for a number of weeks she lamented her unhappy situation, without knowing, or having any one to instruct her in, the way of salvation, until her distress became so great that it was feared she would not live.

Her conversion was remarkable. An elder brother, one who had not then experienced religion, deeply commiserating her condition, requested her, one Sabbath day, to walk in the field with him. She did so, and at his request related to him the state of her mind. He endeavored to comfort her by reading to her the promises of Scripture, but apparently without any effect. On her returning to the house her distress

became insupportable. She fell to the ground, and remained for some time in a state of insensibility. On recovering, the Lord had set her soul at liberty, and she rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory; testifying that Jesus had power on earth to forgive sins, and exhorting those around her to seek the salvation of their souls. A circumstance so unusual was not without its effect; an awakening commenced, and numbers were brought to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, among whom were her mother, her sister, and two brothers. She soon after united with the Presbyterian Church, and for several years enjoyed deep communion with God. It was her constant practice to retire seven times a day for secret devotion.

She experienced great trials and afflictions. In the year 1795 she was united in marriage to Mr. Daniel Falley. In 1800 a revival of religion took place among the Methodists in the town in which they lived, and, much to her joy, her husband was one of the subjects of it. She then had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the Methodists, and of witnessing the blessings that attended their labors. She then asked and obtained a dismissal from the Church to which she belonged, and, with her husband, joined the Methodists. Soon after this two of her children were taken from her by death. In the year 1813 she removed with her husband, and those of her family who were spared, to Oswego Falls, in the State of New-York. The country was in a state of warfare at that time; and, in addition to the miseries of war, the country was unhealthy, and the state of morals was such as to cause her much grief.

But her trials served to develop the excellences of her character. She possessed a very considerable knowledge of medicine; and being in easy circumstances she had the means, as well as the disposition, to administer to the sick and destitute. In numerous instances she received the sick into her house, and attended to them, as to her own family, until

their recovery. But she was soon called to a new and severe trial, in the loss, by a series of disasters, of a handsome property. She was now destitute of those means which she had hitherto possessed, of administering to the necessities of others ; but still, having the disposition, she labored with her hands to obtain, not only the necessities for her own family, but also the means of assisting the distressed ; and hundreds can witness how very much the fruits of that industry were spent in relieving the distressed. Her known benevolence and philanthropy gave her great influence among a large circle of acquaintance ; and when engaged in her labor of love, she did not fail to exert that influence in the cause of her divine Master. While endeavoring to alleviate the sufferings of the body, she did not neglect the interests of the soul, and her advice and admonitions have been often attended with the happiest consequences.

She witnesses another glorious revival of religion. While trials pressed heavily upon her, and outward things looked dark and gloomy, a revival of religion commenced, and near one hundred persons experienced the converting grace of God, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, among whom were all her children, six in number. During the revival numbers experienced religion in her house, and such was her joy on that account, that she, in a measure, forgot her afflictions.

Her latter end was peace. During the summer of 1827, an alarming sickness prevailed in her neighborhood. On the 23d of August she had a severe attack of bilious fever, and after four weeks of great suffering, being unable to speak, she waved her hand in token of triumph, and sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

MRS. MARY MOORE.

MRS. MOORE's maiden name was *Clice*. She was born in the town of Cumberland, Alleghany County, Maryland, October 31, 1791. Her parents were members of the "Evangelical Lutheran Reformed Church." Of course Mary was brought up according to the forms and usages of that Church, and at the age of seventeen, having been carefully instructed, and duly catechised in all the religious doctrines and ceremonies of the Church, was "*confirmed*," and admitted to full union and fellowship in that community; and by a participation of the elements of the Lord's Supper was considered a Christian. She was, however, according to her own confession, unacquainted with the true nature and power of godliness, and knew nothing of heartfelt, experimental religion. In this state she continued about twelve years, earnestly seeking the favor of HIM "who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will." In this state of anxious inquiry, it pleased the Lord to direct her attention to the Methodists, with whom she was inclined to associate, although she had been previously warned to stand aloof from their ministrations.

Through the instrumentality of the Rev. Samuel Kennerly, who then labored on the Alleghany Circuit, she was brought to an acquaintance with the truth as it is in Jesus, so that she rejoiced with joy that is unspeakable and full of glory. From that time till the day of her death she retained the beginning of her confidence firm unto the end. The blessed change which took place in her mind was so remarkably obvious to those who had known her, that it soon drew on her the resentment of the leading characters of that Church, from

whose communion she had departed. The parson's lady hesitated not to declare, in the most unequivocal terms, that "Mary had committed a damnable sin in leaving the Church of her forefathers." At this Mary was not daunted, but courageously maintained the truth of that Gospel, which to her had been happily made the power of God unto salvation.

About that time her father, and a journeyman living in the family, commenced persecuting the Methodists, calling them "hypocrites, deceivers, false prophets," etc. Mary assured them that they must repent of the error of their ways, and experience the same blessing of which she, as a Methodist, had become a partaker, or inevitably perish forever. This spirited repulse, backed by apt quotations from the word of God, silenced the two redoubtable heroes, and reduced them to peaceable terms.

A few evenings after, when her father, who, though convinced, was not converted, was going up stairs to bed, she accosted him thus, "Father, stop! Let us pray before you retire." The old gentleman halted. She prayed with great fluency and fervor; after which the other members of the family silently retired, though not a little disconcerted in their views, that a weak female should thus far exceed their expectations. From this period she uniformly prayed in the family, until after her marriage, when it pleased God to show her partner the necessity of assuming that important duty.

Her last days were truly days of affliction and suffering; but she was more than conqueror, through Him that had loved her, and washed her from her sins in his own blood; and though she suffered much persecution from the people of the world, she chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin, which are but for a season.

While her health permitted her to attend on the ministration of the word, her seat in the house of the Lord was

seldom found vacant. She also considered prayer-meetings a peculiar blessing, and always attended them when able. But the duties of the sanctuary did not infringe on those of the closet and of the domestic circle. A few days before her dissolution, she called her family to attend her bedside, when she administered a suitable exhortation to them all; and calling her husband, she said, "I will begin with you first. You have been a good husband to me. Be watchful and persevering. Discharge your duty with fidelity, and meet me in heaven, for I am going there." She likewise advised her children to be good, to walk uprightly, and live in the enjoyment of religion; and told them all she hoped to meet them in a better world. To her kind and attentive physician she said, "I suppose I must die, but I am not alarmed. I am not afraid to die. I am going to heaven, doctor, and I wish to meet you in that happy place." To a relative she said, "John, weep not for me, but weep for yourself. I have often thought of talking to you, but it has been a great cross to me, and I could not break through. But I am now about to die; it is a cross no longer. You must reform or be lost. Try to meet me in heaven." To her sister, who was weeping, she repeated, "Weep not for me; weep for yourself. I am going to glory; meet me there."

After this she spoke but little. Her voice, which had so often been employed in ascribing praises to God, now failed. But, even during occasional paroxysms of delirium, it appeared that her mind was under the influence of the good Spirit, and set on things above.

On Monday morning, August 20, 1827, while many of her friends were anxiously waiting the event, her happy and immortal spirit

"Clapp'd its glad wings, and tower'd away
To mingle with the blaze of day."

Thus lived and thus died Mary C. Moore, in the thirty-sixth year of her age.

MRS. DOROTHY GUEST.

MRS. DOROTHY GUEST was born in 1766, in the lower part of Anne Arundel Co., Maryland. In her fifteenth year she was converted through the instrumentality of Methodist preaching. At her first setting out, as Methodism was new and very unpopular, she met with considerable opposition, yet she stood firm in the midst of all her discouragements, and it was not long before she had the happiness of seeing her father's doors thrown open for Methodist preaching. At the age of sixteen she gave her hand in marriage to Mr. Richard Guest, a class-leader in the neighborhood. In him she found one who was truly a "help" to her in the way to the kingdom of heaven. She was the mother of twelve children, six of whom have escaped to the mansions of light. Of the remaining six, at the time of her decease, five were following her in the way to glory, and one of whom was numbered in the itinerant ranks as a preacher of the Gospel. Mrs. Guest was a firm believer in the doctrine of Christian holiness, and for upward of thirty years was enabled to rejoice in the possession of that inestimable blessing; and what she enjoyed in her *heart*, and professed in the *Church*, she exemplified in *her life!* And as she lived, so she died, peaceful and happy, in the sixty-third year of her age, and forty-eighth of her Christian experience.

"Her virtues with a golden radiance shone,
In lucid splendor, like the vernal sun;
Her exit gentle as the evening dew,
Her end more glorious than the rainbow's hue."

MRS. ROSANNA SWOPE.

OF this departed mother in Israel it may be said, that she was one of the excellent of the earth. She had many traits in her character worthy the imitation of all. The Bible was her every-day book. Its sacred pages she turned over with a diligent hand, and read their contents with a heart believing unto righteousness. It was food for her soul in the morning, and a staff to lean upon in the evening. The writings of Wesley and Fletcher she placed next to the Bible. From the writings of these two eminent divines she drew light to guide her in the way to endless rest. Though she was called to suffer afflictions for years, like Job she maintained her integrity with her God. As a Christian she was devoted, and as a mother she was kind and indulgent. In her the Christian graces shone with unusual brilliancy. They were not like the flash of the meteor, but like the steady rays of the sun; all who had any intercourse with her felt their influence. More than *fifty-three* years of her life were spent in the service of the King of kings and Lord of lords.

In her last illness her spirit was calm; and while her attendants were kneeling around her bed, praying that her spirit might pass quietly from sublunary things to things eternal, she was heard to say emphatically, "My Shepherd is coming! is coming!" Thus she died in the triumphant faith of the glorious Gospel of the blessed God.

The house of John and Rosanna Swope, at Camden, New-Jersey, was a home for the Methodist ministry for more than forty years. The itinerancy shared largely of their comforts, and departed with their blessings. The prayers of our

fathers in the Gospel were answered. Temporal blessings were poured upon their hospitable friends. Nor were spiritual blessings withheld. All their children became members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, following the godly counsel and pious example of their worthy parents; for which the Lord be praised forever and ever. Amen.

MRS. SARAH BRICE.

MRS. SARAH BRICE was the daughter of Captain Lane, of Calvert Co., Maryland, and was born September 13, 1775. Her parents were strict Episcopalians, and carefully inducted her into a knowledge of the doctrines and forms of their Church. In the thirteenth year of her age, however, prompted, perhaps, by curiosity, she attended a Methodist meeting in the old Light-street Church. It was during a season of gracious revival. There she heard the Gospel preached with faithfulness and power, by the late Rev. Ezekiel Cooper. The word reached her heart. She was convinced of sin, and sought the Lord with "an humble, penitent, and believing heart," and found him in pardoning mercy, to the joy of her soul. At first she was much opposed by her family, who verily thought that Sarah had disgraced them by becoming a *Methodist*, and feared that her ruin would follow. It was not long, however, that she had to walk alone. A sister first, and then her mother, and finally all her sisters, were made partakers of like precious faith, and were associated with her in the fellowship of Methodism, no longer despicable in their sight. These all persevered to the end of their pilgrimage in the service of God, and departed this life in holy triumph. Mrs. Brice was a very decided Methodist.

As a wife she was, perhaps, not surpassed by any ; and as the mother of fourteen children she was, perhaps, without a superior. As a Christian woman, a member of the Church, a neighbor, and a friend, she had not many equals. For more than half a century she bore the cross, and now she wears the crown.

MRS. MARY DODSON.

SHE was the daughter of Deliverance and Mercy Sawyer, and experienced religion at the early age of *ten* years, being the first of the family who openly acknowledged the Saviour, and though a child, was the instrument of bringing several of the family, together with many in the neighborhood, (among whom was an infidel,) to the feet of Jesus. And, as she commenced, so she persevered through life ; and though of a retiring spirit, she never hid her light under a bushel, but bore testimony, wherever she was, to the honor of true religion. At the family altar, in the prayer or class meeting, or love-feast, and in the social circle, it was her invariable practice to speak of the goodness of God. In short, her only object seemed to be to do good to all around. Nor did she labor in vain. Scores will, no doubt, bless God in eternity that they ever saw her face, or heard her voice. Several unconverted females at different times lived in her family after she was married to the Rev. N. B. Dodson, of the Genesee Conference, most of whom were either converted or deeply awakened before they went away. She cheerfully endured the privations, toils, and trials of the itinerant life. Her soul burned with ardent desire to see the work of God advance, and she was the happy instrument of leading many

to seek and find the full salvation of God. After serving God and her generation for about thirty-four years, she ceased at once to work and live, and entered into rest, January 22, 1839.

MRS. ELIZABETH F. CHATFIELD.

SISTER CHATFIELD was the daughter of Joseph and Margaret Fishbough, of Asbury, New-Jersey. She experienced the renewing grace of God in 1835, and emigrated to Michigan in 1836. Her religious character was of no ordinary cast. With a mind well stored with useful knowledge, and a heart rich in grace, she was eminent for her devotion to the cause of God, and exerted a healthful influence in all the circles in which she moved.

The leading trait in her character was an unyielding attachment to the cause of missions. Hence she annually contributed of her means for its support, and panted to occupy some missionary post; but as this was not permitted, she enjoined it upon her husband, as her dying request, to appropriate out of her means, the sum of twenty dollars to make himself a life member of the Missionary Society.

While in health she was particularly useful in the Sabbath school. She possessed an intimate acquaintance with the whole series of Sabbath-school books, so that by looking at the title page she could furnish a distinct account of their contents. This was a rare feature, possessed by few teachers, but would be an honor to every one, as it would enable the teacher to direct the scholars to those works which are best adapted to their peculiar taste, and intellectual capacity. In her last sickness, our departed sister obtained the blessing of perfect love, and left the world in the full assurance of

faith and hope of an abundant entrance into the kingdom of God and of glory. Her husband, Rev. Larmon Chatfield, of the Michigan Conference, thanks God that he had a wife to teach him how a Christian *should* live, and how a Christian *can* die.

MRS. SARAH GEARHEART.

WHILE Sarah was yet a youth, her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Stone, removed from Bucks County, Pennsylvania, to the Western country, where they had to endure many privations, common to new settlers. There they listened to the terrifying yell of the savage. There they were alarmed by the howling of wild beasts. Miss Stone was married, in her sixteenth year, to Mr. James Fullen, of Vincennes, by whom she had two children. They soon left what is now the State of Indiana for the Ohio; but feeling it unsafe to winter there unprotected, they started to go back to Vincennes, under the protection of General St. Clair. On their way they were attacked by the Indians; Mr. Fullen was killed and his wife taken prisoner by the Indians. While with them she lost her only surviving child, and with the savages she wandered in the wilderness. At the expiration of eleven months, she was purchased by a French trader named Te Bo, and carried to Detroit, where she was kindly treated, and remained till she was released by the proper authorities, and brought through the wilderness, to what is now the village of Elmira, and there she was married to Mr. John J. Hoody, November 18, 1793, who died November 13, 1806. After this she was married to Mr. Tobias Gearheart. The particular time and means of her conversion are not named in the paper from which this account is taken. It is simply stated that for a

number of years she was a believer in Christ; knew the power of the Gospel; loved the house of God; loved devotion, and died in the triumphs of faith.

MRS. ELIZABETH RICHARDSON.

HER maiden name was Randolph. She was a native of Middlesex County, New-Jersey. In her youthful days she was brought to the knowledge of her Saviour, through the instrumentality of the Rev. Robert Cloud; and disregarding the scorn and contempt of the world, she joined the Methodist Church, and continued a pious member of the same for more than *forty* years. In 1791 she was married to Mr. Robert Richardson, and in 1804 removed to Ohio, which was then a wilderness compared with its present condition. Sister Richardson became a member of the *first class* that was formed in Cincinnati, and such was her humble, pious life, that she possessed the confidence and esteem of the Church, and especially of those who met with her in the same class. More might be said, but this itself is no small eulogy. *Forty years a member of the first class in Cincinnati*, or from 1791 to 1831, when she died.

MRS. SARAH ROSZEL.

"My dear and beloved mother," says her son, the Rev Stephen G. Roszel, "departed this life July 23, 1830, full of years, greatly beloved, and greatly lamented. Many female have acted well their part, but none have excelled, and few have equaled, this venerable mother in Israel. As a wife a parent, a neighbor, and a Christian, she had no rival in her day.

"She was brought to God through the instrumentality of the Rev. W. Waters, and was one of the first-fruit of Methodism in the County of Loudon, Virginia, and for more than *fifty-five* years continued an unexceptionable member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. She was not only a bold and uniform witness of justification by faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, but, for more than *forty* years, a living witness of the sanctifying grace of God. In whatever circle she moved she let her light so shine, that impenitent sinners trembled in her presence, and Christians took knowledge of her that she *lived* with Christ. She suffered neither rich nor poor, old nor young, to sin in her presence without reproving them. For several years she was the only person in the neighborhood in which she resided, who, in the absence of the traveling preachers, held religious worship. It was her custom to have public meeting in a neighboring school-house on Sabbath, which she opened by singing an prayer, after which she would read one of Mr. Wesley's sermons, and having enforced it upon the congregation by an appropriate exhortation, she would close the exercises by singing and prayer. When these public services were closed, she would meet the class, which had been intrusted to her care

by giving such instruction and advice as she considered the state of the several members required. Her meetings were generally seasons of 'refreshing from the presence of the Lord.' Few, if any, left those meetings without having their hearts deeply impressed with the truths of religion.

"When blest with sufficient health she was dayly employed in doing good to the bodies and souls of her fellow-beings, visiting the sick and suffering, by night and day, assisting them in their afflictions, and administering whatever was in her power to their comfort and happiness. Her house was a regular preaching place for more than half a century.

"Under her roof the minister of Christ and the stranger have ever found a welcome home.

"For the last seven or eight years of her life she was called to suffer great bodily affliction. But in her greatest trials her confidence in God was unshaken, and frequently with uplifted hands she would shout, 'Glory! glory! glory! Halleluia! halleluia! halleluia! Amen! amen! amen!' Thus lived, and thus died, Sarah Roszel, in the *seventy-ninth* year of her age. Reader,

"Think of her end, pursue the path she trod,
And imitate the pattern she has shown;
Approve thyself a servant of her God,
And equal honors shall thy exit crown.'"

MRS. ANN MEREDITH.

MRS. ANN MEREDITH, whose maiden name was Green, was born at Penock Hill, near the ancient town of Swords, County Dublin, Ireland, April 4, 1799. Though surrounded by great spiritual destitution and a low state of morals, her father's family was known as one in which the Scriptures were read. Like Cornelius they "feared God," and as in his case so in theirs, the Lord sent his servant to "tell them what they ought to do."

A pious man belonging to the Wesleyan Society in the City of Dublin, one who labored for the salvation of souls as he had opportunity, received the impression that he ought to visit Swords; that the Lord had something for him to do there. Followed by this impression until it became fixed in his mind, and under what he now regarded as a Divine call, he and two others visited that place on a Saturday evening. At the public house in which they were staying, they made inquiries next morning, as to the religious condition of Swords and its vicinity, when they ascertained that there was one family, at least, in which the Bible was read, that of "John Green, on the hill."

They called immediately at Mr. Green's residence. The family, with one exception, had not yet risen. That one was his daughter Martha, then graciously disposed and afterward an eminent Christian, whose death was the most remarkably triumphant ever known in that part of the country. She had just been at prayer as the strangers called. In stating their object to her father, she told him that three men, belonging, she thought, to his order, (he was a freemason,) wished to pray with him. They were soon surrounded by Mr. Green

and his family, with whom they conversed for some time, and after prayer requested permission to hold a meeting in their house that afternoon. To this Mrs. Green was opposed. She remembered that when she was a little girl Mr. Wesley had preached in Swords, and that the windows of the house in which he stopped were broken by persons who were opposed to the "Swaddlers," (as the Methodists were then called;) and she feared that if they opened their house to these men, similar results would follow. But some of her daughters becoming interested in the object the men proposed, she was induced to give her consent.

In the afternoon these zealous men came up from the town, accompanied by about a dozen individuals whom they had invited to the meeting. One of them preached from, "Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." Everything about this meeting was as novel and striking to the Green family, as its results were permanent and blessed. My uncle, now the only surviving one of those of his family then present, writes concerning it: "The singing entranced us all, and we thought the text, sermon, and all were made on purpose for us." Henceforth Mr. Green's house was open for the messengers of the Gospel, and He whose blessing rested upon the house of Obed-edom, caused it also to abide on his. But a short time passed until several members of his family were brought to God.

The fears entertained by Mrs. Green were fully realized. Their windows were broken frequently, and their lives endangered by the drunken, popish rabble, who were enraged because the Methodists had obtained a footing in the neighborhood. For several years Mr. Green and his family were subjected to the most provoking annoyances. They ceased at length, and then Mrs. Green would repeatedly express her fears that they were not as faithful as when they suffered persecution.

We ought to note, that Mr. Green's household embraced

all who were ever known to be benefited, savingly by the Gospel thus introduced into the neighborhood, and preached there for several years. To the worldly they alone were known as a family who respected the Bible, and they alone received the greater light when it came.

Mr. Green's daughter Ann, the subject of this notice, was in the fourteenth year of her age when, as an earnest seeker of the Divine favor, she entered the apartment in her father's house in which meeting was about to be held. The opening hymn had been sung, and the little company were engaged in prayer, when she was enabled to cast herself upon Christ for the salvation she needed. In an instant her mourning was turned into joy, and her full soul broke out in joyous and grateful proclamation of the blessed fact that her sins were forgiven. Her mother did not understand it. Such displays of religious emotion were a new thing in the place, and she endeavored to silence Ann. But if she were to be silent, would not the stones immediately cry out? Some short time afterward she united with the Wesleyan society, in which she found a religious home until she came to this country, in 1847, when she united by letter with the Methodist Episcopal Church. She was an intelligent and ardent lover of Methodism. Her attendance upon its ministry and ordinances was regular and punctual, and of its prudential means she early formed, and ever maintained, the highest estimate.

She was one of those Christians who, though decided in their devotion to God, yet from their exalted views of the Christian life, and from their humbling views of themselves, are seldom found referring to their spiritual progress. But if her professions were, as we believe, too modest—if in this she failed to make the impression she should have made—there was in her life a uniform and definite testimony in favor of religion, that was felt by those who came within the range of her influence. One who knew her many years

writes concerning her, "I don't know any person who bore the same deep impress of Christian character she did, nor whose life was so consistent with her profession."

Her maternal influence was directly calculated to awaken in the minds of her children those realizations which lead the soul to God; and it was her joy to find them nearly all, and early in life, giving themselves up to Him. We call her blessed. We saw her spirit in all of the many ordeals through which she passed. We were observers of her secret religious engagements since we were capable of noticing such things. Long as I remember (and I am her first born) she used to spend a portion of every evening in the sacred engagement of private devotion. Nor were these cold and formal approaches to the throne of grace. I have frequently heard her agonizing but subdued pleadings when in an adjoining room; and many a time have I seen her come out from her room, at those times, with her eyes bathed in tears, showing that hers was no fruitless waiting on God. I remember well how she would sit at the parlor fire with two or three of us around her, just between day and dark, and there talk to us of God and judgment, and of the importance of being good that we might all be together in heaven. Once we were talking with her something about Christians, when, to my great surprise, (I never forgot it,) she told me that not all who professed to be Christians were prepared for heaven, and tried to show me the difference between the form and the power of godliness. It was her aim to educate and render duly sensitive the consciences of her children. I did something that was evil in itself as well as disobedient to her. It was in the earlier part of the day, but at night, when an opportunity served, she took me round to a school room, and there, in the dark and alone, she pointed out the nature and consequences of my conduct; and when I was humbled and penitent, she knelt down and pleaded with God in my behalf. The effect was powerful upon my mind,

though I suppose the change in my conduct was far from showing it.

It pleased her heavenly Father, before taking her to himself, to cause her to pass through some *four* months' severe suffering. But in all she manifested a cheerful submission to his will. To her leader she said, "The greatest desire of my heart is that the will of the Lord be done." For several weeks previous to her release it did not appear that Satan was permitted to tempt her. She was as free from doubt, therefore, as from murmuring. In an unmolested confidence, and with a grateful submission, did she wait the coming of her Lord. She took great delight in having those around her, and those who visited her, sing. At times when her favorite hymns were sung, she seemed to be filled with delight. On one occasion some Christian females were singing for her, when becoming very happy she said, "If I were able I would shout his praise, but I'll praise him in a nobler strain through all eternity." On one occasion she spoke to considerable extent on the plan of salvation and the amplitude of the divine provisions. She quoted the words, "to the uttermost," and having enlarged upon them, added, "He will save *me* to the uttermost." From that time she sunk gradually until she breathed her last.

Thus on the twenty-ninth of June, 1856, in the *fifty-eighth* year of her age, did my sainted mother pass from the scenes of earth, to that long sought rest for which, during so large a portion of her life, she labored in the exercise of a Scriptural faith.

S. M.

MRS. ESTHER HALSTED.

“MODERN times cannot exhibit a character in which all the noble and all the graceful virtues of the Christian religion were more fully embodied, and through a long life more amply realized, than in this excellent woman.

“She was born in New-Rochelle, Westchester County, New-York, on the twenty-third of February, 1762. When quite young she was accustomed to hear Bishop Asbury, and a number of the early Methodist preachers, but it was not until about the year 1800 that she was fully awakened to a sense of her condition as a sinner before God. Her conviction of sin was deep and pungent, and it was a long time before she was enabled by faith to obtain that clear sense of her acceptance with God through Christ, which ever after gave serenity to her countenance and cheerfulness to her heart.

“At the time she joined the Methodist Episcopal Church she was the widow Griffen, with a large family around her, one of whom, Rev. Benjamin Griffen, has long occupied a high standing, as member of the New-York Annual Conference. But though she was a widow, and burdened with the cares of children and servants, with all that characteristic decision for which she was ever remarkable, she at once erected a family altar, the fires of which have not been extinguished, but continue to burn in every home of her honored descendants. When she commenced her religious career, it so happened that she had a number of hands at work on the farm. Family prayer, in her judgment, was indispensable. But who was to officiate? was the question. Her conscience would not allow her to pray with her family

without requesting all in her employment to be present; and yet the thought of praying before so many persons, not one of whom was a professor of religion, was almost overwhelming. In this extremity she mounted her horse in the morning before breakfast, and rode through the neighborhood in pursuit of a chaplain. But failing to obtain one, she returned to her home, resolved if she died under the cross to take it up. Accordingly she called the workmen and her family together, read a portion of the word of God, and then engaged in prayer, which was never omitted afterward, under any circumstances. From that time her house became a home for the preachers, and on quarterly meeting occasions as many as fifty persons have been accommodated under her hospitable roof.

"In 1802 she was married to Ezekiel Halsted, who was a widower, with a large family from his former marriage. This event brought together three different classes of children into the domestic circle. And yet, unlike the history of poor, erring human nature, which almost invariably follows such marriages, this union proved to be one of the happiest on which the sun of domestic felicity has ever smiled. All these children loved and respected her as their own mother, and their warm hearts, up to the day of her death, could find no language adequately to express their gratitude to God that he had given them such a mother. Like Zacharias and Elizabeth of old, it may be said of Father and Mother Halsted, '*They were both righteous before God, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless.*'

"We love to look at such a character as was this 'mother in Israel;' for as a wife and mother, friend and benefactress, her whole life was one of unspotted purity and unsullied transparency. In her last illness and death she exhibited the fruits of the Spirit in their maturity. During the whole period of her sickness, which was protracted and severe, she

manifested such lamb-like resignation as excited, in all who beheld her, the mingled emotions of sympathy for the sufferer and admiration of the Christian. Not a murmur was heard to escape her lips. Her confidence was firm and unshaken in the all-availing name and atonement of Jesus. The peace of God which passeth all understanding, the joy unspeakable and full of glory, only increased with every hour as life was slowly ebbing out, and until she sunk into the arms of death. Just at that moment, when her children and friends were kneeling around her to receive her dying blessing, and to commend her Spirit to God, she observed to one of her sons who was holding her hand in his, 'I am going, I am going.' Her son inquired, 'Where are you going, mother?' She ejaculated, 'To heaven, my son!' and then exclaimed in holy triumph, 'O, meet me there! My dear children, meet me in heaven!' These were her last words. Thus holding up the shield of faith to quench the fiery darts of the wicked one, the freed spirit, exulting over the frailty of mortality, entered into the joy of its Lord."

MRS. ELIZABETH HARPER.

MRS. HARPER was truly a mother in Israel; one who for *fifty-three* years had not only been a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, but, during all that time, "a burning and a shining light." Such was the fervor of her piety, and the ardor of her devotion to the cause of Christ, that all who knew her were constrained to confess that she was "an Israelite indeed, in whom there was no guile." She was one of the fruits of the zealous labors of Benjamin Abbott, of blessed memory. Her house at Newtown, Long

Island, was a home for Christian pilgrims ; and our ministers, for half a century, have been wont to share the hospitality which she and her husband have uniformly dispensed to all. In her family she was an example of consistent piety. Her religion was accompanied by habitual devotion and fervid zeal, which, indeed, was a living reproof to cold and heartless formalism. In the closet, the family, the prayer circle, the class-meeting, the love-feast, and regular attendance upon the preaching of the Gospel, she was a way-mark to the kingdom of God. Her delight in doing good prompted her to seek for opportunities of usefulness to the bodies, and especially to the souls, of her fellow-creatures. Even till advanced age she persevered, by day and by night, in visiting the sick, with whom she always prayed ; and her presence and prayers were often sought by her neighbors, for miles round, in time of affliction ; nor was she ever known to shrink from these kind offices, so long as she was able to render them. Hence she was endeared to many, and particularly to the poor, who shared her sympathies and prayers. To her companion in life, for nearly fifty-four years, she was an affectionate and faithful wife, and a cheerful sharer of his joys and sorrows. To her children she was a devoted mother, ever intent upon their welfare, but especially anxious for their spiritual and eternal interests. Her godly counsel and example, and her ceaseless prayers in their behalf, can never be forgotten ; and that they might be a generation to serve God, was her most ardent desire both living and dying. Her religious experience, and her exercises in after life, rendered her a blessing wherever she went ; for, having enjoyed the sanctifying grace of God for forty years, her testimony to the experience of Christian holiness was so clear and Scriptural, that all who were acquainted with her, and heard it, were constrained to glorify God on her behalf ; for many were made partakers of " like precious faith " through her instrumentality.

For some months previous to her decease it was evident to her family that her departure was at hand, but her last illness was of few days' continuance. On the Wednesday before her death she said to her eldest son, "Tell the class I am going from glory to glory." And as her end approached, with all the calm composure which grace inspired, she gave to her daughters-in-law, who watched by her bedside, the directions concerning her grave clothes, which she had long since prepared, and expressed her wishes in relation to her interment; and then, sweetly resigning her spirit to God who gave it, she died in full and certain hope of a glorious immortality and resurrection unto eternal life. On the following Sabbath her remains were conveyed to the church near her residence, where she habitually worshiped, and where the funeral services were performed in the presence of a large family and numerous friends, who came together from city and country to pay their last sad tribute of respect to the memory of one who was dearly loved by all who knew her.

MRS. ELIZABETH HAYTER.

MOTHER HAYTER was born at Portsea, England, August 25, 1766, and died in the City of New-York, September 23, 1845, in the eightieth year of her age. She experienced religion in her nineteenth year, and joined the Methodist Society in Portsmouth, when there were but fifty members in the place. She remained there thirty-five years, by which time the society had increased to eleven hundred. In the year 1811 she obtained the blessing of perfect love, which she retained till the end of life. Mother Hayter was a woman

of great moral courage; loving to everybody, and afraid of none, she always had something to say to every person she met with on the subject of religion, a word of inquiry, of reproof, or of comfort. In visiting the sick, especially, she was zealous and persevering, proclaiming to the suffering and the dying, "Jesus and him crucified," and wrestling with God in prayer for their salvation until they found deliverance. In the early part of her Christian course she enjoyed the ministry of Mr. Wesley, Dr. Coke, and Mr. Benson, and it was through the ministry of these men of God that she was led to seek and attain the blessing of entire sanctification. The infirmities of age did not dim her spiritual vision, and some of her last testimonies to the enjoyment of perfect love were most clear and satisfactory. She was ever faithful in the discharge of religious duties; punctual in her attendance upon the means of grace, particularly class-meetings; a great admirer of what she regarded pure, primitive Wesleyan Methodism; and a strenuous advocate for the "good old way." She lived as Christians should live, and died as Christians die; so that she could say, "To me to live is Christ, to die is gain."



MRS. NANCY SEIBERT.

THIS aged, pious, and much-beloved mother in Israel was awakened under the preaching of Dr. Coke, in the City of Baltimore. In 1803 she removed to Chambersburgh, and when there were but *three* members of the Church she identified herself with them. It was no small matter to be a Methodist at that time. Of her religious character it may be said, that her virtues were as bright as they were numerous. In her life she exemplified the blessed religion she professed,

and in whatever sphere she moved she made an impression favorable to the cause of her Lord and Master. She dwelt in the midst of her children, greatly beloved by them. But much as she loved them, and anxious as they were that she should recover, her desire was strong and abiding to be "absent from the body and present with the Lord." The moment of her death was calm and peaceful, and she quietly entered into rest.

THE INFIDEL'S DAUGHTER.

"WHEN traveling the Cross Creek Circuit, in the year 1814, one of the most wonderful manifestations of Divine grace occurred that I ever was permitted to witness, the conversion of an infidel, and his wife and only daughter. The infidel's family consisted of a wife and one child, a lovely daughter, beautiful and accomplished, having received what is termed a polite and fashionable education. The mother was alike infidel in sentiment with the father, and of course, as it was with the father and mother, so it was with the daughter. This lovely girl, notwithstanding the cold and dreary sphere in which she had taken her existence and moved, was nevertheless of an amiable disposition. She was the infidel's daughter, and the child of a prayerless mother; but yet she possessed a genial mind and a trusting heart. We have heard it said of some, 'They are naturally religious,' and if it were possible for any to have a native religious character, such might be ascribed to her. But, like the young ruler whom Jesus loved for the amiability of his disposition and the morality of his conduct, she lacked one thing, and that was the regenerating grace of God, without which all natural graces will prove unavailing as requisites for heaven.

“At no very great distance from her father’s residence there was a preaching-place, where the Methodist itinerants held meeting regularly every two weeks. A special meeting had been appointed to continue several days, and as the father was absent at the Legislature, she went to the meeting without the knowledge of her mother. Dressed as she was, in the fashionable style, when she entered the rude cabin, and took her seat among the old-fashioned Methodists, she became an object of general attention, quite as much so as an old-fashioned Methodist would now be if she were to come into one of our fashionable congregations with her plain gown and Quaker bonnet. But she did not come out of mere idle curiosity; she was strangely drawn to the house of worship, and there was a power at work, in regard to the nature of which she was unconscious. She had, as we have already seen, been reared in utter ignorance of religion, and all that she was taught concerning it was that it was a system of priestcraft; and though there might be some honest, deluded professors of religion, the most of them were arrant hypocrites. She had never read the Bible; for her father considered it too immoral a book to put into his daughter’s hands, preferring the writings of French infidels, and even the blasphemous scurrility of Paine himself, to that sacred book. Besides this, she had never heard a Gospel sermon, being prevented from attending all religious meetings. Of course, to her everything was new; and though she could appear with ease and grace in the drawing-room or gilded saloon, she felt embarrassed in the midst of a worshipping assembly. She composed herself, however, as well as she could; and when the preacher rose, and with solemn voice announced the text, ‘God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life,’ her attention was absorbed. This was the first Gospel message she ever heard, and it sounded strangely in her ears. She had read Rousseau’s opinion of Jesus

Christ, and was disposed to look on him as an innocent, upright man, and she coincided with him, in opposition to other infidel writers who had asserted that Jesus was an impostor. When the preacher fully opened his theme, representing God's love in sending his Son into the world to die for us, and the love of Christ in coming and taking upon himself our load of guilt and shame, illustrated by scenes drawn from real life, and enforced and applied to the listening audience, the heart of the young girl was broken up, and she wept aloud. Every eye was suffused with tears, and many were the warm and ardent prayers that went up to heaven in behalf of that weeping one.

"When the meeting was ended she returned home; but so deeply was she affected by what she heard, that it was impossible for her to conceal her feelings from her mother, who, in a stern voice, asked her where she had been, almost as soon as she entered the sitting-room. On being informed that she had been to the meeting, she became very much excited, and said, in an angry tone, 'If you go again those ignorant fanatics will ruin you forever; and if it comes to your father's ears that you have been to Methodist meeting, he will banish you from the house; besides, you ought to know better. The instructions you have received should guard you against all such improprieties, and I hope hereafter I shall never hear of your being at such a place.

"Night came on again, and with it the hour for meeting. Now commenced a conflict in the mind of the daughter. She had never disobeyed her mother, nor did she ever feel disposed to act contrary to her wishes in any respect; but her heart longed for the place of prayer, and she felt strongly drawn to it by a secret invisible agency she could not resist. 'Shall I,' said she to herself, 'disobey my mother, and incur the displeasure of my father, and, perhaps, banishment from home? But the preacher said that the Saviour of the world declared that "whosoever loveth father or mother more than

me, is not worthy of me; and whosoever will not forsake father and mother for my sake and the Gospel's, shall not enter heaven." I will forsake all for Christ.' The crisis had come; the gate was passed; and her joyous destiny was sealed. She left her home and went to meeting. An inviting sermon was preached, at the close of which seekers of religion were invited to kneel at the mourner's bench, and pray for pardon. No sooner was the invitation given than she pressed her way through the crowd, and fell upon the bench, crying for mercy. Her full heart now poured forth its griefs, and sobs, and fervent prayers. The whole congregation was taken by surprise, and filled with utter astonishment at the scene, knowing, as the most of them did, the utter contempt in which her father and mother held religion and all religious exercises. Surely, thought they, this must be the special interposition of God; and every heart was lifted up in fervent prayer in her behalf. There, at that mourner's bench, she struggled in agonizing prayer for two hours. It was apparently the noon of night, and yet she was not converted. Never was mourner more deeply engaged. She had made the last resolve. One after another of the faithful had poured out their hearts at the mercy-seat in her behalf; hymn after hymn was sung, as only those can sing who sing with the spirit; but still she came not through the dark valley. Faith began to flag, and some thought the penitent must disrobe herself of her hat and plume, and flowers and ruffles, ere the Lord could bless. But God looks at the heart, and he saw, in its deep recesses, a soul absorbed in grief, conscious of nothing but its own guilt and sin. At length the last hymn was rolling up from swelling hearts and tuneful voices to heaven. The last stanza was reached:

'Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair;'

and as the last strain sounded in the ear of the penitent, she gently threw back her head, and opened her calm blue eyes, yet sparkling with tears; but they were the tears that told of sins forgiven. She arose and embraced in her arms the sisters who had prayed with her, and pointed her to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world. She had passed the noon of many a night in scenes of guilty mirth and revelry, where she was the foremost of the band, the fairest of the fair; but never did such joy and gladness come to her heart as she experienced on that occasion. She returned home, feeling now that she could gladly bear anything for the sake of her Lord and Master. When she arrived she related to her mother what had occurred, and exclaimed, 'O, how precious is the Saviour!' She would have embraced her mother in her arms; but she repulsed her, and reproached her, telling her that if she did not cease her nonsense she would drive her away from the house, and that she had disgraced herself and ruined herself forever. She retired to her room, and spent the remainder of the night in prayer and praise to God.

"Soon it was noised abroad that the infidel's daughter was converted; and some of his friends, supposing, doubtless, that they would render him great service, wrote to him on the subject, giving him the most absurd and ridiculous accounts of her exercises while at the mourner's bench, and after she was converted. When Mr. P. received the intelligence he was greatly enraged, and swore that he would banish his daughter from his house, and that she should be entirely disinherited and disowned. But all this did not move the daughter; for she realized the truth of the Divine declaration, 'When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.'

"The day was at length fixed for his return home, and his daughter placed herself at the window to watch his arrival. In the afternoon he was seen approaching on horse-

back, and Eliza, for that was the daughter's name, hastened out to the gate to meet her father. With a pale, sweet countenance she stepped up to meet him and embrace him with a kiss; but he rudely seized her by the arm, and, with his horsewhip, whipped her out at the gate, telling her to begone, and, with many curses, forbidding her return. Sadly she went weeping down the lane; but she thought of what her Saviour had suffered for her, and her heart was stayed up under the mighty load that oppressed it. She realized then, to its full extent, what it was to love the Lord Jesus more than all else beside.

"Not far from her father's residence lived a pious Methodist, a poor widow, and she was apprised of the state of things at the house of Mr. P. When she saw Eliza coming to her house one evening, she was not at a loss to conjecture the cause. The poor widow gave her a cordial reception, and spoke to her words of kindness and comfort. Eliza asked permission to go into the little room, and be allowed to remain there undisturbed. No sooner was she alone than she fell upon her knees, and commenced pouring out her soul to God in prayer for her unconverted father and mother.

"But we must return to the father. As he gazed after Eliza, who went sobbing down the lane, it seemed as though a thousand fiends of darkness had taken possession of his soul. He went to the house and met his wife; but she was equally wretched, having witnessed what was done. He sat down. They spoke not, except in monosyllables. The supper hour arrived, but he refused to eat, though he had been riding all day. He went to his library and turned over his books and papers, but it was in a hurried manner, and with a vacant look. He retired to his chamber, but not to rest, for sleep departed from his eyes. Next day he wandered about over his farm and through the woods, like one seeking for something that was lost. Something greatly troubled

him. The cause of that trouble his proud heart would not allow him to disclose. Unable to find rest he again sought his chamber; but his anguish increased, and he began to see the shallowness of his infidelity, and also its dark, horrid nature, in that it could prompt him to drive his lovely and otherwise obedient daughter from his house, simply because she had become a Christian. From that moment he was a changed man; from a hard, impenitent sinner he was brought to relent and pray; and there he prayed for hours. Present to the eye of his mind was the image of his banished Eliza. He rose and sent for her, and again returned to prayer. He rose again and walked in his garden, and there, beneath Eliza's favorite bower, he kneeled down, and again lifted up his heart to God in prayer. At length the deep, dark, dense cloud broke away, and the Sun of Righteousness arose with healing in his wings, and beamed upon him, and lighted up his almost distracted mind with the peace and calm of heaven.

"For twenty-four hours, without eating or sleeping. Eliza remained in that widow's room, engaged in earnest supplication for her father. The pious mother in Israel, looking out at the window, saw the servant coming with two horses, and running into the little room exclaimed, 'Eliza, your father has sent for you.' The happy child arose, and mounting the noble steed was soon at the gate whence she had been driven the night before, a fugitive and alone. She saw her weeping father coming to meet her, and instantly alighting, sprang into his arms, who embraced her with a love he never felt before. 'My angel of mercy,' said he, 'I give you my heart and my hand to travel with you to the heavenly inheritance.' It was a happy meeting. The mother was soon converted, and joined with the father and daughter in the service of God; and they all continued faithful disciples of Christ, till they were called from the Church militant on earth to the Church triumphant in heaven."—*J. B. Finley.*

THE MISSIONARY'S WIFE.

SHE is not merely the *companion* of her husband in foreign lands; she is more! She is his co-operator in the great work in which he is engaged; she gathers the children to the day and the Sabbath school; she collects around her the native females, and instructs them in the duties of civilized life and the Christian religion; she impresses on mothers the responsibility of the maternal relation; she holds up her family as a pattern of Christian harmony and domestic joy; she assists him in his translations; she prepares books for the school and the closet, and she stands as a shield between the natives and her husband, warding off many a blow that would paralyze his efforts and prostrate his hopes. All these and much more, constitute her labors, besides the many duties, and the care and education of her children, which her more immediate relation as a wife and a mother imposes. And yet who hears of *female* missionaries? Who sounds their praise? Who trumpets their deeds of noble and disinterested benevolence?*

“Lady Arabella Johnson has been celebrated by poets, and orators, and historians, for her heroic firmness and self-denial. But is not the early home of the missionary’s wife as dear to her heart as the halls of nobility were to the fair pilgrim? and are not the wilds of Africa, the sultry plains of India, the savage isles of Polynesia, as repulsive to the tender sensibilities of the female missionary, as the stern and

* Mrs. Hale, in her biographical sketches of the most eminent women from the time of Mother Eve, has taken notice of *female missionaries* of all the Evangelical Churches, *except those sent out by the Methodists*.—C.

rock-bound coast of New-England was to the English lady? Indeed, there is hardly a missionary's wife who has left her native land, to toil and die in her Master's vineyard, that is not worthy to be classed with the brightest ornaments of self-denial and devotion which grace the annals of Christian benevolence! Contemplate for a moment the first missionary ladies to the Sandwich Islands. They left America with their lives in their hands, and no hope or desire to return. Bound on a voyage of extraordinary length, and destined to a land of idolaters, cannibals, and savages, whose ferocity had caused the death of many a mariner, and the wreck of many a ship, they braved the midnight tempest, the terrors of a Cape Horn passage, and the burning heat of an equinoctial sun. Confined in a narrow cabin, with but few comforts, often sick and enfeebled, their hearts anxious for those at home, and trembling at the expected scenes of their adopted land; and yet, amid all this, leaning on the promises of Jehovah, they lifted up the eye of faith to heaven, and rejoiced that they were accounted worthy to suffer for the cause of Christ. On arriving at the islands they heard the welcome shout, 'Idolatry is abolished,' but they found that every other trait of paganism remained unchanged.

"I am," says the writer, "well acquainted with the missionary ladies who accompanied their husbands to the Marquesas, or Washington Islands, in order to form a station at Nukahira. They had already undergone a painful separation from their friends in America, and formed new associations and endearments with their sisters in the mission at the Sandwich Islands. But even these they were called to surrender, and to exile themselves anew from the little vestige of society they there found. But they cheerfully gave up all; they had covenanted to be the Lord's, and they shrunk not from his service, however arduous or severe. They reached their port in safety. The naked savages crowded the vessel's deck, and when they landed, having never seen

white females before, they gathered round, gazing at their strange appearance, shouting as they passed, and practicing before them every gesture of indelicacy. This was the most trying point in the whole history of their brief residence there; yet they labored cheerfully and willingly among these ignorant idolaters, and submitted to the gross insults of these children of the wicked one, and nobly risked their lives to save them. What a devotion is here exhibited! What a consecration! *What a moral heroism in the service of Christ!*

“To die for Christ is victory, but to live for him as a missionary to the heathen, is the triumph of triumphs. With all our admiration for the female, how little of it is based on a true estimate of their moral virtues. They are regarded too much as creatures of fancy, of sentiment, of display, and worthy of praise only for the elegance of their dress or the charms of their person. But WOMAN has a nobler heritage than these; she possesses a strength of soul and a power of endurance which far surpass the fortitude of man. She is endowed with a sagacity and wisdom which render her capable of the most exalted deeds. Reproaches do not daunt her, dangers do not intimidate her, and adversities, though they may *bend*, cannot *break* her spirit. Steadfast in persecution, bold and daring in seasons of trial and despair, she has at times presented a moral spectacle of admiration at which the world might wonder.

“Not she with traitorous kiss our Saviour stung,
Not she denied him with unholy tongue;
She, when apostles shrunk, could danger brave,
Last at his cross, and earliest at his grave.’

The stormy days of the Church are over, the martyr's fire is extinguished, the dungeons of the Inquisition and all the terrible engines of religious oppression are done away, but not the sword, the stake, or the torturer's cell, have furnished

more noble examples of Christian devotedness and constancy than have been exhibited in the benighted regions of paganism by the humble and laborious missionary's wife."—*Charleston Observer*.

To some, perhaps, it may seem invidious that the compiler of these sketches of female laborers in the missionary cause should select so many of his memoirs from transatlantic sources, and so few from the records of the Methodist Episcopal Church. For this error, if error it be, the best apology he can make is, that the records from which his materials are gathered were at hand. Memoirs of female missionaries sent out by the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church have not, to his knowledge, been written. Dr. Bangs's History of Missions has been out of print some time, and in Dr. Strickland's history, though the operations of the society are faithfully delineated and the statistics amply given, yet there is very little, if anything, said of the personal labors, trials, toils, sufferings, and death of those self-denying, cross-bearing, and devoted females who sacrificed their lives for the sake of Him who died to save a ruined race. Something yet may be gathered from annual reports of the missionary society, letters published in the Advocate, and other sources, from which an interesting volume may be compiled.

MRS. ELIZABETH HARVARD.

MRS. ELIZABETH HARVARD was the wife of the Rev. William M. Harvard, and first female missionary in the Methodist connection.

Soon after their marriage, in the year 1813, Mr. and Mrs. Harvard embarked with Dr. Coke and several others on a mission to India. Mrs. H. sustained the trial of parting from her friends with Christian fortitude and true female heroism. Her heart was in the mission; and the storms and sickness experienced during a voyage of five months, never caused her to repine. She and her husband sailed in the same ship with Dr. Coke, and on occasion of his sudden death at sea, she manifested all the sympathy of sorrow, yet endeavored to encourage her husband, and the other missionaries, in their most trying circumstances.

On their arrival at Bombay, Mrs. Harvard soon began to render herself useful to the natives of her own sex. Mr. Harvard had been appointed to labor in Ceylon, and after Mrs. Harvard was sufficiently recovered from sickness to accompany him, she embarked with him on a second voyage; the distance was not more than eight or nine hundred miles, and usually accomplished in nine days, but in this case the voyage continued nearly seven weeks. Contrary winds blew them so far out of their course, that no one on board could ascertain their situation. The passengers and crew suffered privations of scarcity almost to its last extremity; a mutiny also among the sailors threatened them with

destruction; but in the midst of all Mrs. Harvard was wonderfully supported.

They landed at Point de Galle, eighty miles from their destination, and were six days on the road before they reached the spot. "Frequent efforts had been made before she left home to shake the firmness of her mind. But she never wavered for a moment, and when for the first time in her life she saw the ocean, and heard its rolling waves thundering upon the shore, with the self-command of a *missionary heroine*, she cheerfully expressed the pleasure she felt on being so contiguous to the mighty element which was to convey her to the unenlightened inhabitants of Asia."

But had she counted the cost? "As *missionaries*," she and her companions in suffering and toil were unknown, unexpected, and undesired, and a strong and prevailing antipathy to missionary objects tended to increase their difficulties.* Their *leader*, Dr. Coke, had fallen a victim to the arrow of the great spoiler, death; and Mrs. Ault also, the wife of one of the missionaries, had been buried in the ocean before the ships in which they sailed reached "India's coral strand," so that Mrs. Harvard was like an orphan in a far-off land, and what consolation could it be to her, or to any one,

"If then the spicy breezes,
Blew soft o'er Ceylon's isle?"

There was no Christian temple there; but

"The heathen in their blindness
Bow'd down to wood and stone."

On their arrival at Colombo, Mrs. H. immediately entered on her department of the missionary work; instructing the

* "Ceylon now numbers one hundred and fifty thousand converts to Christianity."—*Chris. Ad. and Jour.*, Dec. 10, 1856.

females, forming them into classes, encouraging the native women, by her example, to attend Christian worship, and assisting in the establishment of schools. She earnestly applied her mind to the study of the Cingalese; taught the native children needlework; and animated them by rewards of her own manufacture.

In about two years from the time of their arrival in India, Mrs. H. wrote to one of her brothers in England as follows:

"I am now sitting at my bed-room window, beholding one of the finest sights I ever saw. Our new chapel, or mission-house, is filled in every part with dear native Ceylonese children. My window is near enough for me to see and hear all that is passing in the chapel. Mr. H. is preaching to them in English, and our friend, Mr. Armour, is interpreting the sermon to them, sentence by sentence, into the native language; so that they are able to understand, and appear very attentive to what is said. Such an assembly of poor native children is truly interesting in this heathen land. It is our custom to have such a service for them every Christian festival."

But the health of this first female Methodist missionary failed, as that of many others since, and that of her husband also, so that they were obliged to return to their native land, where, after "serving God and her generation" a few years more, this amiable woman fell asleep in Jesus, March 5, 1823, aged thirty-five years.

"But is she dead? ah! no, she lives,
Her noble spirit flies
To heaven above, and there receives
The rich, the glorious prize.

"In robes of purity and love
Her happy soul is dress'd,
And all th' angelic host above
Rejoice to see her bless'd."

Mrs. Ault, the only other female missionary that embarked with Dr. Coke and his chosen band, was not permitted to set her foot on heathen ground, and Mrs. Fox, who followed Mrs. Harvard to Ceylon, lived only three or four years after she and her husband joined the mission family in that sultry, and to them inhospitable clime. The mission was commenced in 1814, and in less than ten years the spirits of these three blessed women greeted each other in the realms of bliss, while their bodies were consigned to their last resting-place thousands of miles apart. Mrs. Ault was buried in the Indian Ocean, Mrs. Harvard in England, and Mrs. Fox in Ceylon.

The Wesleyan Missionary Society has now (1856) in Ceylon, twenty missionary stations and twenty-four missionaries, of which number fifteen are native converts. The number of Church members is about two thousand; and there are several schools for the education of Ceylonese children.



MRS. MARGARET CARGILL.

MRS. CARGILL was the wife of the Rev. David Cargill, Wesleyan missionary to Tonga and Feejee. Miss Smith, afterward Mrs. Cargill, was a native of Aberdeen. Her acquaintance with Mr. Cargill commenced when he was a student in the university of that city; and when he received his appointment as a missionary to Tonga, one of the Friendly Islands in the South Pacific Ocean, she consented to accompany him, as his wife, to that distant field of labor.

In leaving the sanctified pleasures of domestic and social life, and in parting with her dearest earthly friends, Mrs.

Cargill, with the most exalted *heroism* of a willing mind, voluntarily encountered the untold privations, hardships, and perils which are necessarily attendant upon a residence among untamed savages, murderers of fathers, mothers, and children, whose feet are swift to shed blood; who gratify a fiend-like appetite by voraciously feeding upon the mangled bodies of their own species; and whose war-cry is scarcely less appalling than the yell of demons.

Early in the year 1834 the party with whom Mr. and Mrs. Cargill sailed, arrived in Tonga, where a deep and extensive work of God had for some time been in progress. There they remained till the latter end of the year 1835, during which time Mrs. C. studied the language of the natives, and both by precept and example taught them the nature of vital Christianity and its attendant virtues. She then accompanied her husband to Feejee, where he and Mr. Cross were appointed to commence a mission; and spent the residue of her days in a land where Satan had long had his seat, far from civilized society, and its accommodations and pleasures.

The conversion and salvation of the Feejeeans were objects which Mrs. Cargill most ardently desired, and for which she constantly and earnestly prayed. The ignorance and depravity in general, and the humiliating degradation of the females in particular, excited her commiseration, and induced her to become a cordial abettor of every plan that was adopted for their amelioration. Believing that her usefulness among the Feejeeans would be very limited without a knowledge of their language, she prudently availed herself of those means and opportunities which she could command, that she might acquire such an acquaintance with the Feejeean tongue, as to be able to converse in it with a tolerable degree of ease and accuracy.

One of the methods which she employed in the execution of this laudable desire was conversation with native females.

After a while she was able to converse freely with them respecting their customs and notions of religion. With an uncompromising spirit, she then assailed their errors and vices; and with affection and assiduity she urged upon them the necessity of reformation of manners, and pardon of sin from God through Jesus Christ. And such was the sweet spirit in which this was done, that her husband never heard of any native taking offense at her faithfulness; but the uniform testimony of persons of all ranks concerning her was, "*A marama yalo loloma ko Misisi Kargile*," "Mrs. Cargill is a lady of a loving spirit."

But the horrid customs of the natives—their ferocity in war, their cannibalism, their murderous rites, and their abominable idolatries—were so great a trial to her amiable spirit, that she could hardly endure it.

Saturday, the twenty-second of December, 1838, has been rendered memorable in the history of Feejee, by the arrival, on that day, of a devoted band of English missionaries, to assist Messrs. Cargill and Cross in their work. They brought with them a printing-press, which commenced its operations in February, 1839. Many of the chiefs and people manifested a great desire to see the press; and those of the heathen who witnessed its working, were filled with admiration at its effects, and unhesitatingly pronounced it *a god*.

The first work printed in the Feejeean language was the first part of the Conference Catechism. Part of the first page was *composed* by Mrs. Cargill; and the *printing* of the first four catechisms was performed by her hand.

The following interesting account was related by the husband of Mrs. Cargill, at a missionary meeting in London, in the year 1842:

CONVERSION OF A FEEJEEAN GIRL.

"A sister of one of our domestics, an interesting girl about seventeen years of age, became the victim of consumption. She was a servant of the Queen of Rewa. The queen, although she has on most occasions been very kind to the missionaries and their families, has not yet embraced Christianity: she is still a heathen. When informed of the girl's sickness, she said, 'Throw her into the river to the sharks; she is of no use to us; she is useful only as food for the sharks.' The poor girl betook herself to the mission premises. She had heard that the missionaries were the friends of the heathen; that they and their wives were the friends of the aged, the sick, and the abandoned. She therefore betook herself to the mission premises, which she was the more encouraged to do as her sister was in our service. We received her, and endeavored to do everything for her comfort in our power. We urged on her the necessity of taking upon herself the profession of Christianity; she did so. She attentively, gratefully, and joyfully listened to our instructions. It was not much she could learn. She was too weak to learn to read; and we did not press it upon her, knowing that her time was short. We told her that by nature she and all mankind were sinners; that all must repent; that they must believe in the Lord Jesus Christ; and that God, for Christ's sake, would pardon her sins if she did so believe, and after the death of her body would take her soul to heaven. This was the substance of what she knew; and on the afternoon of her death, when summoned to stand by her, she said to her sister: 'Sangole, you are a bad girl; your actions are bad; they are bad to God; they are bad to Jesus the Son of God, the Saviour of sinners. If you do not abandon your bad actions Jesus will not take you to heaven. Heaven is a good place; but you cannot go there if you perform such bad actions. Listen to the instructions

of the missionaries, and then you will be made happy forever.' She died soon after this conversation; but we have no reason to doubt her conversion."

How much did this poor girl's conduct resemble that of the dying thief!

THE DYING FEEJEEAN GIRL.

BY MISS HARRIET PHILLIPS, OF DANBURY, CONN.

O! so beautiful, and so very fair,
The young maiden's island home;
The blue ocean, skies, and the balmy air,
The groves with the ripe fruits clustering there,
And the winter never known;
All the long, long year there were sweet wild flowers,
And the bright-wing'd birds, in the vine-clad bowers.

And on Rewa's queen she was call'd to wait,
On the haughty island queen.
To her youthful thoughts there was none so great;
Yet fearfully dark was her threaten'd fate,
When her faltering steps were seen.
She is sick, she is useless now—away,
Was the royal word, to the sharks a prey.

In despair, to the mission home she fled,
Found love, where the strangers dwelt;
For the stranger's tears for her woes were shed,
And gently they bound up her aching head,
And in prayer together knelt.
Sweet sunlight thoughts to her heart were given,
When she heard of the Christian's God, and heaven.

Come, my dear Sangole, my own sister dear,
Said the dying girl one day;
You are heedless, bad, very bad, I fear.
Now, repent, be good, and the Saviour hear,
The kind Teacher's words obey;
And in death she then calmly closed her eyes,
To awake where the saved one never dies.

And O! who has the simple story read,
Of the Feejee maiden bless'd,
And will not rejoice for the sainted dead,
And be glad that earth's thorny paths we tread,
May lead to the land of rest.
Then praise, with a glad heart, praise the Lord,
For the saving light of his blessed word.

MRS. HORTON.

SHE was the wife of the Rev. W Horton, and missionary to Van Diemen's Land.

In the month of November, 1820, soon after her marriage, she embarked with her husband for Van Diemen's Land; at which place, and in New South Wales, her talents and influence were consecrated to the service of Christ. To the female inmates of the jail and hospital at Hobart Town she regularly imparted religious instruction. As a class-leader she was useful and much beloved; but perhaps it was as a visitor of the sick that she was pre-eminently successful in promoting the good of souls; and, no doubt, many in heaven have already greeted her as the instrument of their salvation.

After nine years' arduous toil and complicated suffering among the outcasts of society, in that far-off land, her health failed, and she returned with her husband to breathe her native air. For a while her health improved; but she soon relapsed into irrecoverable weakness and excessive nervous debility. For a time fears of final deliverance prevailed; but at length, in answer to prayer, faith triumphed, and perfect love cast out all fear; after which she gave utterance to the following joyous expressions: "I am so

unspeakably happy, I know not what to do. O help me to praise the Lord! Glory, glory be to his name forever! I shall soon be with Jesus to all eternity." Thus lived, and thus died, one of the first FEMALE MISSIONARIES TO AUSTRALIA.

MRS. ISABELLA MOORE,

WIFE OF THE REV. ROGER MOORE, MISSIONARY.

THIS excellent Christian woman, at the age of fifteen, became a member of the Church of England, and to all its forms she strictly adhered; nor did she rest there; she laid down rules for her self-government, two of which were the following: "Never enter on any daily duty without reading the Holy Scriptures." "In the retirement of the chamber, pray to the God of all grace before entering a place of worship." These rules she tenaciously observed to the last week of her life. Private prayer and fasting were her delight. Under the ministry of the Wesleyans, she saw clearly that she had been depending on her own works of righteousness for acceptance with God, and that she must be born of the Spirit, or she could not enter the kingdom of heaven. For this blessing she wrestled in faith and fervent prayer, and finally obtained it; and, in a short time afterward, received a clear sense of the full sanctification of her soul, a glorious privilege which she enjoyed more than twenty-three years. As the wife of a missionary, she was zealous, active, and consistent, reiterating with solemn earnestness, to all within her extensive sphere of labor, the words of Christ to Nicodemus, "Ye must be born again." Some of her last words were, "I have no rapturous joy, but settled peace." "So he giveth his beloved sleep."

MRS. MARGARET HODGSON.

“God’s way is in the sea, his path is in the great waters, and his footsteps are not known. Yet though his ways are thus past finding out, justice, goodness, and mercy characterize all the acts of his providential government. Among events of this kind none are more mysterious than the removal of persons engaged in the work of God, and endowed with talents such as warrant the expectation of great usefulness. But how frequently is this hope disappointed! They are seen to enter fully into the spirit of their duty; they secure the affection and confidence of those to whom their benevolent efforts are directed; when, suddenly, just when success is anticipated, they are called to cease from their labors, and go hence to be no more seen. But it is the Lord, and let him do what seemeth him good.

“These reflections have been suggested by the unexpected death of her whose name stands at the head of this article.”

Mrs. Hodgson was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Davis, of Preston, Lancashire, England, and before her marriage she was engaged as a Sabbath-school teacher and missionary collector, visiting the sick, etc. Private devotion was her delight. She had her fixed times for reading and meditation, and earnestly sought with much prayer that she might be a faithful follower of Him who “went about doing good.”

In 1827 she became acquainted with Mr. Hodgson, and in 1830 they were married; and on the 29th of August, 1835, embarked with Messrs. Hornby, Seccombe, Williams, and Harding, on a mission to the West Indies. The voyage was very tedious, but the means of grace were regularly observed on board; every Lord’s day they had preaching

morning and evening, and family worship in the cabin twice every day.

On the 28th of October they landed in Jamaica, and were gladly received by the brethren. They arrived at a time when their services were much required, as the sickly season had been most alarming. In the course of only a few months no fewer than *eleven* members of the Wesleyan family in Jamaica had been buried. Of this number *six* were ministers, *two*, missionaries' wives, and *three* from among their children. The influence produced upon the minds of the newly-arrived missionaries, by these sudden and frequent deaths, was deeply impressive. The death of one seemed only the harbinger of that of another: every one lived as on the verge of eternity; and when the weekly mail arrived, they were afraid to open their letters, lest they should find another and another dead. Yet in the midst of all this, all were endeavoring, to the best of their ability, to supply the place of those who had fallen. If ever the Jamaica missionaries lived in the spirit of prayer, it was in 1835. An influence then rested upon the Church, which it is believed has not been lost.

Mr. Hodgson and his faithful wife continued to labor and suffer in different stations on the Jamaica District until September, 1844. On Sunday, the 29th, Mrs. Hodgson attended public worship for the last time. Before the service was concluded she felt somewhat indisposed, and was obliged to retire. She was seized with the fever peculiar to that clime, which was so violent and rapid in its progress, that by Monday, October 7, she was no longer an inhabitant of earth, but her sanctified spirit had taken its flight to the land of the blessed. The day following, her mortal remains were laid in the chapel-yard, by the side of two of her predecessors, Mrs. Atkins and Mrs. Rowden.

MRS. REBECCA NEWSON DAVIES.

MRS. DAVIES was one of the daughters of the late Rev. Isaac Bradnack.* Her husband, the Rev. Richard Davies, was appointed to a mission on the Jamaica District, West Indies. On the 4th of July, 1844, Mrs. Davies was seized with a bilious fever, and on the 18th ended her brief but valuable life. During her short illness she was perfectly resigned to the will of God, and often spoke of heaven with a rapture which showed how much her imprisoned spirit longed to take its flight. On one occasion she said, "I shall soon see my much-loved father, sister, and brother; but, above all, I shall see Jesus." She knew in whom she had believed, and left behind her a glorious testimony that she is now forever with the Lord.

MRS. MARY ANN HARDY.

MRS. HARDY, wife of the Rev. R. S. Hardy, and daughter of the Rev. Isaac Turton, accompanied her husband as a missionary to Ceylon, in the year 1835, and returned to her native country in 1848. While on the mission she was assiduous in her attention to a native school; and the Hon. Mrs. Mackenzie, the governor's lady, was so much pleased with the progress of the children, when she visited it, that

* Mentioned in "My Youthful Days," pp. 139-146.

she sent a donation of ten pounds toward its support. Mrs. Hardy was at a missionary meeting on the Monday before her death, after which she walked home, a distance of two miles. The following morning she was seized with cholera. Nearly the last articulate sentence which she uttered was, "I am very happy."

"How many fall as *sudden*, not as *safe*!"

MRS. ELIZABETH CURTISS.

MRS. CURTISS, wife of the Rev. T. Curtiss, Wesleyan missionary, died in the Island of Jamaica, August 22, 1849. Mrs. Curtiss was savingly converted to God, and joined the Methodist Society in the seventeenth year of her age, in her native country, and evinced by her subsequent consistent life, notwithstanding much opposition, the reality of the change she had experienced. On the first of February, 1831, she, with her husband, left England for Jamaica, where she spent upward of eighteen years. She died very unexpectedly, in child-birth; but in sweet submission to the will of God.

MRS. ANN SHIPMAN.

MRS. SHIPMAN was the wife of the Rev. John Shipman, missionary in Jamaica, West Indies. Her maiden name was Wills. She was a native of Aberdeen. Her parents were members of the Scotch Presbyterian Church. Soon after her education was completed, Miss Wills was engaged as a governess in the family of Alexander Innes, Esq. In this situation she secured the affection and confidence of the whole family. The gentleman in whose family she resided had spent eighteen years in Jamaica. Of that island she was accustomed to hear so much that she became as familiar with its various peculiarities, and as well acquainted with the precautionary means necessary to be used by Europeans there for the preservation of their health, as perhaps it was possible for an actual stranger to be. May not the directing hand of the God of missions be recognized in thus preparing those whom he designs for some special service for the labors to which he calls them ?

While Miss Wills was little more than a child, having heard of the watch-night services held by the Wesleyans on the last night of the year, she felt a strong desire to attend. Her friends, who were not connected with Methodism, consented very reluctantly to her attendance. Her father made it the condition of his consent, that she should "Take care and remember the text, and repeat it to him when she came home." What the text was, is not known ; but she never forgot the impression made when the accustomed hymn was given out, and sung with great earnestness by the whole congregation :

"Come, let us anew
Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear."

From that time she remembered the Methodists with affection, and often wished she might sit under their ministry, and at length came to the resolution that she would do so. Doubts on doctrinal subjects occasionally troubled her mind, and when she began to feel the burden of sin, and she experienced no comfort from the teaching which she usually heard, her thoughts went back to the watch-night service in the old Wesleyan chapel at Aberdeen, and she resolved to hear and judge for herself. The consequence was, that she became a regular hearer, and soon after a member of the society.

At length she found rest to her soul while listening to the word. The text was: "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus," &c., Rom. viii, 1. She then felt that she could trust in Christ as her Saviour, and from that time she went on her way rejoicing.

On Tuesday, July 26, 1814, she was married to the Rev. John Shipman, and on the following Friday sailed with him from the port of Aberdeen for London. The first voyage was stormy and perilous, but in eight days they arrived in safety at the metropolis of the British empire. At that time there was no mission-house, nor missionary secretary; they therefore made their stay with Mr. Blanshard, the book steward, till they embarked for Jamaica. The funds of the Missionary Society were not then what they are now, nor was the outfit of a missionary what it has since become. And as England was then at war with the United States, they sailed under the guard of a strong convoy, in company with more than three hundred merchant vessels. Occasionally fears were expressed lest, should the fleet be separated by a gale of wind, the vessel in which the missionaries sailed

might be captured and taken into an American port. Mr. Shipman heard such remarks from time to time, but without being moved by them, and only replied: "Never mind; in that case we shall have the opportunity of seeing America."

At Barbadoes the ship was taken into the transport service, and five hundred soldiers, all black men, and their officers, were received on board. But this gave her no concern; although, had a mutiny taken place, or provisions fallen short, their situation would have been very uncomfortable.

After a voyage of three months they arrived at the place of their destination. Mr. Shipman preached his first sermon in a cottage, which was in the possession of an old African woman, who, in her own country, had been destined to be put to death to be devoured; but was sold for a slave instead, and taken to Jamaica, where, in the providence of God, she first obtained liberty from the bondage of sin, and afterward freedom from the yoke of slavery.

The colonial government was not then very favorable to missions, and a very bitter persecution was then raging in Jamaica. But during his greatest trials the missionary testifies that his wife was indeed "a help meet for him;" a judicious adviser, and in the performance of his pastoral duties, an invaluable assistant. At one time the classes under her care contained not fewer than two hundred members.

In St. Ann's parish she regularly accompanied her husband to the Groshen estate, a ride of eight or ten miles, and assisted him in the instruction of the slaves. The Hon. James Laing kindly presented her with a horse, that she might be able, as much as possible, to be engaged in those excursions which were so profitable to the poor negroes. It is believed that she will be hailed by many in the heavenly world to whom, on these occasions, she was made an instrument of great spiritual good.

Her spirit was truly catholic. She received, and enter-

tained to the best of her ability, missionaries and their wives belonging to other Christian denominations. The knowledge of the physical circumstances of Jamaica, which she had acquired while in the family of Mr. Innes, at Aberdeen, she found to be very useful. As a nurse, she was almost as efficient as if all her life had been spent in the island.

She was a decided Protestant. She received the Bible as the rule of her faith and practice. She highly approved of the constitution and objects of the British and Foreign Bible Society. While yet a girl she attended one of its earliest meetings held in Aberdeen, and was so impressed with what she heard on that occasion that she borrowed a shilling from a friend for the collection made at that time; and in after life, when she became a mother, she named one of her sons Martin Luther, in honor of the great reformer.

After laboring and suffering upward of ten years in Jamaica, she and her husband returned to England, by the way of Baltimore. From their American friends, during their brief stay, says Mr. Shipman, they received the kindest attention. In 1825, after an absence of eleven years, her husband was appointed to Aberdeen, and Mrs. Shipman rejoiced in thus having the opportunity, as a minister's wife, of seeking to promote the spiritual prosperity of her native city. During the period of her residence there, she was indirectly the means of causing a liberal legacy to be bequeathed to the Wesleyan Missionary Society.

But this excellent woman and intrepid missionary passed through some severe trials. While in Jamaica three of her children were taken from her by death; and while at Keighley, in England, she lost an affectionate daughter, in the fifteenth year of her age. But the severest trial through which she had to pass was the death of a beloved son, who fell a victim to the African fever, while engaged in the work of the Lord as a missionary on the gold coast. But though she felt as a mother, she bowed in patient submission to the

will of God ; and when it came to be her lot to part with her husband and the surviving branches of her family she kissed them all, breathed out a prayer for them, one by one ; and then fell into a quiet slumber, from which she awoke no more ; it was the sleep of death !

MRS. M. SMITH,

OF CAPE TOWN, CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

ALL who are interested in the welfare of the human race must rejoice in the successful efforts of missionaries in introducing Christianity among those who have never embraced its tenets, and deplore the failure of every attempt in so beneficent an undertaking.

Few persons have done more than the subject of this sketch, toward ameliorating the condition of fallen man. She possessed extraordinary powers, and energy both of body and mind, and those powers were in constant operation for the benefit of her fellow-creatures. The philanthropy of her heart was as extensive as human existence, and her hands contributed to the support of almost every institution that was founded in Christian benevolence. Her ears were attentive to the cries of wretchedness ; and the lips of thousands poured blessings on her name. But her views did not terminate in the temporal and social wellbeing of mankind ; she aimed at the destruction of the infernal monarchy, the emancipation of human souls from the vassalage of sin, and the salvation of the world. The life of Mrs. Smith has this peculiarity, it was decidedly missionary ; her exertions for the spiritual welfare of all around her ; her efforts to promote the cause of religion in the town and colony of the Cape ;

and her journeys and labors to evangelize the degraded Hottentots and Bushmen, deserve the highest praise. The directors of the London Missionary Society speak of her as being for many years the friend and auxiliary of their society, and recount her labors of love with the warmest approbation.

The following is the testimony of Sir Richard Otley, at a meeting held at the Wesleyan Chapel, Colombo, March 26, 1824. This gentleman was chairman of the meeting, and in his address said : "The name of Mrs. SMITH has been justly celebrated by the religious world, and in the colony of the Cape of Good Hope. I heard," says the speaker, "a missionary of talents state, that wherever he went in that colony, at six hundred or a thousand miles from the principal seat of government, among the natives of Africa ; and wherever he saw persons converted to Christianity, the name of Mother Smith was always hailed as the person from whom they received their religious impressions. And he further stated, that although no less than ten missionaries, all men of piety and industry, were stationed in that settlement, the exertions of Mrs. Smith alone were more efficacious, and had been attended with greater success, than the labors of those missionaries combined together. After these examples of heroism and magnanimity displayed by females, (said the speaker,) what may we not expect from affording an enlightened education of that sex, and calling into action the virtues which they are capable of displaying, when justice is done to them, and when they are made to support that station in society which they are capable of adorning."

The following letter, written to Mr. Kicherer, the absent pastor, will give the reader some idea of Mrs. Smith's deep concern for the souls of men :

"MY WORTHY AND MUCH-BELOVED BROTHER IN THE LORD : Grace, peace, and joy be granted you in an abundant measure, from the Father, in our Lord Jesus Christ, by

the Holy Spirit! Beloved, I cannot suffer this good opportunity to slip unimproved. My letter will not be long; but obedience is better than sacrifice. How is it now with you, dear brother? In spirit, I travel along with you, imploring the Lord, who rules the great deep, to bear you and your whole company on the wings of his divine protection; to care for you, and to comfort your inmost souls. Ah! in how childlike a manner is your unworthy sister enabled to do so! It is my daily request, that He, who has all power in heaven and on earth, may cause you to find favor in the hearts of those with whom you may be engaged! At the bottom of all, however, is this prayer, 'Lord, bring him back to his poor flock!' O that you knew what a mourning there has been here for you during your absence! Nothing but the hope of the people to see their minister once more in their midst makes the loss somewhat bearable. O, dear Brother Kicherer, if it be the Lord's will, hasten back to your sheep which you have left in the wilderness. I will now tell you a few of the occurrences in this congregation since you left us: The Spirit of God has been striving here to bring sinners, both old and young, to Jesus Christ. About eighteen individuals have lately experienced a work of grace in their hearts. There is what you may call a general awakening in our heathen congregation, and many seem to be very lively in their course.

"The disposition of our fellow-Christians here seems to be more friendly than formerly. My house is continually brimful, both of Christians and heathens, all in a jumble. Love having its work among us, such a union cannot fail taking place. There is, as it were, no difference among us. We resemble, a little, the primitive Church of Christ; though in this confusion order is maintained. Such is our happy predicament at present. Now, my dear brother in the Lord, pray to God with me, that this tie of the Spirit, by which our hearts are knit together, may prove an indissoluble one!

and that, though distant in body, we may have grace daily to meet in the center of our happiness, which is Christ! bearing one another in mind, when we draw supplies for our need out of the inexhaustible well-springs of salvation. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you, my brother! Make haste to return to your flock, which, day and night, calleth out for you. Farewell, my brother in the Lord.

M. SMITH."

The Rev. John Campbell, missionary to Africa, in a letter to the editor of the Evangelical Magazine, says: "For many years past, Mrs. Smith took the lead in most of the plans adopted for doing good in that country; for she possessed the happy art of setting all her friends to work in one way or other. Her fluency of speech, the seriousness of her address, and the earnestness of her manner, when recommending plans of usefulness, generally prevailed. And so extensive were the good effects of her pious exhortations, that, on my first visit to the colony, wherever I met with persons of evangelical piety, I generally found that their first impressions of serious religion were ascribed to Mrs. Smith, whose earnest address to them on their annual or half-yearly visits to Cape Town for the purchase of goods, together with the books or tracts which she put into their hands, were eminently blessed of God. From the period of Dr. Vanderkemp's arrival in Africa to the time of her death, Mrs. Smith was the cordial, active, steady friend of the missionary cause. The contributions made to the funds of the missionary cause, which were obtained chiefly through her instrumentality, were very considerable. Last year (1821) they amounted to five thousand rix-dollars, which sums were collected, not from Cape Town only, but from every district in the colony, with the pious people of which she maintained, for that purpose, a constant correspondence; and the sums so subscribed were regularly transmitted to her as the treasurer."

The death of this excellent woman was, as might be expected, gloriously triumphant. On the morning of the day on which she died, the doctor said to her, "Now, dear madam, how are you?" "Well," was her answer. "Well!" said the doctor; "how can that be?" She immediately answered, "Yes, very well; I am a King's daughter." Two or three hours after she said, "Dear Father, look upon thy child; dear Lord Jesus, look upon thy worm!" and about midnight breathed her spirit imperceptibly into his hands.



MRS. ANNA SUTCH.

THE mother of Mrs. Sutch was an eminently holy woman, and for many years a useful class-leader at Maidstone, in Kent, the place of Anna's birth. The pious mother, while her child was yet young in years, often took her into her closet, in order to counsel her and pray with her. Under such religious training, the daughter, in her fourteenth year, became a decided follower of the meek and lowly Jesus, and soon after joining the class to which her mother belonged, obtained a clear and satisfactory evidence of the Divine favor.

Upon the death of the mother, the daughter, with the rest of the family, removed to Brighton, when the management of the domestic affairs of the household devolved principally upon her. Released from that responsibility, she became the governess of a school, which station she filled with great acceptability and usefulness. Her health having declined, she was advised by her physician to leave the sea-coast, and accordingly, in the beginning of the year 1837, she removed to Claydon House, Bucks, the seat of Sir Henry

Verney, M. P., and had charge of a private school, under the patronage of Lady Verney, until directed by the "Pillar of the Cloud" to depart far off to the Gentiles. From the time of her conversion to God, she laid herself out for usefulness, by actively engaging in the Sabbath schools, in the distribution of tracts, in collecting money for the Bible and missionary societies, and in procuring relief for the poor and afflicted. While residing at Claydon House, she instituted a benevolent society for the sick and destitute people of that neighborhood; and, while visiting the aged, poor, and afflicted, her own soul was often greatly blessed.

Soon after her marriage with the Rev. James Sutch, she was called to leave her family and friends, and accompany her husband on a mission to the very ends of the earth, to VAN DIEMEN'S LAND. She knew the sacrifices consequent upon this step; but she promptly and cheerfully made them; for, from her youth up, the cause of missions was entwined around her heart, and engaged her energies, so that she anticipated with uncommon delight, activities and successes in that part of the mission-field. Nor did her conviction of the importance of the cause, or her trust in the faithfulness of God, at all diminish during a tedious and unpleasant voyage. Often, when great danger existed, and many were at their wits' end, she would, though extremely ill, calmly and confidently express her assurance that God would bring herself and partner to the place of her destination, and make his pleasure to prosper in their hands. Upon reaching Hobart Town, the gratitude she felt was inexpressible. Her soul was overwhelmed with love to God, for the numerous and distinguished blessings which she had received at his hand; and again did she consecrate herself to his service. But although it had been long in her heart to labor for the salvation of souls in that distant part of the Lord's vineyard, yet it was not permitted her so to do; for the afflictions which she endured on the voyage were continued after her

arrival, and almost entirely excluded her from the services of God's house, and the society of his people. Hence it was for her to "glorify God in the fires" of affliction by submission to his sovereign will; and herein she was "an example to all that believe." Never was she heard to murmur, or seen to display the least impatience, but would often, in severe paroxysms of pain, repeat, with peculiar fervor, the following verses:

"O thou, whose mercy guides my way,
Though now it seem severe;
Forbid my unbelief to say,
'There is no mercy here.'

"Then, though thou bend my spirits low,
Love only shall I see;
The very hand that strikes the blow,
Was wounded once for me."

Thus, throughout her afflictions, she was enabled to trust in the Lord, and often rejoice in God her Saviour. But she was not exempt from temptations. One morning she said to her husband, "I have had such a conflict with the enemy. It seemed as though I was on the verge of destruction, and had to fight my passage through a host of fallen angels, principalities, and powers; and once I thought I was in hell;" and added, "I hope the Lord will not permit me to be so sorely assailed again."

On the 15th of November, 1838, she became a mother; but the tender flower bloomed only a few days, and then was transplanted to a happier clime. From that time the parent stock rapidly declined, and on the 22d of December entered into rest.

Two days before her death she said, "I am very happy; and, bless the Lord, I can trust in Christ entirely for salvation, and know that he will save me." Soon after this she became anxious for a special promise, and said, "I know the

Lord will give me one." A friend read to her Isaiah xxx, 15: "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength;" when she said, "That is it; now I can rest." As her strength rapidly decreased, and breathing became difficult, she said, "O what a struggle!" and then, after a pause, added,

"Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life."

Presently she said, "I shall soon be with Jesus in glory;" and then she ceased to breathe.



MISS LUCY RICHARDS.

"THE subject of this sketch was extensively known as a young woman of deep and ardent piety. Scores of itinerant preachers, who, in the discharge of their official duties, visited the place of her residence, have borne testimony to the excellence of her character. She was indeed a bright and shining light; and not only professed, but practically exemplified the great blessing of perfect love. In her character there was a beautiful and attractive consistency, exhibiting all the fruits of the Spirit, in all their supreme loveliness. With the most unshrinking fidelity she bore her daily cross, and conscientiously discharged every known duty." Such is the testimony of one who knew her well, and was well able to make a just and proper estimate of her worth.

Miss Richards was born at Paris, Oneida County, N. Y., October 3, 1792; and died at the same place, September 10, 1837, in the forty-fifth year of her age. Her parents

were natives of Connecticut, and removed to the State of New-York before Lucy was born. They were both brought to an experimental knowledge of the truth through the labors of Methodist ministers. Her father was awakened by the preaching of the late venerable Freeborn Garrettson; and her mother was awakened under the preaching of Benjamin Abbot. Subsequently her father became a class-leader and local preacher. The incidents of her childhood and early youth are related with great simplicity and candor by Miss Richards herself, in an interesting memoir, published at our Book Room in New-York. Like many other children of pious parents, she was subject to frequent convictions; but she was of a proud and haughty spirit. On one occasion, when asked by a pious person if she had experienced religion, her answer was, "No; nor do I want any." Some time after she was convinced more deeply of sin, under a sermon by the late Rev. Ebenezer White, from the words of Christ, Revelations iii, 20: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock," etc. She then resolved to seek the Lord; and at a camp-meeting, September 21, 1809, after a long and severe struggle, she found peace.

When she was about eighteen, while she was at school at Saquoit, boarding with a pious family, and worshipping with a people who were much alive in religion, she sought and obtained the blessing of perfect love. From that time to the day of her death she maintained a "closer walk with God," and enjoyed a more intimate communion with the Father, Son, and Spirit, than is believed to be the case with many thousands of the professors of our common Christianity. In 1811 she commenced teaching, and was not only beloved by her pupils, but was made useful to several of them spiritually. From that period of her life she was much devoted to the cause of God, and witnessed many gracious revivals of religion in that part of the State of New-York where she lived.

In 1829 she was employed as a school teacher among the Oneida Indians, and continued her labors among them for some time. For that self-denying work she was well qualified in every respect, except the want of physical energy and permanent good health. Her mental endowments were of a superior order, and her piety was deep and uniform. But she was the subject of frequent and protracted sickness; yet even then she was ardent in the pursuit of knowledge, holiness, and usefulness. Her plan of reading the Scriptures daily, was one chapter in the historical part of the Old Testament, one in the devotional, and one in the New Testament. She kept a journal for many years. On one occasion, after a season of sickness, she says: "Yesterday I finished reading Dr. A. Clarke's Commentary on the Holy Bible; and it has been to me, at least, 'a help to a better understanding of the sacred writings.' For this inestimable blessing I thank God; but how much more remains to be learned. I have also perused most of Messrs. Wesley and Fletcher's writings; and I feel no hesitation in saying *I am a Methodist*. O, may I be an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile!" On another occasion, when her pecuniary resources were almost exhausted, being still intent on doing good, and unable, by reason of sickness, to be at her post, she says: "I have always had enough to pay my physician, and to give something for the support of the blessed Gospel; and yet my means are not exhausted." A plan of usefulness was immediately suggested to her mind. "I thought," said she, "I will, take a little of what I have, and when my friends come to see me I will ask them to give a little; and thus I shall obtain enough to procure the Christian Advocate and Journal for E. The variety which it contains may do more good than I could do were I to live and write an age; and then there are three families that may be profited by the perusal." Accordingly, she set about the work, and soon obtained enough to procure the

paper and pay the postage. Generous soul! she did what she could, and the Lord blessed her in doing it.

Some idea of the self-sacrificing spirit necessary to sustain a delicate female in the arduous work of *civilizing* Indian women, and teaching Indian girls how to be good and happy, may be formed by the following brief extract from Miss Richards's Journal: "The females wear their hair parted from the center of the forehead, directly over the crown of the head, braided down their backs, and tied up in the neck with a string or ribbon; and many of them have a long lock hanging down the foreside of each ear. Their dress is a broad-cloth petticoat, bound with blue or red ribbon, and ornamented with beads; leggins fixed in the same manner, a calico or white cotton short gown, without being hemmed, fastened together with broaches, and from two to five pair of jewels in their ears. Some idea of their practical inattention to tidiness may be formed from the following fact, which we learned from actual observation: they wash their clothes, mop their floor, and milk their cow in the same pail."

The journal of Miss Richards, while she was among the Indians, is full of interest. Her health failing, she was obliged to leave the mission, but her love for the cause, and her faith and hope in Christ, never forsook her. September 4, 1835, she says: "My afflictions remain, but I bless God my soul is happy. In prayer-meeting last evening my joys were unspeakable, while my evidence of acceptance with God was as clear as the noonday sun." After this she lived about two years, and continued faithful, "glorifying God in the fires," till like some "bright particular star" she vanished from our sight, to shine in heaven.

MRS. MARGARET PRIOR.

“Departed saint! how lovely was thy life!
How fine the symmetry that sweetly graced
Thy character in every varied shade!
Thou hadst a woman’s heart, a woman’s love,
In woman’s best estate, redeem’d by grace.
A mother’s pity for those not thy own
Waked tender chords, chords ever tuned to love.
Such friends as thou, the poor too often find
‘Like angels’ visits, few, and far between.’”

MRS. PRIOR was well known and highly esteemed in the City of New-York, as one of the most faithful and eminently successful laborers in the cause of moral reform, between the years 1835 and 1845. After her death a small volume, containing a narrative of her unexampled toils in the cause of benevolence, was published by the society whose interests she had espoused. In the preface to that work, it is said that “During the last five years of her life she was thought to have been instrumental in the conversion of more than *one hundred souls*.” Some account of the religious experience, and truly *heroic* attacks upon the citadel of Satan, cannot be unacceptable to the truly pious heart.

Mrs. Prior was the daughter of Mr. William Barrett, a respectable farmer, of the township of Fredericksburgh, Virginia. Both her parents were professors of religion. Her mother died when she was a child, and a stepmother supplied her place. At an early age, therefore, Margaret was taught to be frugal and to rely upon herself.

At the age of sixteen she was married to Mr. William Allen, a merchant of Baltimore, who was lost at sea with the vessel which he owned and commanded. Shortly after the death of Mr. Allen she removed to New-York, and in the

year 1814, six years after the loss of her first husband, she was married to Mr. William Prior, a member of the society of Friends, and somewhat distinguished for his benevolence and public spirit. During the lifetime of Mr. Allen she made a public profession of religion by uniting with the Baptist Church. But it was not till after she had spent several happy years in the society of her second husband that her mind yielded to the conviction that a people so different in many things from the Baptists and Friends could possibly be right, and yet she found, by associating with the Methodists, that even those who lay no great stress upon *immersion* as the only mode of baptism, and are more noted for *noisy* than for *silent* meetings, had at least something of the life and power of religion among them. An invitation had been given to attend a Methodist meeting in the church that was separated from her residence only by an adjoining yard. Having imbibed strong prejudices against Methodism, the invitation was not accepted. But her own place of worship being at some distance, she was induced one pleasant Sabbath morning to select a place beneath a shade-tree in her own garden, where she could, without being perceived, listen to the word of God. Whether the preacher was very *noisy* that day or not, is not stated, but from what followed it is pretty clear that the inward monitor told her that he preached the truth as it is in Jesus. The word reached her heart, and it was not a very long time before Mrs. Margaret Prior was among the penitents at the altar, and shortly after rejoicing in the God of her salvation.

“Let party names no more
The Christian world o’erspread,
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.”

During the year 1819, Mrs. Prior united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and remained an acceptable member of that communion till her death.

Soon after the New-York Asylum for Orphans was instituted, she became one of its Board of Managers. She was also a stated visitor at the House of Refuge. She was in the habit of visiting the Asylum on holidays, and of distributing baskets of presents among the children. She said they were deprived of their parents, and had no friends to bestow the little gifts that other children expect on such occasions; and the privilege of conferring such favors was a source of quite as much enjoyment to her as to them.

It is a pleasant thing to visit asylums for orphan children, and talk to them, and hear them sing praises to God and the Lamb; but to adopt a sickly child as your own, and take care of it for ten years, as Mrs. Prior did, if that is not *heroism*, it is *charity* indeed, if done with the same motive and intent as she did.

Her effort to convince a poor boy, who lived in her family, of the sinfulness of cruelty and falsehood; her zeal in the cause of temperance, and victory over herself in regard to snuff-taking; her patience and perfect resignation to the Divine will in the loss of a second husband and seven children by death; her removal from a pleasant home, which had been a place of prayer for years, to another home, less congenial than the one on Bowery Hill, where the lovely garden and the pleasant walks of other days have all been swept away by the march of modern improvements; and many other trials through which Mrs. Prior passed, are told in the book referred to, with all the artlessness and pathos of simple truth.

It was while residing on Bowery Hill, and mingling with a band of pious and praying sisters, that the almost hopeless condition of the "*long train of deluded ones*" first moved the deep fountains of Christian sympathy in the heart of Mrs. Prior. Her connection with the House of Refuge, where she was a constant visitor, had led her to dwell much upon the causes and consequences of early crime among the class of

females who were gathered there. There she saw the result of its *beginnings*; and in another department of her labor, the hospital and penitentiary, she saw its *end*. She dwelt much upon the fact, that though they were the victims of sin and shame, they were "somebody's children;" sojourners on earth, probationers in time; going with us to the same judgment, and soon to have their immortal destiny decided according to the deeds done in the body. Mrs. Prior saw that a strong tide of immorality had set in, and was carrying away scores, if not hundreds of hapless victims to an early and unhonored grave; and, like a mother in Israel, she did what she could to save the *lost ones* from being LOST FOREVER! Nor were her labors in vain, as the three hundred and twenty pages of truthful narrative, entitled "Walks of Usefulness," abundantly show.

It was not only among the "frail ones," as they are sometimes called, thousands of whom on their deathbed might say, in truth, "No man cared for my soul," that Mrs. Prior was, by nature and by grace, particularly fitted to be useful. Some "strong ones," and some "perverse ones," were subdued by the power with which her words were clothed when she awoke, like Deborah of old, and arose, and "came up to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

MRS. JANE HICKSON.

MRS. JANE HICKSON was the daughter of Mr. William Garland, of Conception Bay, Newfoundland, and wife of the Rev. Thomas Hickson, missionary.

In the year 1817, under the ministry of the Rev. John

Bell, she was deeply awakened to a sense of her fallen condition, and began earnestly to seek the Lord. Early in 1818, under the preaching of the word the Lord was pleased to set her soul at liberty, and fill her with peace and joy. From that time her whole life was a comment upon the words of the apostle, "If any man be in Christ Jesus, he is a new creature." In 1819 she was married to Mr. Hickson, and ever after considered it the highest honor to be the wife, and to be joined in the work of a Christian missionary. As a class-leader she was singularly faithful and highly acceptable. She had stored her mind with useful knowledge, so as to be able both to feed and guide the flock of Christ. When her husband has been out on his circuit for a fortnight or three weeks at a time, and the care of the female classes has fallen principally upon her, he had always the satisfaction of finding, on his return, that they had lost nothing in his absence. But such were her toils and sufferings on some of the circuits in that rigorous climate, that it is believed they contributed, in no small degree, to lay the foundation of that complaint, which soon after carried her, in the prime of life, to her grave. On the Burin Circuit she had frequently to walk, or go in small boats, through wet and cold, to meet the classes placed under her care.

Her state of mind, during a painful and protracted affliction, was, in general, highly delightful. On one occasion, however, she had a hard struggle with the enemy, at which time, unperceived, her husband entered the room and found her gasping for breath, and in sore conflict with the powers of darkness. He heard her say distinctly, and with peculiar emphasis, "Begone, Satan! It is *not* hard: it is not a proof of his anger that I am afflicted." He said: "My dear, are you struggling with your enemy?" She answered, "Yes; I have been tempted to have hard thoughts of God." At another time she appeared, for a season, as if engaged in

holy contemplation, and said, "O happy, happy, happy lot." Recovering a little, and seeing her mother standing by her, she said, "My dear mother, you see I shall soon be in heaven." Soon after which she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, aged twenty-one years.

"So fades a summer cloud away ;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;
So gently shuts the eye of day ;
So dies a wave along the shore."

MRS. ELIZABETH JANION.

MRS. JANION'S maiden name was Dove. When about nineteen years of age, she was providentially led to go to the Methodist meeting. The preacher that day was Mr. John Reese, brother of the Rev. Richard Reese. His text was, "Awake to righteousness, and sin not ; for some have not the knowledge of God. I speak this to your shame." She was then awakened, and thought that some person had been describing her character to the preacher. It was some time before she found peace, and her convictions increasing, she at length determined to see what a class-meeting was. She went, and on that occasion was not able to conceal her feelings. She says, "I wept aloud, for my heart was ready to break with the anguish I felt." The third time that she attended the burden of her guilt was removed, peace and joy indescribable were imparted, and love to God and his people filled her happy soul.

It was not long before the enemy raised opposition. Being the youngest and the gayest of the family, she had been the favorite of the domestic circle ; but now, having

become a Methodist, she was looked upon less cordially, and had to endure derision. Snares of an alluring nature were placed in her way, but the Lord, seeing her danger, laid her on a bed of affliction, by which she was rescued from the danger to which she was exposed.

In the month of April, 1817, she, for the first time, attended a missionary meeting, when she became deeply interested in the blessed cause of Christian missions to the heathen. She fixed a time to pray every day for its prosperity, and also became a collector for the Missionary Society. But little did she then think that the Lord was preparing her for usefulness in the character of a missionary's wife.

On the sixth of November, Miss Dove was married to Mr. Janion, and the same day left her father's house, uncertain that she should ever see the home of her childhood. It was a severe trial for her faith, but she bore it like a true heroine. On their voyage to the West Indies she suffered much from sea-sickness, but she did not repent of her choice. While on the mission she took an active part in the missionary work. She had always one, or two, or more classes under her care; and in most of the stations where her husband was appointed to labor, she formed adult female Sabbath schools.

In training up her offspring in wisdom's ways, she took particular care to impress their minds with a sense of the greatness and goodness of God, that they might fear and love him; and would frequently remind them of his omniscience and hatred to sin, especially of pride and falsehood. One of her last requests to her husband was, "to bring them up as plain Methodists." [Blessed woman, how few are of the same mind!]

But the labors and sufferings of more than eight years in a tropical climate, seriously impaired her constitution, and that of her husband also, so that they were obliged to return to their native land. The first winter after their return, Mrs.

J. became subject to a deep and troublesome cough, which never entirely left her. This was followed by intermittent fever, which so prostrated her that she never recovered.

But the closing scene was glorious! Finding her strength declining, and her end approaching, she began to be more importunate than ever for a clear manifestation of pardoning love and sanctifying grace. One day her husband overheard her saying, "Praise the Lord!" "I am glad," said he, "to hear you praising the Lord." She then shouted, "Glory be to God! glory! glory!" Her sister hearing her, ran up stairs, and, with her husband, wondered, and wept, and praised the Lord with her, for near an hour, while she continued to exclaim in a rapture of joy, "What is this? Is this glory? Is this heaven? O my Jesus, how shall I praise thee? O how I love him! O let me embrace him! How sweet is this love! I never thought that I should love him in this manner." Then, speaking to her husband and sister, she said, "O how I love you! Let me put my arms round you both." She continued in this happy frame several days. Some of her last words were, "Glory! Jesus! glory! Jesus! All is love! All is love!"

MRS. MARY FLETCHER.

THIS eminent Christian lady was born at Laytonstone, in the County of Essex, England, September, 1739. At five years of age she was powerfully wrought upon by the Holy Spirit, and much concerned to find out the way to heaven. About that time a servant maid came to live in the family, who knew something about experimental religion. She had been among the Methodists; and finding the sister of Miss Bosanquet under a concern for her soul, talked with her on the subject. The sister related the conversation to Miss Mary, who says, "I thought, if I became a Methodist, I was sure of salvation, and determined, if ever I could get to that people, whatever it would cost me, I would be one of them."

It is a little singular that the conversation of a poor woman, with whom Mr. Fletcher happened to meet in the City of St. Albans, should lead him, after hearing that "the Methodists were a people who prayed from morning to night," to exclaim, "Then I will find them out, if they be on earth."

When Miss Bosanquet was between seven and eight years old, according to her own account, she experienced the pardoning love of God. In a letter to Mrs. Taft she says, "When about twelve years old, I used to read and pray with some poor neighbors (before my parents were up) in one of the little cottages near our garden."

When about the age of sixteen, she had a heavy cross to take up. Having been brought up in the gayeties and amusements of fashionable life, when she saw the sinfulness of following and being led by them, she was determined to renounce them altogether; and when requested by her

father to go to the play, she begged to be left at home, and laid open her whole mind to him on the subject. The result was finally, as may be seen in memoirs written by herself, that she had to leave her father's house, and take lodgings in an obscure street, and in unfurnished rooms in the City of London. Before she took that step, she says, "A particular person used to upbraid me with the reflection, 'You will soon find the difference between your father's house and such poking holes as you will live in. There you will not have one inch, but the common street; whereas you have been used to large and fine gardens, in which you much delighted. And how tired you will be of such trash as you will provide, instead of the plentiful provision of his table. Before you have lived so for six months, I will engage you will wish yourself back again, and your religion out of the way.'" But was it so? Ah, no! Once indeed she was sick, and thought, "If I had some spice boiled in water, and port wine with it, it would help me." But she was unwilling to break in upon that rigid system of economy which she had adopted, and made it a matter of prayer, and was answered almost as by miracle; "for at that very time," she says, "a relation called and brought me a quantity of spice as a present; and the very next day my father called in his chariot, and brought me a hamper of port wine, neither of them knowing anything of my wants."

In the year 1761 and 1762 a great revival of religion took place in the Methodist Society in London, of which she was a member. A wonderful outpouring of the Spirit of God was experienced both by the preachers and the people. At that time "the people of Laytonstone," she says, "were much on my mind. I had both my birth and maintenance from that place, and I could not help thinking I owed something to their souls." The particulars of her removal to that place are related in her Memoirs. There she opened, in

her own house, an asylum for the poor and the orphan. To these she devoted her time, her heart, and her fortune. Mr. Wesley often visited her establishment, and speaks of it with admiration. It appeared to him the only perfect specimen of a Christian family he ever saw. Here she spent the prime of her life in acts of heavenly charity. Here she began to exhort, to read, and expound the Scriptures. In 1768 she removed from Laytonstone, and settled in Yorkshire, where she remained till November 12, 1781, when she was married to that eminently holy and useful minister of the Gospel, Mr. Fletcher. "A happier union has seldom if ever occurred. Two spirits more congenial never met in the pathway of life. Their union was a source of ineffable happiness to themselves, and a blessing to the people among whom they lived." But it was of short duration. By a most inscrutable providence, one of the happiest, holiest, most gifted, and most devoted of Wesley's sons in the Gospel, was taken to his final reward in heaven, in the fifty-sixth year of his age and fourth of his married life; and his widow, one of the holiest and best of women, was left to supply his lack of service, in the parish of Madeley, for thirty years. Perhaps there never was a widow, since the days of St. Paul, more worthy of "double honor" than Mrs. Fletcher: "well reported of for good works;" having "brought up children," having "lodged strangers," having "relieved the afflicted," having "diligently followed every good work." Did "Tryphena and Tryphosa labor in the Lord?" so did Mrs. Fletcher. "Did the beloved Persis labor much in the Lord?" so did she. "Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

"With respect to her person, she was rather below the middle size. Her appearance was noble, and commanded respect. Her face was nearly oval; her forehead was large; her eyes were also large, prominent, and penetrating.

Whether she was handsome in her youth, I cannot say, but certainly she was a very fine old woman.

"In her spirit and conduct she manifested much of the power of religion; unfeigned sincerity, humility, and cheerfulness were conspicuous in her at all times. She had the happy art of adapting her conversation to both rich and poor; and by sound reason, and her winning manners and conduct, she was the blessed instrument of bringing many to Jesus Christ.

"Mr. Fletcher, and, after his death, Mrs. Fletcher, were the principal instruments in building and fitting up several rooms, or small chapels, in the parish of Madeley; and in addition to the pulpit, in each of those chapels, Mrs. Fletcher had a seat elevated a step or two above the level of the floor. In those inclosed and elevated seats she exercised her talents in publishing salvation in the name of Christ. The method she adopted was as follows: sometimes she read extracts from the principal writings of learned and pious men, making remarks as she went on; and at the end of each paragraph or section made a suitable improvement. In this way she read and enlarged on the memoirs of holy men and women, showing how they lived and how they died. The titles of Christ, and the relations in which he stands to believers, were, with her, favorite topics. On these subjects she was not only pleasing, but instructive and useful. In expounding the Scriptures she manifested great wisdom, and what is much better, faithfulness and truth; giving her readers a clear and comprehensive view of the whole counsel of God. Some of her discourses were remarkable for ingenuity and originality. Had she been a woman of feeble mind, or a mere formal professor, she could not have retained her influence and popularity for so many years in the same place; for her congregations were full as large, after thirty years' labors, as when she first opened her commission among them.

"As a public speaker, Mrs. Fletcher was not only luminous, but truly eloquent; and although her discourses were not strewed with many flowers, they displayed much good sense, and were fraught with the riches of the Gospel. Her voice and manner were rather masculine. Sometimes her style was rather vehement, though she did not overstep the modesty of her nature. At other times it was pathetic, soft, and flowing. She excelled in that property of an orator, which can alone supply the place of all the rest, that eloquence which goes directly to the heart.

'Truth from her lips prevail'd with double sway,
And they who came to mock remain'd to pray.'

In a word, she was the honored instrument of doing much good; and the fruit of her labors is now manifest in the lives and tempers of many, who will be the crown of her rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus."—*Hodson's Funeral Sermon.*

"In truth," says the Rev. Henry Moore, editor of her Memoirs, "her preaching was but an enlargement of her daily and hourly conversation. Her family, her visitors, might be said to be her congregation. And as she never, in her more public efforts, meddled with the government of the Church, usurped authority over the man, or made any display of a regular authoritative commission; but merely strove to win souls by pureness, by knowledge, by long-suffering, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned, by the word of truth, by the power of God, while she was herself the servant of all; may not every pious Churchman and Methodist say, 'Would to God all the Lord's people were such prophets and prophetesses.'"

Another writer gives the following character of Mrs. Fletcher: "She was altogether an extraordinary person; en-

dowed with a strong understanding, great decision of character, and simplicity of mind, *heroic* zeal, and unbounded benevolence; in the apostolic age she would have been a Priscilla, and have taken her rank among the presbyteresses, or female confessors of the primitive Church. She had all the spirit of a *martyr*. Had she been born within the Romish communion, she would probably have been enrolled among the saints of the calendar. The community to which she attached herself, alone afforded a sphere suited to the energies of her character, which might otherwise have remained dormant, because, under ordinary circumstances, zeal such as hers could hardly have been developed. Among Protestants enthusiasm like hers is apt to be regarded as the worst of heresies.”—*Burder's Pious Women*.

The last account of the Fletcher family at Madeley is found in a letter from Dr. Dixon to *Zion's Herald*, for the year 1852.

“Our district meeting was held last week in a chapel at Madeley Wood, built by Mr. Fletcher, now occupied as a school-room, having been superseded by the erection of a much larger chapel for public worship.

“We, of course, visited what remains in *statu quo*, as belonging to the age of this glorious Christian man. But how little is now found. The old church in which Fletcher preached has been pulled down, and a new one built in its place; the ‘*Barn*’ in which Fletcher, and afterward his wife, used to hold meetings for exposition and prayer, has been removed, and the site on which it stood added to an ornamental garden. We saw the *study*, and the identical *desk* on which he had written his ‘*Checks*,’ and other immortal productions of his sanctified genius.

“We saw, also, the *lantern* which this zealous evangelist was accustomed to carry about in the dark nights to his preaching places, and also to use in the morning before five o'clock, to call the people from their slumbers to attend worship at that

early hour. We were shown also about fifty of Fletcher's skeleton sermons, most beautifully and neatly written, and placed in a cloth case, evidently to be carried in the pocket. These outlines consisted of the heads and subdivisions of the discourses intended to be delivered, and were limited to a piece of paper of about six inches in length and of proportionate breadth.

"Be assured we visited the grave of this glorious Christian. The church-yard is most beautiful, if a burying-place can be considered beautiful. The tomb is plain, bearing an inscription on an iron slab covering the masonry of Fletcher and his remarkable wife; while on each side is found a memorial of Miss Tooth and Sarah Lawrence. There is a sacredness in these things which we cannot, and have no desire to resist."

SARAH LAWRENCE.

"SARAH LAWRENCE," says Mrs. Fletcher, "was the niece of my friend Sarah Ryan. Providence cast her into our hands when a little child. As she increased in years we observed a remarkably upright, obedient spirit in her, and a great attachment to us. When very young, she would often cry to the Lord, with great earnestness, that she might never be separated from me. Before she was eight years old, she was often under strong convictions of sin. When she was about ten years of age, she found a strong desire to be devoted to God; and when she heard us read in the family of the sufferings of our Lord, or of the martyrs, it would kindle in her breast an intense desire to suffer something for him, who had borne so much for her; and she used to do many actions,

according to her childish idea, to satisfy that desire, such as tying her hands behind her, and lying all night in the most uneasy posture she could. When about sixteen, conviction of sin was fastened on her mind more deeply; and I have heard her tell with what earnest cries and tears she used to wrestle with the Lord that he would make her a Christian indeed, and join her to his people here and hereafter. When near eighteen she was taken into the society, and the June following she went to the Leeds Old Church to be confirmed. She walked home again alone, about five miles, and all the way was pleading with the Lord, that she might never grow slack; when she got near home, the word came to her with much power, '*I will keep thee as the apple of mine eye.*' This filled her soul with delight and consolation, now firmly believing she should be made a true child of God. Soon after this she obtained a clear sense of the forgiveness of her sins. And soon after she saw it her privilege to be cleansed from all sin. The way in which she obtained this blessing shall be given in her own words. "One Wednesday night, in that blessed meeting we used to have once a fortnight at Cross Hall,* where so many were blessed, while I was waiting on the Lord, and saw myself as lying at the pool longing for the Lord to say, *Be clean*, my soul was engaged in fervent prayer that I might that night be brought into clear liberty; and while my dear mistress (Miss Bosanquet†) was praying, several promises were applied to my mind, such as, '*Thou art clean through the word I have spoken unto thee,*' etc. I now felt unbelief give way, and was enabled to cast my soul on the perfect atonement, and felt the Divine efficacy of that blood which cleanseth from all sin." (This was December 30, 1778.)

"From that night I felt a great change, and began to walk much more closely with God than I had done before. That which

* Near Leeds, where Miss Bosanquet then lived.

† This was before she was married to Mr. Fletcher.

I enjoyed in justification was precious, but this far exceeded. Now I could begin the new year with a new heart; and so powerfully did the love of God fill and enlarge my soul, that I was constrained many times to cry out in the fullness thereof, '*Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee.*' I could truly say, 'All slavish fear is gone; I have but one fear: to displease that gracious God who hath done so much for me.' Now I could rejoice in tribulation, crosses, and provocations. I felt the love which never faileth, and a delight in the thought that I had anything to bear for God. I found a continual watchfulness, and such an invariable sense of the Lord's approval, that I was every moment, as it were, afresh accepted in the Beloved."

"I would here observe," says Mrs. Fletcher, "some time after my dear Mr. Fletcher's death, as I was one day pleading with the Lord to raise up more helpers in the work, the word came to me, '*The spirit of Elijah shall rest on Elisha.*' I thought it meant her, and soon after a visible concern arose in her mind, more forcible than ever, for the souls of the people, and in particular of those of the rising generation. And such a gift was then given her for children, as I have hardly seen in any one, and a love like that of a parent. Next, the sick were laid on her heart, and she ran, far and near, to seek and to relieve them, both in soul and body, insomuch that it greatly broke her little strength, which was always but small. One night she dreamed* she was looking out at our chamber window on a parcel of fowls of all sorts and sizes in the yard, when she saw a very little bird flying to and fro over them, and as each put up its head the little bird put a bit into its mouth. And after looking on them for some time, she thought she called me, and said, 'Only look how that little creature feeds those great fowls.' She then saw a most beautiful pillar in the sky; it appeared like gold,

* See Acts ii, 17; x, 10-17.

exceeding bright. She was solemnly affected at the sight, and awoke with the application of these words to her heart: 'I have made thee as this little bird; follow me, and I will make thee a pillar.' This brought to her mind a promise given her many years back: 'I will make thee a pillar in my house, to go out no more.'

"I have been humbled to the dust," continues Mrs. Fletcher, "at the ardent zeal and diligent application wherewith she sought after the good of her fellow-creatures. For reproving sin, and inviting to the means of grace, few could equal her. Here I did indeed see the spirit of my dear Mr. Fletcher seem to rest on her; and, like him, she began a meeting in a very hardened part of the parish, with a bell in her hand.

"The town of Madeley is a hardened spot. I do not know that I ever found more discouragement in speaking anywhere than there; and she was brought to shed tears over them many times, when, going from door to door, she entreated them to come, and in return met with only reproach and rudeness. But that was nothing to her, who sought no honor but from God. Sometimes Satan would represent how ridiculous she appeared in their eyes, and when strangers passed by in carriages they would think her mad. But as the means she used had been instrumental in calling some, and had been blessed to many, as well as prevented much sin, she rejoiced to have the honor of being thought a fool for Christ. And such an intense love did she feel toward them, at the very time they were ridiculing her, that she has told me, it seemed she could with pleasure submit to be bound to a stake and burned, if it might draw these souls to choose the way of life.

"One night passing by a house where some young persons were dancing, she looked to the Lord for power, and going in among them, she began to plead with them, and in a very moving and tender manner to express the love and

concern she felt for their souls; and glory be to God, we have some in heaven who dated their first conviction from that hour! Indeed, her whole soul seemed to be drawn out after the salvation of all around her. She began meetings in different places, at which numbers attended. Her method was, after singing and prayer, to read some life or experience, or some awakening author, stopping now and then to explain and apply it as the Lord gave her utterance; and several, who are now lively members in our connection, were brought in through that means. But in every step she took she inquired of the Lord, fearing much to take one out of his order.

“When the work commenced in Coalport, and the inhabitants began to increase, she was strongly importuned to go and hold a meeting there. She complied with the invitation, and continued to attend every other Sunday night for four years. Sinners would scoff, but the power of God was felt. Her word was gladly received by numbers, and deeply did they lament when she could no longer meet with them as usual, and many an earnest prayer did they put up that she might be restored to them again. I could never discern in her any spirit but that of the most perfect deadness to the world, and such a submission to crosses of every kind as augured to me that her will was entirely lost in that of God.

“She was for many years weak and infirm, but her ardent desire for the salvation of souls carried her frequently beyond her strength, and many times, when she was speaking to sinners with a view to bring them to repentance, her poor body was fitter for the bed than any other place.

“When in much pain from continual coughing, with spasms all over her body, she sometimes cried out :

‘Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.’

About two weeks before she died, after suffering much, one night, from her cough and other complaints, she observed, 'What a sweet night I have had in the love of God! Such nearness to Jesus, such willingness to suffer with him did I feel, that I praised the Lord for every fit of coughing. Continually I am pointed to look at the dying Saviour in these words :

"See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love or sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?"

"On Wednesday, December 3, 1800, her happy spirit took its flight to feast with Jesus' priests and kings."—*Mary Fletcher.*

MRS. SARAH CROSBY.

THE late Dr. Taft, in his Biographical Sketches of Eminent Holy Women, says that Mrs. Crosby, of Leeds, was an *itinerant*, yea, a *field preacher*; that she generally held a public meeting every morning at five o'clock, and also in the evening, and very frequently in the week-days, both in the forenoon and afternoon. On the Sabbath she generally went to the parish church, wherever she was, and held *her* meetings early in the morning, at one o'clock, and in the evening. The venerable Wesley, whom she always calls her father in the Gospel, highly approved of her conduct, believing that she was one of those females to whom the Lord had given a dispensation to publish the glad tidings of salvation by Jesus Christ. Nevertheless, he did not wish her or any other female to assume the title and character of a preacher

He considered their call not an *ordinary*, but an *extraordinary* one, and knowing the strong prejudice which prevailed in the minds of men in general, and of some in his own connection, against such a ministry, he gave such cautions and advices from time to time, which, if attended to, he believed would be a means of softening the prejudices of the brethren against them and their public ministrations. To Mrs. Crosby, in a letter dated February 14, 1761, he says, "If you have time you may read to them the notes on any chapter, before you speak a few words, or one of the most awakening sermons, as other women have done long ago." In a subsequent letter, dated March 18, 1769, he says, "Keep as far from what is called preaching as you can; therefore never take a text." In a third letter, dated June, 1771, he says, "I think the strength of the cause rests here: on your having an *extraordinary* call; so I am persuaded has every one of our lay preachers; otherwise I could not countenance his preaching at all. It is plain to me that the whole work of God termed Methodism, is an extraordinary dispensation of his providence. Therefore I do not wonder, if several things occur therein which do not fall under ordinary rules of discipline."

The following full and particular account of Mrs. Crosby's awakening, conversion, and experience, was given by herself in a letter to Mr. Wesley, dated

"LONDON, *August* 17, 1757.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR: When I was about fourteen years of age I began seriously to think I must not live as I had done. Accordingly, I went to church on week-days, learned forms of prayer, and did many things for a time, but was always subject to bondage, through fear of death, saying in my heart, 'O, that I might never die, or that I knew God loved me!' Nevertheless, I found in me a strong propensity to delight in singing, dancing, playing at cards, and all kinds of diversions; but this I endeavored to check from the be-

ginning, not because I thought it sinful, but because I found the more I gave way to these things, the more unhappy I became.

“About the age of seventeen, while I was sitting alone, I was struck, as I thought, with *death*, being seized with a cold trembling from head to foot, which increasing, I directly fell on my knees, and prayed the Lord to forgive my sins and save my soul. All that I knew to be sin was then placed before me, so that I had but little hope of mercy. But while I laid myself down to die, my strength came to me again, for which I was very thankful, and made great promises to live to God.

“A little after this I was providentially brought to hear Mr. Andrews, a dissenting minister, who preached from these words, ‘Thou shalt also be a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord, and a royal diadem in the hand of thy God;’ from which words he showed, first, that Christ was so, and, secondly, every Christian, through Christ. I then determined to be a Christian at all events, and to hear Mr. Andrews at all opportunities; for I thought there was not such another man upon earth. I had many difficulties to break through, but was fixed to lose my life rather than not hear him. I now began to strive against everything that I knew to be sin, and to practice all known duties; and I continued instant in prayer, for it was the delight of my soul to pray at all times, and in all places. I also searched the Scriptures as I had time, day and night; but the more I read, the more I was convinced I was not a Christian; yet I could not fear hell; for although I knew I was not fit for heaven, I firmly believed I should not die till God made me fit, and whenever I was oppressed these words came to my support: ‘*I know that my Redeemer liveth.*’ Hearing Mr. Andrews say, that without an interest in Christ we could not be saved, I believed him, but thought I must make myself good in order to come to Christ. Innumerable were my

thoughts concerning God, myself, and the things of God, for upward of two years. At the end of this time, finding myself worse, in my apprehension, I was more distressed than ever. At length I resolved to ask Mr. Andrews how I might get an interest in Christ. After asking me several questions, he told me that I had an interest in Christ, and that where God had begun a good work he would carry it on. I believed what he said, and instantly felt my burden removed, and the peace of God flow into my heart. For several days my soul had felt a heavy burden, and I expected to hear Mr. A. say, 'You have done *all* that you can *do*, and must now perish.' But when he told me that I had an interest in Christ, I was amazed that such a wretch as I should be saved by grace, and I praised God.

"I was near twenty years old when God revealed his Son in my heart, and now I thought all my sufferings were at an end. I feared neither earth nor hell; and as to temptation, I scarce knew what it meant. I labored to persuade all with whom I had conversed to come to Christ, telling them there was love, joy, peace, etc., for all that came to him. My soul was happy, and I desired only to live and die for him who had revealed himself in my heart.

"Soon after this I was persuaded to hear Mr. Whitefield, and many blessings God gave me through his ministry, particularly while he was showing the marks of one whose sins were forgiven, I found them in myself, and this caused me to rejoice more abundantly; for till then I had not heard of such a thing, only of having an interest in Christ.

"From the time I was justified I had much conversation with a person respecting Mr. Wesley and his works, but my prejudices were strong against him. I read his Appeals to Men of Reason and Religion, and thereby began to entertain a better opinion of him. Soon after, his Sermon on a Catholic Spirit was put into my hands. I liked it much, and longed to experience all that was there recommended, allow-

ing it to be the truth. But I met with many discouragements, and was surrounded with persons who did all they could to keep up my prejudices, and for a while their efforts prevailed.

“During this time, or soon after, I read Mr. Wesley’s sermon on *Christian Perfection*, and was convinced that if this were what he meant by *perfection*, God could and would make me thus perfect; but I was greatly tempted, and often thought that what I felt was a judgment from God for speaking against Mr. Wesley, and that the Lord, to humble me, would help me only by him. Soon after he returned from Ireland, I went to speak to him, and freely acknowledged all I had said and thought against him. Immediately I joined the society, and it was unto me according to my faith, for I never spoke to them without a peculiar blessing.

“The Lord now showed me more deeply than ever that my inward parts were very wicked, and that I was an unclean thing before him; yet I prayed to know myself as I was known of God, for I could not bear that he should see a sink of sin within me, and I not know it myself. Whatever damped my hope of holiness was like separating my soul from my body, for I could no longer be any further happy than as I was holy, and it was often impressed on my mind, that after I had suffered a while I should be made perfect. Still I had reasonings about predestination, till God applied this verse to my soul by the power of his Spirit :

‘Infinite, unexhausted love !
Jesus and love are one :
If still to me thy bowels move,
They are restrained to none.’

Since that time I have had no doubt but grace is free for all. At that time I often painfully felt the sins of all mankind as well as my own. For the more conscious I was of the depravity of my own soul, the more was I constrained to say,

‘Lord, what havoc have sin and Satan made in the world !’ From the love I felt to those I knew to be equally fallen from original righteousness with myself, I often desired to be instrumental in turning them to God, and never had a moment’s peace any longer than I endeavored to aim at this wherever I came. I had one friend who always succored me in my distress ; but he did not know half my trials ; besides, I feared trusting in an arm of the flesh, therefore often kept my troubles to myself, and found the sinner’s Friend to be mine. I can truly say, I have often kneeled down before the Lord, as wretched and miserable as I can conceive it possible for a soul to be on this side of hell, and risen again with the peace and love of God in my heart. When I have asked the Lord why I was thus afflicted, it was often suggested, ‘For the good of others.’ Then I have said, ‘I will gladly suffer it all.’

“I know not that, for several years after I knew the Lord, I was ever a day together without being tempted ; and the inward conflicts I endured day and night, added to outward labors and continued abstinence, weakened my body, and hurt my constitution much. But I have often been thankful that, amid all my temptations, I was scarcely ever tempted to doubt of the divinity of Jesus Christ ; and one reason is, because I have so often found that when I have been surrounded with a host of foes, and could find no other help in earth or heaven, His mighty name has set me free.

During this time of trial, however, the Lord often comforted me by applying his promises to my soul, causing me to hope for his perfect love ; and once spoke powerfully to my heart, in those words, ‘Every plant which my heavenly father hath not planted shall be rooted up,’ so that then, and at many other times, I had as clear a witness that I should be fully sanctified *before death* as that I was then justified. I now enjoyed much peace, and was often warned of a greater trial coming upon me than I had ever experienced. Once

in prayer I seemed to be taken into heaven, and permitted to lean on the bosom of Christ. He seemed to weep over me, because there would be but a hair's breadth between *life* and *death* to my soul, in the trial that was coming. Yet my Lord assured me if I were faithful in this trial, he himself would be my portion, in time and in eternity. I prayed I might resign my breath *then*, through fear I should not endure the fiery trial.

"Soon after this the Lord showed me that an *idol* was in my heart *still*, which I thought I had given up *long before*. But I now found I could no more give it up than I could reach heaven with my hand, therefore I prayed God to command me rather to pluck the eye out of my head, or cut the arm from my body, because I could more easily obey him in that, than give up what he required. The Lord now showed me that I was the vilest of the vile; for by tracing this to the root, I discovered such a depth of wickedness as before I knew not to be in me; and from this time I believed that a sinful thought indulged by *me*, was more abominable in the sight of God than all the sins committed by unawakened persons. Till now I knew not the time that I had not a desire to love Jesus Christ; but now I saw, if I could have found happiness in any creature, I should never have sought *him*, which base ingratitude caused me to abhor myself still more.

"During this time all the sensible comfort I felt (more than from hope) was once in prayer, when these words were applied to my mind, 'When thy heart and flesh fail, I will take thee up.' Frequently, however, in the midst of my sufferings, when I could find no help from any other quarter, I have found relief in reading or singing Mr. C. Wesley's hymns, which have been special blessings to me. I was now convinced that I had hitherto sought *knowledge* more than the *love of God*, which error I prayed God to forgive, promising I would now seek his love alone. I often said,

‘Not all the creatures on *earth*, nor all the angels in *heaven*, can help my soul. None but Jesus Christ can save me.’ At length one day, while I was sitting at work, the Lord Jesus appeared to the eye of my mind surrounded with glory, while his love overwhelmed me. I said, ‘This is the power I have waited for,’ and I was

‘Constrain’d to cry, by love divine,
My God! thou art forever mine.’

I now felt that my idol was beneath my feet; and so it has remained ever since. My soul seemed all love, and I desired nothing so much as to lay down my life for others, that they might feel the same. This was about three years and a half after I was justified, and for the three years following, God gave me to walk in the light of his countenance, until the blood of *Jesus Christ, his Son, cleansed me from all sin.*

“I now began to meet with trials from an unexpected quarter. But God had taught me, by this time, to be amazed at nothing but his goodness. Once, when I was kneeling down to pray, it was suggested to my soul with much power, ‘Ask what thou wilt, and I will do it for thee.’ My soul was amazed, and replied, ‘Lord, I ask nothing in earth or heaven, but perfect holiness;’ and this I was assured I should receive. Not long after this, as I was praying, my soul was overwhelmed with the power of God; I seemed to see the Lord Jesus before me, and said, ‘Lord, I am ready to follow thee, not only to prison, but to death, if thou wilt give me strength;’ and he spake these words to my heart, ‘*Feed my sheep.*’

“From this time I continued happy for some months, till one that loved me said, ‘You go too far; you bring many pressures upon your mind, and destroy your body; others do not so, and God does not require it of you.’ On this I reasoned, and thought, perhaps I do go too far, and judged myself so much the more unfit for heaven, for all that I had

said and done for God ; and this was an inlet to such floods of temptation as it is not easy to describe. In the midst of these exercises, however, the Lord lifted up my head, and often enabled me to say in faith, 'Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines ; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat ; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls : yet will I rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation ;' for 'when he hath tried me I shall come forth as gold.'

"I now perceive that God had restrained the tempter, and began to inquire what condemnation there was in my soul. There is no condemnation to those who are in Christ Jesus. How is it that, in all that I have suffered for three years past, I have not felt the least inclination to turn back from the path of life, or entertained one hard thought of God ? I then appealed to him, 'Lord, dost thou not know that all my aims and intentions are upright before thee ?' and I felt a witness in myself that it was so. I further thought, Has not Jesus Christ bore all my sins in his own body on the tree ? If so, has he not answered for all my deviations from the perfect law of God too ? Then God cannot be *merciful and just, and send my soul to hell ; I shall never go there !* I now felt my soul fully cast on the Lord Jesus, and found a rest which before I had not known, while peace and love filled my heart. The day after, at church, the Lord showed me that many things which I had thought were sins, were only temptations, and also what a little thing it was for him to take the root of sin out of my heart. I feared to believe he had done it ; but the next day I could not help believing that God had taken full possession of my heart ; for although I felt myself weaker than ever, yet the Lord was my strength. I felt my soul as a vessel emptied, but not filled. Day and night I was amazed at the blessed change my soul had experienced ; but I said nothing to any one, because I

was not, as yet, sure what the Lord had done for me. I had always promised, if the Lord would but fully save me, I would declare his goodness, although I believed it would expose me to various exercises, both from ministers and people. I now prayed much that God would show me if he had taken away the root of sin out of my heart; and, also, if I had been saved from sin in the temptations that were past. And he showed me that as 'many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it;' so neither had these floods of temptations, which he had brought me through, quenched the love he had given me to himself, for it was love that never faileth. I was now exceeding happy; yet I prayed if any further witness was necessary the Lord would give it me. Soon after, the glory of the Lord shone around me. I saw by faith the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ; and now I was assured of the Father's love, and could not help saying there are three [persons] and yet but one God, in glory equal, in majesty co-eternal. I then said in my heart, and with my lips, 'O thou holy triune God!' The Spirit then powerfully spoke to my soul, saying, 'I will dwell in thee forever.' I said in my heart, 'There is no fear in love; perfect love casteth out fear.' Frequently the Lord assures me he will manifest himself more fully than he has yet done. This I am waiting for.

"Dear sir, your unworthy child,

"*Rev. J. Wesley.*

SARAH CROSBY."

When Miss Bosanquet (afterward Mrs. Fletcher) established a kind of orphan house at Laytonstone, in Essex, Mrs. Ryan, Miss Tripp, and Mrs. Crosby were her assistants in this great work of Christian benevolence. These pious females began more fully to enter into the work of the Lord, by holding public meetings for reading, exhortation, and prayer. Many attended, and much good was done. At their first public meeting the Lord was eminently present,

and two souls were set at liberty from the guilt and bondage of sin. Mr. Wesley was consulted, and applied to for counsel and assistance. He approved of their plan, and sent them a preacher, Mr. Murlin, by whom, in a few weeks twenty-five were joined in society.

After Miss Bosanquet was married to Mr. Fletcher, and she was settled at Madeley, Mrs. Crosby continued to exercise her gifts in public, traveling from place to place. She kept a journal at intervals from 1761 to 1802. After her death her manuscripts fell into the hands of her friend, Mrs. Tripp, thence into the possession of Mrs. Mortimer, (formerly Miss Ritchie,) and finally into the custody of Dr. Taft by whom a considerable portion of them, together with the foregoing account, was published in the year 1828. From those printed documents the following extracts are taken :

"Sunday, February 8, 1761.—In the evening (at Derby I expected to meet about thirty persons in class ; but, to my great surprise, there came near two hundred ; I found a awful, loving sense of the Lord's presence, and was much affected both in body and mind. I was not sure whether I was right for me to exhort in so public a manner, and yet I saw it impracticable to meet all these people by way of speaking particularly to each individual. I therefore gave out a hymn, and prayed, and told them part of what the Lord had done for myself, persuading them to flee from all sin.

"Friday, 13.—This day being appointed for a public fast I humbled myself in prayer. In the evening I exhorted near two hundred people to forsake their sins, and showed them the willingness of Christ to save. They flock as doves to the window ; though as yet we have no preacher. Surely, Lord, thou hast much people in this place.* My soul was much comforted in speaking to the people, as my Lord had

* Methodism commenced in Derby that year.—C.

removed all my scruples respecting the propriety of my acting thus publicly.

"Sunday, April 3, 1774.—I met the young women at Leeds in band at five o'clock, and had a good meeting, and was much profited by hearing J. N. at seven.

"Wednesday, 6.—We had a lively prayer-meeting at five, a good band-meeting at ten, and another at two; at five, Mrs. C. walked with me to Beeston; at seven the house was full of people, and they obliged me to get into their little desk. I had great liberty in speaking, and felt my Lord exceeding precious.

"Whitby, Sunday, July 3.—Mr. Wesley administered the sacrament to all the society at five, and preached at eight; we went to church at ten, and received the sacrament there again. I rejoiced to see the simplicity and humility of Mr. Wesley. He met the select band at two, went to church afterward, and at five preached in the market-place: after which we had a love-feast." [If this were the way the first race of Methodists filled up their time, well might they sing,

"With us no melancholy void,
No moment lingers unemploy'd
Or unimproved below.
Betwixt the mount and multitude
Our day is spent in doing good,
Our night in praise and prayer."]

"Sunday, August 28.—I had a good time at five. We met again at eight. I was blessed in hearing the first lesson (2 Kings xix) read at church; so I read it again at one, to a houseful of people, and found it spirit and life to my soul, and have cause to believe it was so to many. After tea I met the select band. Some young men had come six, some ten, and some twenty miles. The Lord was present at every meeting.

"Tuesday, September 6.—A friend would fain have made me a present of a diamond ring, if I would wear it. I

thanked her for her love, but said I would not wear it if she would give me a thousand pounds.

*“Wednesday, December 31, 1777.—*Glory be unto thee, O Lord! Thou hast enabled me this year to ride nine hundred and sixty miles, to keep two hundred and twenty public meetings, about six hundred select meetings, and to write one hundred and sixteen letters, many of them long ones; besides many conversations in private, with individuals who wished to consult me on the concerns of their souls, the effect of which, I trust, will be as ‘bread cast upon the waters.’”

September, 1799, Mrs. Crosby, after writing a short narrative of the Lord's gracious dealings with her, adds: “I have neglected to record many of my journeys and labors, and also the blessed manifestations of his love and Divine communion, both night and day, which I have often been favored with during these last twenty years, or more. I am now nearly seventy; have lived nearly six years in this house, (at Leeds,) and have found, and still find it to be ‘a peaceful habitation, and a quiet resting-place,’ (Isaiah xxxii, 18,) both to soul and body. My soul in general dwells in peace and love. I live by faith in Jesus, my precious Saviour, and find my last days are my best days. I am surrounded with mercies. My dearest friend, Sister Tripp's care and kindness to me is not the least. May God reward her, and never let her want a friend to assist her in her weakness, if I should be first called home, as it is most likely I shall.”

Mrs. Tripp's account of the death of Mrs. Crosby is as follows: “All the week preceding her death she was indisposed, but did not abate anything of her usual exercises. Her spirit often seemed on the wing for glory, for she frequently sung more than she had done for some months; so that I said, ‘I think, my dear, you have tuned your harp afresh.’ On Saturday she wrote two letters, went to the

select band in the evening, and bore a blessed testimony for her Lord. On Sunday, though poorly, she attended preaching forenoon and evening; but returned, after the evening meeting, very ill, and in much pain. During the night she prayed for her classes, bands, friends, and the Church of God, that they all might meet above. A little before she expired she said to one who was present, 'If I had strength, how I would praise the Lord!' But at eight o'clock, having closed her own eyes and mouth, she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, October 24, 1804, in the seventy-fifth year of her age. So composed was her countenance, that when dead not the least trace of death was discernible on it."—*Taft's Memoirs*.

"Fill'd up with love and life Divine,
The house of clay, the earthly shrine,
Dissolves and sinks to dust:
Without a groan the body dies,
Her spirit mounts above the skies,
And mingles with the just."

MRS. LAW.

Led by her heavenly Maker, though unseen,
And guided by his voice,
Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.—MILTON.

MRS. LAW was the eldest daughter of John and Martha Hague, of Ferrybridge, Yorkshire, England. When about twelve years of age, she was one of a number of children who were met weekly by Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. Collier, the wives of the preachers then stationed on the Rotheram Circuit.

The instructions then given produced impressions which were never obliterated ; and in later years she often adverted to them with feelings of gratitude and delight, though they failed, at the time, to effect an immediate change in her spirit and conduct. As she advanced in life, the pomps and vanities of this wicked world were the objects of her earnest pursuit. To dress she was a perfect slave ; and, in adorning her fine and noble figure, she indulged this dangerous and insnaring propensity to the full extent of her means. The world was her god ; and she sought her happiness in its pleasures and amusements. But in this she was disappointed ; for the gayest scenes, ere they could be realized, were blighted ; and objects which promised the richest enjoyments, on their attainment were productive of mortification and remorse.

When Miss Hague was about nineteen years of age, it pleased God to arrest her in her course of vanity and sin, by means of a sermon preached by the Rev. William Henshaw, one Sabbath morning. Immediately on her return home she prostrated herself at the footstool of Divine mercy ; confessed her sins, and earnestly and believingly sought forgiveness in the name of Christ. The Lord heard her prayer, bound up her broken heart, and liberated her captive spirit. The love of God was then shed abroad in her heart ; and from that time to the end of life she went on her way rejoicing, for she never lost the evidence of her adoption. As her entrance upon the Christian life had been preceded by deep and powerful convictions, and a conversion clear and strongly marked in all its characters, so the whole of her Christian course was characterized by decision, courage, and zeal. No sooner was she made a partaker of the Divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world, than she laid aside all superfluity of dress. Her gay apparel and glittering ornaments, lately so valued by her, she now beheld with aversion, and destroyed. So may all those vanities perish which insnare the souls of Christians !

The solemn and unreserved manner in which, soon after her conversion, she devoted herself to God, may be seen by the following covenant engagement :

"O, my soul! thou hast said to Jehovah, 'Thou art my Lord.' I dare not hearken to the solicitations of the world or Satan. I have renounced them both, and declared myself a servant of Christ. I have vowed in the most solemn manner, that I will serve him in holiness and righteousness all the days of my life ; that I will be no more conformed to this world, nor stand in the way of sinners, nor have fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness ; therefore depart from me, ye evil doers, I will keep the commandments of my God. I have opened my mouth to the Lord ; and I cannot go back. I have devoted my heart and life to him ; and I am resolved, by his help, that no terrors, no allurements, shall make me prove false to my engagements with God. Thy vows are upon me, O God! I will render praises to thee ; for thou hast delivered my soul from death. Wilt thou not deliver my feet from falling, that I may walk before thee in the land of the living?"

A few years after her conversion it was her happiness to be united to Mr. Law, who, being like-minded with herself, entered into all her plans of benevolence and usefulness, and afforded her every help and encouragement in her religious course.

During the years 1822, 1823, it pleased God to give a special blessing to the labors of the Rev. William Hill and the Rev. Thomas Harris, then stationed on the Rotheram circuit. Many sinners were brought to God in the town, and in several parts of the circuit. Mrs. Law entered fully into the work of the Lord ; and while engaged in prayer for others, received a richer baptism of the Holy Spirit herself. At this period her piety assumed a more elevated character. Her dedication to God, if not more sincere than formerly, was more complete and constant. And as she

was enabled thus fully to give herself to God, so, in a high degree, he was pleased to manifest himself to her. She also in her experience realized the truth of the words of the beloved disciple, "There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear;" and believing it to be her privilege to be cleansed from all unrighteousness, she made application to the "Fountain set open for sin and uncleanness," and soon found, to her unspeakable joy, that the Spirit of God entirely sanctified her nature.

It was hardly possible that such a burning and shining light as was Mrs. Law, could be concealed; and it was highly proper that she should be called to diffuse her light and influence beyond the circle of her own family. At the call of the Church she accepted a CLASS, and entered upon the responsible duties of a LEADER. Her piety and talents and her acquaintance with the Scriptures, eminently qualified her for that office. She was faithful in her admonitions and reproofs, judicious in her counsels, and encouraging in her instructions. Nor were her friendly admonitions confined to the members of her class. She never suffered sin in her presence to go unrebuked; and if she observed any of her Christian friends to be slackening in their progress, she exposed to danger, when opportunity offered she faithfully and affectionately warned them.

For many years she was engaged as a visitor of the Benevolent Society. To visit the sick, the poor, and the aged was her delight, inasmuch as she considered them the representatives of her Saviour. At the formation of the Rotherham Female Bible Association she was appointed its secretary, the duties of which office she discharged with a fidelity and punctuality not less honorable to herself than beneficial to the institution. For the missionary cause she cherished the strongest and most devoted attachment, and in various ways contributed not a little to the augmentation of its funds.

For several years her health had been declining, but her speedy dissolution was not anticipated. At length, however, the time drew near that she must die. When her husband repeated to her the words of the Psalmist: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil," he observed to her, "My dear, you have no fear of entering the valley." She replied, "I never did fear." At another time she said, "O, with what pleasure do I look forward to the judgment day!" On another occasion, when her husband remarked to her, "You have no doubts or fears, no dark or cloudy days," she replied with remarkable energy, "You know I never was a doubting Christian." Upon another occasion, when she went into her room, she said, "O, what an ecstasy I have been in! so much so, that my poor, weak body was scarcely able to sustain itself; so near, so precious was the Saviour to me!" "O, what a delightful interview I have had with Mrs. Jubb! She put out her hand to receive me and welcome me into heaven." She then exclaimed several times, "Precious Saviour! Precious Saviour! Disembodied spirits!" Her voice then faltered, and her spirit escaped to the mansions of light.

ANN CUTLER.

IN Methodist chronology the name of *Ann Cutler* stands intimately connected with that of *William Bramwell*, not only as a convert, in the first instance, for she was brought to a saving knowledge of the truth under his ministry, when he labored as a local preacher, and as a coadjutor afterward, but also as the subject of a popular tract, published by him after her death. Few women, perhaps, have ever

been more devoted to prayer. Disregarding the usual restraints imposed upon her sex, she "exercised in public;" and that in a manner too energetic to conciliate the good opinion of many, who thought it highly indecorous for a female to pray in public at all. She possessed, however, great abilities for the work, uncommon fluency, and often produced remarkable effects. She acted as a kind of non-commissioned itinerant among the Methodists, traveling occasionally from circuit to circuit, and doing much damage to the enemy by her incessant labors. "Wherever she went," says her biographer, "there was an amazing power of God attending her prayer. For prayers, I never expect to see her equal again."

A small tract, No. 133, published at the Methodist Book Room, 200 Mulberry-street, New-York, contains the biographical sketch of this eminently pious woman, written by Mr. Bramwell. As the tract is constantly on sale, and can be had for a few cents, it is not necessary to give more than a very brief extract from it.

"Ann Cutler was born at Preston, in Lancashire, in the year 1759. Till she was about twenty-six years of age though she was very strict in her morals and serious in her deportment, she never saw into the method of salvation by Jesus Christ till the Methodist local preachers visited the neighborhood. After hearing one of them,* she was convinced of sin; and from that time gave all diligence to obtain mercy. In a short time she received pardon, and her serious deportment evidenced the blessing she enjoyed. I was not long before she had a clearer sight into her own heart; and though she retained her confidence of pardon was yet made deeply sensible of her need of perfect love. In hearing the doctrine of sanctification, and that the bless

* That one was Mr. Bramwell. See Dr. Taft's *Memoirs of Eminently Holy Women*, p. 301.

ing was to be received through faith, she expected instantaneous deliverance, and prayed for the *power to believe*; her confidence increased until she could say: 'Jesus, thou knowest I love thee with all my heart. I would rather die than grieve thy Spirit. I cannot express how much I love Jesus.' After this change, something remarkable appeared in her countenance, a smile of sweet composure. It was noticed by many as a reflection of the Divine nature, and it increased to the time of her death."

The tract then sets forth, in distinct paragraphs, "Her faith in God—her Christian love—her humility—her patience—her manner of praying—her modesty—her self-denial—her conversation—her union with the ever-blessed Trinity—her usefulness—her triumphant death." Her last words were, "Glory be to God and the Lamb forever!"

Of her modesty the writer says, "She was often detained late in the evenings with people in distress, but would never return in company with young men. She conducted herself, in this respect, to the glory of God, to the good of his people, and to the satisfaction of all. It appears from her journal that she laid a strong foundation for this mode of conduct," in a kind of vow of perpetual celibacy. She says:

"I am thine, blessed Jesus; I am wholly thine. I will have none but thee. Preserve thou my soul and body pure in thy sight. In my looks keep me pure, a chaste virgin to Christ forever. I promise thee, upon my bended knees, that if thou wilt be mine I will be thine, and cleave to none other in this world. Amen."

"It appears, from different parts of her journal," says Mr. B., "that she had covenanted with God to live and die in this state (of celibacy.) And she certainly was in a surprising manner kept steady to her purpose. Both saint and sinners were constrained to say of her, 'She looks at nothing but heaven.'"

MRS. MARY HOLDER.

HER maiden name was *Woodhouse*. She was a native of Whitby, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, was converted when very young, and became an active, zealous, and very useful member of the Methodist Society at that place. She soon became a leader of a class, and also met in band with some young women whom she had been instrumental in bringing into the good way. She became intimately acquainted with those eminent and useful females, Mrs. Crosby, Miss Hurrell, Miss Rhodes, Miss Ritchie, and Miss Bosanquet. After her marriage to Mr. George Holder, she traveled and labored with him in the Gospel for many years. In the country parts of the circuit, on those occasions, she generally gave an exhortation to the congregation, after Mr. Holder had finished his sermon. At other times she only engaged in prayer. At such times the Lord frequently made bare his arm in the awakening and conversion of souls. The kind friends who entertained them, never thought it a burden upon them to receive at the same time two such messengers of salvation instead of one; they found an abundant recompense of reward in their own souls.

Mr. Holder's first appointment after his marriage was to the Isle of Man. On that occasion Mrs. Holder wrote as follows: "The first thirty-five years of my life were spent with my honored parents, when, I believe, I was called of God to leave a tender mother, and all my relatives and friends, and unite with a servant of the Most High, who was engaged in preaching the everlasting Gospel, as an itinerant preacher in connection with Mr. Wesley. This was not done without much consideration and prayer. But the qualifications

necessary for a preacher's wife, the going in and out before the people, and setting an example worthy their imitation, with a sight and sense of my wants for such a station, affected me much. I was ready to repeat the cry, 'Lord, help me.' And blessed be his holy name, he did so. I felt much at leaving a large class of young women, whom I had met ten years or more with my band-mates. We were united in the bonds of love, ever glad to meet, but not very willing to part. My husband's first appointment after our marriage was by the Rev. Mr. Wesley to the Isle of Man. This was a trial to myself and friends, yet I believe I shall have to praise God for it to all eternity."*

On the 30th of August, 1788, Mrs. Holder and her companion arrived at Douglas, in the Isle of Man. She says, "We soon had many friends to welcome us. But everything was new and strange to me. The people, their manners, the language, (the Manx,) I neither knew 'yes' or 'no' in their own tongue. In the evening we went to hear a Manx preacher. The strangeness of their dress, with the unknown language of the preacher, all seemed to put me in amaze. But while I sat and reflected upon the goodness of God in causing the Gospel to be sent among this people, by means of an English missionary, (*Mr. Crook*, generally called by the Methodists, 'The apostle of the Isle of Man,') my heart and eyes were much affected.

"At our first quarterly meetings, the Manx preachers were examined and an exhortation given them. On Friday and Saturday we had a sermon in English and another in Manx. On Sunday we had a love-feast; but such times for weeping,

* Mr. Holder was one of the first preachers, after Mr. Crook, sent by Mr. Wesley to the Isle of Man. His first appointment lasted two years. On the whole he spent *nine* years there, and was very useful and much beloved. This veteran soldier of the cross died at Whitby, in Yorkshire, in the eighty-sixth year of his age. Whether his wife survived him or not the record does not tell.

groaning, and crying aloud I never witnessed before. July 13, 1790, we took an affectionate leave of our friends in the Isle of Man, and landed in England that night."

Their second appointment to the island (1794) was a great trial to Mrs. Holder. She says, "When I first heard of it all within me opposed it." But they had not been there long before she says, "Blessed be the name of the Lord, Zion hath lifted up her languishing head. Four hundred have been added to the society this year."

In 1807 Mr. Holder was appointed a third time to the Isle of Man. On that occasion she says, "O, how short-sighted we are! How often do the thing which we think make against us prove our greatest blessings. What a trial was it when that man of God, Mr. Wesley, first appointed my husband to this place. But I believe we shall have cause to praise God for it to all eternity."—*Taft's Memoirs*.

MISS SARAH MALLET,

AFTERWARD MRS. BOYCE.

THIS is the same person of whom Mr. Wesley makes such honorable mention in his journal. Her maiden name was *Mallet*. Mr. Wesley says:

"I was strongly importuned by our friends at Long Stratton to give them a sermon there. I had heard of a young woman who had uncommon fits, and of one that had lately preached, but did not know that it was one and the same person. I found her in the house to which I went, and talked with her at large. I was surprised. *Sarah Mallett*, two or three and twenty years old, is, I think, full

as much devoted as *Jane Cooper* was, and of as strong an understanding. Of the following relation which she gave me there are numberless witnesses. Some years since it was strongly impressed upon her mind that she ought to call sinners to repentance. This impression she vehemently resisted, believing herself quite unqualified, both by her sin and ignorance, till it was suggested, 'If you do it not willingly, you shall do it, whether you will or no.' She fell into a fit, and while utterly senseless thought she was in the preaching-house at *Lowestoffe*, where she prayed and preached for nearly an hour to a numerous congregation. She then opened her eyes, and recovered her senses. In a year or two she had eighteen of these fits; in every one of which, she imagined herself to be in one or another congregation. She then cried out, 'Lord, I *will* obey thee, I *will* call sinners to repentance.' She has done so occasionally from that time, and her fits returned no more.

"Perhaps this was intended not only to satisfy her own mind that God had called her to publish salvation in the name of Jesus to perishing sinners, and to incline her to take up that cross which appears to have been more painful to her than death itself; but also to convince others that *even now* God hath poured out his Spirit upon his handmaids, and upon his daughters, that they may prophesy, or preach in his name the unsearchable riches of Christ."

Part of her uncle's account to Mr. Wesley is as follows: "My niece, Sarah Mallet, came to live with me on January 3, 1780, she being then in the sixteenth year of her age. On the tenth she found peace with God, at my house in *Long-Stratton, Norfolk*. She continued with me till March, 1781, but was then obliged, by reason of ill-health, to return to her father at *Loddon*. On the twenty-seventh of May following she went to Mr. Lamb's, at Hadderston. The next morning, at breakfast, she was suddenly struck, went into another room, and laid herself down on the bed. She immediately

lost her senses, and lay as dead till three in the afternoon. When she came to herself she said she had seen two angels, who took her where she had a full view of the torments of the damned; and afterward of the happiness of the blessed. She asked if she might enter into the regions of happiness, and was answered, 'Not yet; you have work to do upon earth.'

"In May, 1785, she came to live with me again. In September following she was taken very ill, and grew worse and worse, till we had little hope of her life, but she was wholly resigned to the will of God, choosing neither life nor death. She grew weaker and weaker till the 15th of December, when she was seized with an uncommon fit: from that time all her other complaints ceased; but her fits returned every twenty-four hours, and often continued four hours at a time. They began thus: while we were talking together she leaned back in her chair and lost her senses; her eyes were wide open, her face like that of a corpse, her hands quite cold, and all her limbs stiff and immovable. On the eighteenth we concluded she was dying; but then something, ulcerated, broke within her, and her fits took quite a different turn. She began to speak in the fit; the first words I heard her speak were, 'Father, turn to God,' with several other words to the same effect. In another fit she earnestly exhorted her sisters to turn to God in their youth. In the following fits her voice grew stronger and stronger. On the twenty-fifth Mr. Byron came to my house, who, on entering the room, and seeing her in her chair, and looking like one dead, was so struck that he thought he should not be able to preach. Meantime, she thought herself to be in the preaching house at *Lowestoffe* before a large congregation, and took for her text, Rev. iii, 20: 'Behold, I stand at the door and knock.' This discourse she preached in Mr. Byron's hearing. The next day she preached again in his hearing, on John vii, 37. She continued to preach in every

following fit, speaking clear and loud, though she was utterly senseless. From December 29 her fits came every second day; from January 15, every third day. I then called in some of the society to hear her. She spoke on Mark xvi, 16. More came to hear her on the eighteenth, and still more on the twenty-first. The matter being now known abroad, many were desirous of hearing her, and did so on the twenty-fourth, when a mixed company being present, she spoke from Isaiah lviii, 8. I then permitted all that would to come in, particularly on the twenty-seventh, when she preached an hour on 1 Peter iv, 18. On the thirtieth she preached from Isaiah lv, 1, to about two hundred persons. From that time her fits left her, and she spoke no more. She had one fit more, on the 10th of April, but did not speak one word. Her fits frequently began thus: about five in the morning she felt a pain in her stomach; afterward in her head, and then she lost her senses. In about an hour and a half she began to speak. When she had ended her sermon she usually prayed about ten minutes. In about a quarter of an hour after she began to groan, and then in a short time opened her eyes and came to herself. Her behavior all the time she was with me was unreprouable; *indeed, she adorned in all things the doctrine of God our Saviour.*"

Probably the experience of this young woman, and the wonderful dealings of the Lord with her, greatly helped to enlarge the views of that great man, Mr. John Wesley, upon the subject of female preaching. It is very evident, from his letters and conduct toward her, that he believed her, as a preacher, to be doing what the Lord required at her hands.

From some manuscripts left by Mrs. Boyce, the following appears to have been her own experience: "At nine years old," she says, "I was brought to the knowledge of God, having no other teacher but his Spirit. From that time I was greatly concerned for the souls of others. I prayed and

wept in secret for them. Soon after, the Lord showed me many things in a dream, or vision, respecting myself, my family, and many others: this I concealed. Three years after, the Methodists came to the place. I heard and felt the truth. At thirteen I became a member of the Methodist society, and the Lord made known to me what he would have me to do. But O! how unfit did I see myself to be. From that time the word of God was an unsealed book; it was my companion day and night. My love to God and souls increased. I have been often led to cry out in the bitterness of my soul, 'O Lord, I am but a child, I cannot preach thy word.' But the more deeply was it impressed on my mind, 'Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel,' till my distress of soul almost destroyed my body.

"In my twentieth year the Lord answered my prayer in a great affliction, and made known to others, as well as to myself, the work he would have me to do, and fitted me, in the furnace, for his use. From that time I began my public work. Mr. Wesley was to me a father and a faithful friend. The same Lord that opened my mouth, endued me with power, and gave me courage to speak his word, has, through his grace, enabled me to continue to the present day. The Lord has been, and is now, the comfort and support of my soul in all troubles and trials. I have not, nor do I seek either ease, or wealth, or honor, but the glory of God and the good of souls. And, thank God, I have not run in vain, nor labored in vain. There are some witnesses in heaven, and some on earth. When I first began to travel, I followed Mr. Wesley's counsel, which was, to let the voice of the people be to me the voice of God, and where I was sent for, to go. To this counsel I have attended to this day. But the voice of the people was not the voice of some of the preachers. Mr. Wesley, however, soon made this easy, by sending me a note from the conference held at Manchester, 1787, by Mr. Joseph Harper, who was that year appointed

for Norwich. The note was as follows :* ‘ We give the right hand of fellowship to Sarah Mallet, and have no objection to her being a preacher in our connection, so long as she preaches the Methodist doctrine, and attends to our discipline.’ After I was married I was with my husband in the preachers’ plan for many years. He was a local preacher thirty-two years, and finished his work and his life well.”

Mr. Wesley’s letters to Miss Mallet are very characteristic of the good old patriarch of Methodism, brief, terse, pungent, kind. At the age of eighty-five he writes thus to this extraordinary young woman :

“I do not wonder you should have trials; you may expect them from every quarter. You tread dayly on dangers, snares, and death; but they cannot hurt you, while your heart cleaves to God. Beware of pride! Beware of flatterers! Beware of dejections! But above all, beware of inordinate affection! Those who profit by you will be apt to love you more than enough; and will not this naturally lead you into the same temptation? Nay, Sally, is not this the case already? Is your heart filled wholly with God? Is it clear of idols? Is he still the sole object of your desire, the treasure and joy of your heart? Considering your age, sex, and situation, what but Omnipotence can keep you in the midst of the fire? You will not take it amiss if I ask you another question; I know that neither your father nor uncle is rich, and in traveling up and down, you will want a little money. Are you not sometimes straitened? Only let me know, and you shall not want anything that is in the power of yours affectionately,

“J. WESLEY.”

“MY DEAR SALLY,—It gives me pleasure to hear that prejudice dies away, and our preachers behave in a friendly

* “I have,” says Dr. Taft, “the original document in my possession.”

manner. What is now more wanting in order to recover your health, you yourself plainly see. Be not at every one's call. Never continue the service above an hour, singing, preaching, prayer, and all. Never speak above the natural pitch of your voice; it is disgustful to the hearers. It gives them pain, not pleasure. And it is destroying yourself. It is offering God murder for sacrifice. Only follow these three advices, and you will have a large share in the regard of yours affectionately,

J. WESLEY."

After Mr. Wesley's death, the Conference of 1803 passed the following rule:

"*Question.* Should women be permitted to preach among us?

"*Answer.* We are of opinion that in general they ought not.

1. Because a vast majority of our people are opposed to it.
2. Because their preaching does not at all seem necessary, there being a sufficiency of preachers whom God has accredited, to supply all the places in our connection with regular preaching. But if any woman thinks she has an extraordinary call from God to speak in public, (and we are sure it must be an *extraordinary* call that can authorize it,) we are of opinion she should, in general, address her *own sex*, and *those only*. And upon this condition alone should any woman be permitted to preach in any part of our connection: and when so permitted, it should be under the following regulations: 1. They shall not preach in the circuit where they reside, until they have obtained the approbation of the superintendent and a quarterly meeting. 2. Before they go into any other circuit to preach, they shall have a *written* invitation from the superintendent of such circuit, and a recommendatory note from the superintendent of their own circuit."—*Chronicles of Wesleyan Methodism.*

MRS. COUSINS.

HER maiden name was NEWMAN. Before her conversion she kept a book-store at Cheltenham, in Gloucestershire, in England. After her conversion to God, her conduct was somewhat similar to that of the Jews and Greeks at Ephesus, (Acts xix, 19,) who, on their embracing Christianity, burned all their magical books, and thereby acknowledged the sinfulness of their former proceedings. So Miss Newman was determined to give circulation to nothing that was inimical to the interests of that cause which she had espoused; and therefore removed from her shelves all novels, plays, and romances, with every other book that had a demoralizing tendency, or was likely to lead mankind to forgetfulness of God. She united with the Methodists, and became a very active and useful member of their society, and soon began to exhort in prayer-meetings. She afterward manifested her love for souls, by making occasional visits to Tewkesbury and the adjacent places. Her religious experience was clear, and included an acquaintance with the deep things of God. She was a woman of strong understanding and amiable temper; prudence and modesty were leading traits in her character. Mr. Wesley had a high opinion of her qualifications and usefulness, and encouraged her in all her pious endeavors. She used to exhort and preach occasionally; and the Lord owned her labors in the salvation of many souls. Among those who were brought to God through her instrumentality, was her own mother, and Mr. Cousins, who afterward became her husband. Mr. Cousins was a teachable Christian, in consequence of which he arrived at more than ordinary attainments in religion. Having obtained the blessing of justification, he could not be satisfied with any-

thing less than a full renewal of his soul in righteousness, and the possession of all that mind which was in Christ Jesus his Lord.

About that time the eminently pious Miss Bosanquet (afterward Mrs. Fletcher) visited Bristol and Bath, with an intention to publish the glad tidings of saving grace, and to lead believers into the full enjoyment of their Christian privileges. Mr. Cousins went to hear her, and to him she proved a Priscilla indeed. From her lips he learned the way of faith more perfectly; and under her exhortations received power to give up his whole soul to God. He experienced the all-cleansing efficacy of redeeming blood, and obtained an evidence of the perfect love of God, as clear as that which he had before of his acceptance through the Beloved. Now his soul was all love, and swallowed up in God.

Mr. Cousins derived much spiritual benefit, also, from the counsel and prayers of his amiable consort. Their conjugal union was begun and consummated with much wisdom and piety. Being persuaded that the Lord designed them to be mutual helps to each other's faith, they were joined in the holy estate of matrimony. After their marriage, however, Mrs. Cousins did not exercise much in public, for her health began to decline; and her husband, also, was considerably afflicted. He was called away in the midst of his usefulness; and she soon left this vale of tears to meet him in the skies.—*Taft's Memoirs.*

MRS. MARY HARRISON,

OF Wishall, in the County of Nottingham, England, was awakened to a sight of her sinful state and danger, under the ministry of the Rev. Samuel Davenport, who then preached the Gospel with great energy, and considerable success, in that neighborhood. But this burning and shining light was soon removed from those parts; and there being no one in the village, or in the whole circle of her acquaintance, who understood her case, or was capable of giving her suitable advice, Mrs. Harrison concealed the various exercises of her mind from every human being, and made the bosom of her Redeemer the repository of her fears, and cares, and sorrows. She sought his favor with many prayers and tears, nor did she seek in vain; but though she derived a measure of comfort from God in prayer, yet several years elapsed before she obtained a satisfactory evidence that God, for Christ's sake, had blotted out her transgressions. When, however, she was fully satisfied on that subject, she rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory. She invited the Methodist preachers to the village at which she lived, and for many years entertained them in her own house. She went from house to house, to invite her neighbors to go and hear the Gospel; and whenever she perceived any affected under the word, or that anywise manifested a concern for their soul's salvation, she invited them to meet her at a certain time and place, that she might have some conversation with them, and that some time might be spent in prayer to God for them. Thus she soon formed a class, and providentially became the leader of it. With true Christian sympathy, she entered into all the feelings of those who sorrowed after a godly

sort, and was well able to give them suitable counsel and encouragement. She sometimes read a chapter, or a few verses of Scripture, and explained and applied them as the Lord gave her utterance. She did not travel much from home, but generally spoke on Sunday evenings to crowds of attentive hearers, many of whom, no doubt, will be the crown of her rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus. This holy woman died October 19, 1808.—*Taft's Memoirs*.

MRS. BATHSHEBA HALL,

OF the City of York, was one of the most eminent women of her time. She sought the truth, doing the will of her heavenly Father, and soon became famed for piety. Possessed of a small fortune, she could devote much of her time to religion, which was the delight of her soul. Being thus devoted to God, and constantly attending the church, she became acquainted with Mr. Nelson, prebendary of Ripon, who had received much evangelical light from reading John Arndt's True Christianity. When Mr. Wesley came to York she presently embraced Methodism; but before that time she had commenced the work of prayer, and expounding the Holy Scriptures to her neighbors twice a week, which practice she continued after she became a Methodist. She was often visited by Quaker ladies, and had good ministers of the Church, when she could get them, to take a breakfast with her. She often corresponded with Mr. Wesley, and some of her letters are given in the earlier volumes of the Methodist Magazine.—*Taft's Memoirs*.

MRS. MARY WILTSHAW.

MRS. WILTSHAW'S maiden name was Chapman. Her parents were respectable Episcopalians, of the strictest sort, but sadly afraid that Mary would become a Methodist. One day when she was at school she was much affected in reading that the Psalmist prayed "seven times a day." She thought if it were needful for David it was so for her, and she instantly resolved to follow his example, which practice she continued for some time; hence she was often missing, and retired for prayer into some private place. At such seasons she enjoyed freedom of access to God, and a comfortable evidence of his love and favor.

When about twenty-two years of age she entered into the marriage state with her first husband. But this union was of short continuance, and ere a few years had passed she was left a widow; but, as it pleased God, she had no fatherless children to provide for. Soon after this she engaged herself as governess in a gentleman's family. This she considered a providential opening, as his lady was a serious woman, and her husband, being a captain in the navy, was much from home. Here she enjoyed her religious privileges, and became more decidedly pious, and was highly esteemed by her employers, as well as by the younger branches of the family. But a circumstance soon occurred which threatened to put an end to her prospects of enjoyment in this domestic circle. The captain received orders to sail for Gibraltar, and as he intended to take his family with him, the thought of parting with Mary seemed a heart-rending concern to the family and to Mary. At length, however, it was so arranged that she should accompany

them. While at Gibraltar she united with the pious few that she found among the inhabitants and the soldiers stationed there. It does not appear that there were any missionaries stationed there at that time. Some of the soldiers were truly alive to God, and a pious sergeant used to give a word of exhortation, and occasionally preached to his companions in arms and others. The lovers of Christ had also regular meetings for public prayer and Christian fellowship, in all which Mary took an active part, and was made a blessing to many.

But upon receiving the painful intelligence of the death of her parents, she thought it her duty to return to her native country by the first conveyance. While on the voyage some of the passengers indulged in the too common practice of playing at cards. The piety of Mary was shocked at such a prodigal waste of time. She remonstrated with them on the vanity and danger of such amusements; and as they did not appear to take much notice of her reproof, she afterward tried to prevent a repetition of the practice by hiding the cards. This gave considerable umbrage to some of the company, but in the midst of their disappointment, and while expressing their displeasure at her conduct, the heavens gathered blackness, the rain began to descend in torrents, and the sea became very boisterous, insomuch that all began to be alarmed. The card party dropped all thoughts of play, and began to pray to God for mercy and salvation; they acknowledged their folly in spending their time so unprofitably, and entreated the counsel and prayers of their pious friend. She joyfully embraced the opportunity of directing their minds how to approach the throne of grace. She prayed with them and for them, with much fervor of spirit, and freedom of access to God. The Lord heard the prayer of his handmaid, in abating the raging of the sea, and in preserving her own mind in the greatest tranquillity and peace. The company then began to enter-

tain the highest opinion of her wisdom and piety. Her counsels and prayers were attended to with apparent eagerness and pleasure. Several appeared deeply convinced of sin, especially one female passenger, whom the Lord appeared to have given to the labors and prayers of this devoted woman. The cards, by mutual consent, were thrown into the fire by those who formerly used them, and a promise made that they would not follow the practice any more.

Some time after her return to England, she and a younger sister established a boarding-school at Holbeach, a market town in the County of Lincoln. In this situation she continued till she was married to Mr. Wiltshaw, to which step her relatives and some of her friends were much opposed, not so much because Mr. Wiltshaw was a Methodist, but because of the trials and privations of an itinerant life. She thought, however, that by being united to a zealous minister of the Gospel of Christ, she would enjoy better opportunities of getting and doing good than in a more secluded situation, and so the event proved; for it was then that she began more fully to occupy the talent God had committed to her, by way of conversation, prayer, exhortation, and meeting of classes. In those exercises God abundantly blessed her own soul, and made her a blessing to very many.

She afterward entered upon a more enlarged sphere of action, in which her usefulness was greatly increased. Some very profligate characters were by her instrumentality turned from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God, who were afterward bright ornaments to the cause of Christianity. In this work of faith and labor of love, Mrs. Wiltshaw occasionally supplied the place of her husband, and at other times assisted him in his work. She very frequently visited the country villages, and invariably pursued that line of conduct which she believed the Lord marked out for her. All who knew her had an abiding conviction of her deep

piety and habitual devotedness to God. It was her constant practice, at least three times a day, to retire for private prayer and communion with God, besides praying with her family at stated seasons, and more especially when her husband was from home. When Mr. Wiltshaw became a supernumerary and settled at the place of his nativity, he had regular preaching at his house, and whenever he was unable, through increasing infirmities, or any other casualty, to occupy the pulpit, the people were not suffered to go away without hearing from her an answer to the question, "What must I do to be saved?"

As she drew near the close of life, she evidently experienced a growing meetness for the inheritance of the saints in light, and expressed the strong desires she felt after the full enjoyment of the presence and smile of her Lord in heaven. Her last illness was a dropsy, but in the midst of all her pain and suffering, patience and resignation had their perfect work. One time during her affliction, being oppressed for breath, she was placed in a chair near the window, the window being opened to let in a little fresh air. To all appearance she was sinking in the arms of death. In this situation she appeared to have a vision of angels. They appeared as in the garden under the tree. She expressed herself as being indescribably happy, and longed to go with them. At another time, a day or two before she died, she told her daughter that her husband, who died nine months before, had been with her, and that he had beckoned her away, and then she said, "I shall soon be with him in glory." She then asked the daughter if she did not hear the most delightful music; the daughter also declares that she heard music the most delightful and indescribable, and that at the time of her mother's departure she heard the same again.* Thus died this mother in Israel, April 28, 1819, aged fifty-six years.—*Taft's Memoirs*.

* Who that believes in the truth of the words of the hymn, "Angels now are hovering round us," can doubt this?

MRS. ANN GILBERT.

MRS. GILBERT appears to have been awakened in the year 1743, when but a child, under the preaching of Mr. Williams, one of the first itinerant preachers who visited Cornwall. The convictions she then received she partially lost. In the year 1760, the preachers visited the parish where she lived. She again heard the word, her former convictions returned, and she soon found the pearl of great price. Some time after she experienced the *perfect love of God*, and she seems to have lived in the enjoyment of this liberty for some time before she heard a single sermon on the subject of *Christian perfection*. In the year 1771, going one day to the preaching in an adjoining village, the preacher happened not to come; she, therefore, gave out a hymn and prayed. She told the people they need not be disappointed, for the Lord was present to bless them. Immediately she received such a manifestation of the love and power of God, that she was constrained to entreat and beseech them to repent and turn to the Lord. Thus began the public labors of this distinguished woman, which she continued for many years. She had a most persuasive and engaging address, and many were the seals that were added to her ministry. One of the preachers, in a letter to Miss Barritt, (another female preacher,) says, "I had the pleasure of hearing Mrs. Ann Gilbert preach in the chapel at Redruth, Cornwall, to about *fourteen hundred* people. She had a torrent of softening eloquence, which occasioned a general weeping through the whole congregation. She was almost blind at the time, and had been so for many years." Mrs. Gilbert died in 1790, at an advanced age, and in the full assurance of faith and hope.—*Taft's Memoirs.*

MISS ELIZABETH HURREL.

DR. TAFT, in his *Memoirs of Eminently Holy Women*, gives the following account of this extraordinary female: "She was one of those whom Mr. Wesley honored with his correspondence and personal encouragement. Under the ministry of the Rev. Mr. Berridge, of Everton, she was awakened from the sleep of sin, and was soon after brought to an experimental knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. Having given herself to the Lord, she endeavored, from the overflowings of benevolence, to bring others to him. She traveled through many counties in England, preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ, and many, very many, were, through her instrumentality, brought to the knowledge of the truth; not a few of whom were afterward called to fill very honorable stations in the Methodist connection. Some were useful class-leaders, others local preachers, and several traveling preachers. Mr. William Warrener, who was the first missionary appointed by Mr. Wesley to labor in the West Indies, and Mr. Henry Foster, who traveled several years in England, and died in the work, were brought to God through her instrumentality. Mr. John Lancaster, a very useful local preacher at Pickering, and afterward at Burlington, Yorkshire, was also converted under her ministry. Mr. Wesley, Miss Bosanquet, Mrs. Crosby, Mrs. Gilbert, Mrs. Mortimer, and many others of a similar stamp, found an agreeable companion and correspondent in Miss Hurrel. All these are now arrived in the port of bliss. But being dead, they yet speak, and their works follow them. And as they were pre-eminent in the cause of God, and in the esteem of his Church, on account of their privations and sacri-

fices, religious attainments and glorious exploits, this feeble attempt to rescue from oblivion departed worth, will perhaps prove a stimulus to others to emulate and copy their excellences. It is very much to be lamented," says the doctor, "that she ever relaxed, or in any measure buried that extraordinary talent which God had committed to her, but such was the fact. The principal cause or causes of this are not known to the writer. Some have attributed it to the influence some persons of property had over her, who were opposed to her public labors, and that she gave them up to retain their confidence and friendship; others have supposed that she sunk beneath the *heavy cross* connected with the public ministrations of *females*, especially a female of such tender and delicate feelings as she possessed. But whether she turned aside from the path of duty to avoid suffering, or through the power of temptation, or from whatever cause, she deeply lamented the course she had taken, when death and eternity appeared in view. Indeed, for some considerable time she seemed to be on the borders of despair. 'I am going to die,' said she, 'I am entering the eternal world; but all is dark before me; neither sun, moon, nor stars appear. O that I had my time to live again; I would not bury my talent as I have done!' It pleased the Lord, however, before she departed hence, to lift upon her the light of his countenance. He saw the genuineness of her repentance; he healed all her backslidings, and enabled her to bear ample testimony to his Almighty power to save to the uttermost."

The following letter was from Miss Hurrel to Mrs. Crosby:

"DERBY, *May* 19, 1799.

"MY DEAR FRIEND: Your favors are generally the answer to prayer, and very acceptable. I have not forgotten former times, and therefore feel a great attachment to my good, old, tried friend; and while Christianity has any seat in my heart, Mrs. Crosby will be deservedly dear to me. I rejoice

to hear that the Lord, your keeper, stands omnipotently near. I trust he will ever give you to feel in all the changes of this fluctuating scene, that beneath and around you are spread the everlasting arms. I arrived here on Saturday week, and here I have *full employ*; and here I believe it is the will of the Lord that I should be for a season. If nothing prevent, I intend going to Sheffield, Doncaster, York, Pocklington, Beverley, Driffild, and Scarborough, and then where the Lord is pleased to appoint. Here I am, and earnestly desire to be, and do, what and as God pleases; all I ask is, that I may not disgrace the Gospel, or cause the good way to be evil spoken of."

"Miss Hurrel was of a delicate frame of body, a woman of great simplicity and integrity of mind. She was warmly and invariably attached to the whole economy of Methodism. She possessed a wonderful facility of conveying her ideas and feelings with Scriptural accuracy, and often manifested such strength of thought and felicity of expression as were irresistibly impressive. Her public labors were abundantly owned of God, and many will be her crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus."—*Taft's Memoirs*.*

* There were two preachers of the name of Taft, *Henry* and *Zachary*. Henry was a physician, and relinquished a lucrative profession for the ministry of the Gospel. His first wife dying, he married for his second Miss Mary Barritt, well known as a preacher of great celebrity.—C.

MRS. ELIZABETH SEMMENS.

MRS. ELIZABETH SEMMENS, of St. Ives, Cornwall, at the time of her death had been a steady, consistent, and truly pious member of the Wesleyan Methodist Society for seventy-six years. She was called to endure a share of the persecution which was directed against the early Methodists of St. Ives, and delighted to converse about the early visits of Mr. Wesley, and the patience, consistency, and ardent affection of her old religious associates. Though in humble life, she retained till the last a considerable portion of that lively, joyous, and courageous spirit which so often appeared among the old and faithful disciples of Christ; and, when her appointed hour came, she left her low abode on earth with the blissful prospect of entering a mansion above.

MRS. DERMOTT.

HAVING gone through a regular course of study, and passed his examination at the College of Surgeons, London, Doctor Dermott fixed his residence at Wellingborough, Northamptonshire. There were at that time no Methodists in Wellingborough; but in the village of Irchester, four miles distant, lived two families who had formed a small Methodist society, and had regular preaching. Dr. Dermott, when professionally attending these families, had observed something more religious in them in times of affliction than

in others; but as he had never heard the Methodists spoken of as a body, except in terms of contempt and reproach, he had no thought of becoming one of them, until the following providential occurrence took place; which, through the instrumentality of a pious female, ended in his conversion.

“A pious member of the Methodist society, whose father had been a surgeon, living at a distant town, was, by adverse circumstances, reduced in life; and hearing that there was an opening of Providence, in Wellingborough, for her future support, she was induced to ride over and make the necessary inquiries, prior to her commencing business. Just as she came opposite Dr. Dermott’s house her horse fell, and one of her arms was fractured. She was immediately taken into the surgery, and Dr. Dermott, with his characteristic benevolence, on her informing him that she was a surgeon’s daughter, and a stranger in the town, without friends, begged her not to be distressed; that his house should be her home till she was sufficiently recovered to be removed. While engaged in reducing the fracture, his patient took an opportunity of talking to him on the importance of religion, and the necessity of constant preparation for another world. Nor did her efforts to do good to those who had been kind to her end there. Mrs. Dermott was confined to her bed by illness, and as soon as she was sufficiently recovered, this pious female visited her; but how was she surprised, on entering the sick chamber, to find that, to amuse his wife, the doctor was playing at cards with her, although she was not fully recovered. The young woman was grieved to see them thus employed, and said, ‘I had hoped that, instead of employing your time thus, you would have been desirous to devote the remainder of your life to the service of God.’ The doctor and his wife both laughed at her for being so scrupulous as to think that there was any harm in a game at cards. But as soon as

she had left the room, they acknowledged that she was right, and they were wrong.

After this conversation, and more of a similar kind, had passed, the doctor and his wife attended the Methodist meeting at a neighboring village; were both awakened under the same discourse, and subsequently converted to God.

The change in the doctor was visible to every one; and, not being able to account for such an obvious difference, many of his former friends forsook his society. There was now no obstacle to the introduction of Methodism into Wellingborough. The meetings were held in the house of the young person who had settled in the place, and Dr. Dermott thought it no dishonor to receive the preachers into his house.

Mrs. Dermott now spent all her leisure time in visiting the sick and the poor; and in order to relieve their necessities, and to purchase benches for the place of meeting, she sold some costly articles of dress and jewels, which she determined never more to wear; perceiving such ornaments to be contrary to the apostolic injunction, 1 Peter iii, 3. Indeed, so great was her regard for the cause of God, that the year after the formation of the society a chapel was built, toward the expenses of which she begged the greatest part of the money, traveling some scores of miles for that purpose.

Soon after Dr. Dermott had found peace with God, he began to render himself useful to others, by publicly reading Mr. Wesley's sermons; and enlarging upon them from the fullness of his heart, was soon placed on the plan as a local preacher. He then entered the traveling connection, and in the year 1798 he was stationed at Horncastle.

While her husband was traveling the Horncastle Circuit, Mrs. Dermott visited a young woman who was dangerously ill; the mother was so enraged that a Methodist should come

to see her daughter, that she pushed Mrs. Dermott out of the house. The daughter died, and shortly after the mother was taken ill, and in great want of the necessaries of life. Mrs. Dermott was informed of this, just as she was going to partake of a roasted fowl, which she immediately divided, and sent half of it by the hand of a neighbor to the poor woman, who, as soon as she saw it, in astonishment inquired who had sent it. On being informed that it came from the Methodist preacher's wife, she burst into tears, and exclaimed, "Do you think she will visit me?" Mrs. Dermott was soon at the bedside of the sick woman; and there is reason to believe that the sick one was converted and died happy in the Lord.

At the conference in 1799, Dr. Dermott was appointed to the Redruth Circuit, Cornwall. During that year *two thousand three hundred and forty-seven* members were added to the society on that circuit; since which some of whom, with the doctor and his wife, and the pious female who was instrumental in their conversion, have "passed through death triumphant home."

At the ensuing conference Dr. Dermott was appointed to the Launceston Circuit, where he had abundance of seals to his ministry. That year there was a great scarcity of provision, the price of every article was very high, and the poor suffered greatly. Mrs. Dermott, with her usual benevolence, was indefatigable in her exertions to give relief to the distressed, by procuring contributions for the purpose of obtaining a supply of bread and flour. She once carried a loaf of bread four miles to a distressed family, and was received with indescribable emotions of joy and gratitude by the sufferers, but,

"The most beloved on earth
Not long survives to-day."

The next year Dr. Dermott was deprived by death of his valuable wife. This very excellent woman visited a person

sick of the typhus fever, caught the infection, and died of the disease, ending a life of great usefulness October 16, 1800. Her death was deeply lamented, and when her funeral sermon was preached, no building could hold the thousands who attended. The market-place was therefore chosen as the most advantageous situation, and the Rev. Jacob Stanley addressed the multitude on the mournful occasion."

MISS DREW.

"BETWEEN Samuel Drew and his sister there was a very strong attachment from an early date, and with him almost the last object of his solicitude was the welfare of that 'dear one' who had borne with him the burden and heat of the day; and her earliest anxiety appears to have been for the happiness of him whom she used to call her 'dear Sammy.'

"When she was about twenty-five years of age, in the month of November, 1796, she experienced a remarkable deliverance from danger. She says, 'I had been at St. Austell, and was returning to my father's house about five o'clock in the evening. To shorten my journey, the weather being cold and boisterous, I crossed a river near the sea, and traveled over a sandy beach. This was the usual route when the tide permitted; but at its farther extremity I had to pass under a cliff, which, at high water, the influx of the waves rendered dangerous, and sometimes impracticable. On approaching this place, I found that the tide had advanced further than I had anticipated; yet thinking myself safe, being within half a mile of my home, I entered the water without any apprehension; but I had not proceeded far before I found it much deeper than I expected,

“Having discovered my error, the cliff being on my left hand and the turbulent sea on my right, I endeavored to turn my horse and retreat; but in doing this the poor animal fell over a projecting rock. By this fall I was thrown from him on the side next to the sea, and in an instant was buried in the waves. I, however, retained my senses, and aware of my danger, held fast by the horse, which, after some struggling, drew me safely on the beach.

“But although I had thus far escaped the violence of the surf, my situation was dreadfully insecure. I now found myself hemmed in between two projecting points, with scarcely the possibility of getting around either. The tide also was rapidly encroaching on me, and it was impossible to scale the cliff. The wind, which had been blowing in an angry manner, now increased its fury. Thunder began to roll, and the vivid lightning gleaming on the surface of the water, just interrupted the surrounding darkness enough to show me the horror of my situation. This was accompanied with tremendous showers of hail, from the violence of which I could find no shelter. Thus circumstanced, I made a desperate effort to remount my horse, resolving to pass one of the projecting points, as my only chance of safety, or perish in the attempt; but all my efforts proved unsuccessful, and to this inability it is probable that I owe my life.

“The tide gaining fast upon me, the poor animal instinctively mounted a rock, and I with difficulty followed the example. In this forlorn condition, I again made another ineffectual effort to remount, without duly considering the inevitable destruction that awaited me, in case I had succeeded.

“The waves, urged on by the tempest, to the whole rigor of which I stood exposed, soon told me that my retreat was unsafe. The rock on which myself and my horse stood, was soon covered with the rising tide, and at times we were so nearly overwhelmed that I could literally say, ‘Thy waves

and thy billows are gone over me.' Surrounded thus by water, my horse made another desperate effort, and happily gained a more elevated crag. I followed, but with considerable difficulty; and, as all further ascent appeared impracticable, in this place I expected to meet my fate.

"Under this impression, with 'but a step between me and death,' I began seriously to reflect on the solemnities and near approach of eternity, into which, perhaps, a few minutes might hurry my disembodied spirit. In these awful moments, I can truly say, 'I cried, by reason of mine affliction, unto the Lord, and he heard me.' In the midst of the waters I knelt down on a rock, and commended my soul to Him who hath all power in heaven and earth, well knowing that he was able to say to the turbulent ocean, 'Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.' At one time I felt a gleam of hope; but this was speedily destroyed by the increasing waters, which, still gaining upon us, convinced me that the tide had not yet reached its height.

"Conceiving my own deliverance to be scarcely possible, I felt anxious for the escape of my horse; and, with this view, endeavored to disencumber him of the bridle and saddle, that, in attempting to swim, he might find no impediment to prevent his reaching the shore. But while I was thus engaged, to my utter astonishment, by a violent exertion the horse partially ascended another crag, so as to keep his head above the water. I was not long in attempting a similar effort, in which I happily succeeded. This, however, was our last retreat, for just over my head projected a large shelving rock, above which it was impossible to ascend. Here I sat down, with a mind somewhat composed, to await the event.

"After remaining in this situation for some time, I began to hope that the tide had reached its height, and in this I was at length confirmed by the light of the rising moon,

which, gleaming on the rocks, showed, to my inexpressible joy, that the water had actually begun to subside. I was now convinced, that if we could retain our position until the water had retired, and I could survive the cold, we might both be preserved ; but this was exceedingly doubtful. The posture in which my horse stood was nearly perpendicular, and I was cherished by the warmth which proceeded from his breath, as I kept his head near my bosom, and derived from it a benefit which experience only can explain.

“ As the tide retired and the moon rose, I discovered, by its increasing light, to what a fearful height we had ascended, and that to descend in safety was not less difficult than the means of getting up had been extraordinary. This, however, was at last effected without any material accident. On reaching the beach, from which the waves had now retired, I endeavored to walk toward my home, but found myself so benumbed that I was unable ; and my voice was so nearly gone that I could not call for help, although I was not far from my father’s house, and near many kind neighbors, who would have risked their lives to render me assistance, if they had known of my situation.

“ Being unable to proceed, I seated myself upon a rock, and expected, from the intense cold, that I must perish, although I had escaped the fury of the tempest and the drenching of the waves. How long I remained there I cannot say with certainty, but when almost reduced to a state of insensibility, I was providentially discovered by my father’s servant, who had been sent out to search for me ; as, from the lateness of the hour, the family had anticipated some misfortune, and become alarmed.

“ I had been in the water about three or four hours, and exposed to the disasters of the tempest from about five in the evening to half past eleven at night. I then reached my comfortable dwelling much exhausted, but to the great joy of my affectionate parent, who, I have no doubt, had been

offering up petitions in my behalf to Him who hears the prayers that are presented to him in sincerity.

“For this preservation I desire to thank my God; but my words are poor and insufficient for this purpose. May all my actions praise him, and may my lengthened life be devoted to his glory.”—*Drew's Memoirs*.

MISS ELIZABETH BUSHNELL.

ELIZABETH was little more than two years old when her mother died. Her father, being a true Wesleyan, took her to the house of God, where her mind was gradually opened to receive the truth. Her attachment to the people of God was strengthened as she grew in years. She joined the society in Dover, England, and soon after found peace with God. She was so strongly attached to the doctrines and discipline of Methodism, that, when she went out to service, one of the first questions she asked was, whether she might attend the Wesleyan chapel, and she would not go to any place where that privilege was not granted. In class-meetings she spoke with much simplicity of her union with Christ.

By reading Mr. Wesley's “Account,” and other works on “Christian Perfection,” she was convinced of the possibility of attaining that blessing, and for a number of years before her decease was enabled to testify that the blood of Jesus Christ had cleansed her from all sin.

Her patience and cheerfulness in suffering were remarkable; and, with praise on her lips, and peace in her soul, she entered into the joy of her Lord, aged thirty-eight years.

MRS. MARY POTTINGER.

THE writer of the memoir from which this sketch is taken, says of Mrs. Pottinger: "She was one of the brightest ornaments of the Methodist society at Lambourne, in the county of Berks, England; and a woman who would have been an honor to any age of the Christian Church."

She was of humble parentage, and at the tender age of twelve years she had to "go out to service." But by the good providence of God she was placed in the family of the Rev. Mr. O'Neale, an evangelical minister of the Established Church, where she continued three years. "This," she says, "was a blessing to me. My dear mistress took me into the parlor once a day to read to her. I delighted to read of the sufferings of Christ, and resolved to show my love to him by my holy conduct. My next situation was attended with great trials. I hardly dared to read a religious book; for if my master observed it, he would in anger take it away with a severe rebuke. Yet he attended church and sacrament, and seemed to think himself a good Christian."

"At the end of two years I obtained another situation, where I had time for reading on Sundays, and at intervals on week days. I now began to discover such a sink of corruption in my heart that I felt myself the chief of sinners. As knowledge increased convictions also increased; I saw the necessity of obtaining a change of heart, and was diligent and earnest in seeking. My father brought me John Nelson's Journal, the reading of which was made a blessing to me. Sometimes I was enabled to rejoice in hope, and then again was almost in despair. In the beginning of the year 1790

I was under great distress for thirteen days. Language cannot describe what I then saw and felt respecting the evil nature and desert of sin. But once, as I was walking in the garden, on a sudden I saw, with the eyes of my understanding, the heavens open, and a person appeared above the brightness of the sun; and I heard a voice saying unto me, 'I am Jesus; I am the Lord thy righteousness.' These words were attended with mighty power; my understanding was illuminated, and I felt a divine change in my soul. O the beauties I saw in Christ! Now the language of my soul was: 'Thou, my adorable Redeemer, hast ransomed me, and brought me into the glorious liberty of the children of God. O Lord, thou hast dealt graciously with me, thou hast signed and sealed the covenant, even sensibly sealed it to my soul, by the witness of thy Spirit.' My heart was filled with love to God and all mankind, both friends and enemies. I cried, Let them all experience thy redeeming love!

"I now began to reprove all who sinned in my hearing, both rich and poor, and the Lord was pleased to follow my doing so with his blessing to some, so that they left off to do evil, and learned to do well. But Satan stirred up others mightily to oppose me. They pleased themselves by calling me *melancholy*, *precise*, and *Methodist*. Many were my trials and troubles; but in all I was enabled to cleave unto the Lord."

Up to this time she knew nothing of the Wesleyan Methodists, but attended the ministry of the Calvinists, who, if they were not Antinomians, were not far from being so. The minister said, in one of his sermons, there was no need of talking to our fellow-creatures, the Lord would draw his elect to himself. "I thought," said she, "that the priests' lips should keep knowledge, and that the people should inquire at their mouth, therefore I left off reproving sin for some time. But my conscience condemned me. I felt it my duty to reprove sin. I cried to the Lord for

help; and, glory be to his name, he answered my prayer, so that one of my fellow-servants, through my humble instrumentality, was enabled to rejoice in the pardoning love of God. I solicited Church membership with the Calvinists, but they would not receive me, because they said I was a Wesleyan in heart."

Soon after this she heard a Wesleyan minister preach. His subjects were justification and sanctification. He first described the marks of a justified character. "I felt," said she, "that I had them all; but when he treated on entire sanctification, I had no part or lot in the matter."

Soon after this she was married to Mr. Pottinger, to whom, some years before, her conversation had been instrumental of good to his soul. "About two years after our union," she remarks, "we went to reside at Lambourne. Here I had an opportunity of joining the society, and was introduced into the class in a very affecting manner. O, what blessed privileges did I now enjoy! I profited much by all the means of grace. The Lord sent us holy, blessed men, and his work began to revive. The reading of Mr. Wesley's Sermons was rendered a great blessing to me. I felt intense desires for the enjoyment of perfect love; and one day, (November 6, 1803,) while a few friends were engaged in prayer at our own house, I expected every moment that the Lord would come to his temple, and make his abode with me; but he withheld till the evening of the same day. Then, while Brother Jones was preaching, the Lord condescended to overshadow me with his presence; and O, what sacred awe and holy joy filled my soul!"

"It was at that time," says her biographer, "that she received the perfect love of God. I have repeatedly conversed with her on the subject, and she always said that from that period she felt both the witness and fruit of the perfect love which casteth out fear; and that when she was assaulted with close trials, the change was so great that she

frequently sat down and wept with humble gratitude and holy joy."

Soon after she received that great blessing, she was made the leader of a class, and continued in that office as long as she lived. In the year 1809, while passing through severe trials, she was overcome with anxious care, and lost both the witness and fruit of perfect love. She was brought into great distress, and for three days continued instant in prayer; at the end of which time the Lord again restored to her the enjoyment of the blessing which she had lost, and which, from that time, she held fast till mortality was swallowed up of life.

A few weeks before her death, while she was pouring out her soul to God in prayer and praise, the following promise was very powerfully applied to her mind: "Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty, and the land that is very far off;" and, at another time, the words of Christ, "Where I am, there shall my servant be." Both of these passages ever after appeared to rest upon her mind with indescribable sweetness and solemnity. The disease, which ended in death, commenced with a violent and very distressing sore throat, which continued for many weeks; and, at last, formed a large tumor in her neck, which proved to be a cancer. But in the midst of suffering she would often cry out, "Nothing but mercies and blessings!" She said she could not relate a thousandth part of her sufferings, or a thousandth part of her consolations. Her last words were, "My heart and my flesh faileth; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever." Her husband asked her if that passage was a support to her. She answered, "Yes;" soon after which her happy spirit took its flight to its long-sought rest in heaven.

TWO PRAYING WOMEN OF GEORGIA.

IN this country, although we have no female evangelists, traveling from place to place for the express purpose of preaching the Gospel, yet at different times and in different places, women have been raised up as pioneers in the glorious cause of Christ, and have been eminently useful as instruments, in the hands of an overruling Providence, of bringing sinners to bow to the name of Jesus, and of introducing the preaching of the Gospel, where, but for their piety and zeal, it would have long been a sound unheard.

The editor of "Finley's Sketches of Western Methodism" very properly observes, "The achievements of our pioneer mothers in the West afford specimens of a moral sublimity greater than was ever witnessed in the heroism of the patriot mothers of olden time."

"When the Rev. Bennet Maxey traveled as a missionary in Georgia, about the close of the Revolutionary war, the following incident occurred, which he related to me (Finley) with his own lips. It will be recollected that all that country was a wilderness inhabited by savage Indians. There were but few Methodist societies, and they were widely separated. The missionary, in his long and perilous journeys, could only reach them occasionally, and in doing so would have to encounter almost as much toil and hardship as the emigrant now does in crossing the Plains to California. Even then, with all his zeal and perseverance, there were some settlements that could not be reached without a reinforcement of missionary laborers. In one of these settlements, six miles distant from each other, there lived two PIOUS WOMEN, who had emigrated to that country from the

State of Maryland, where they had been converted and joined the Methodist Church. They felt the loss of the ministrations of the Gospel. No Sabbath brought with it its holy scenes and sanctuary privileges. The time of the people seemed to be occupied on Sabbaths, in the sports of the chase, or in idle and frivolous amusements. While, however, the neighbors were engaged in the desecration of the holy Sabbath, these two pious women agreed to meet half way between their respective cabins, and hold a prayer and class meeting by themselves. Sabbath after Sabbath these devoted females walked to their appointment in the woods, and there, in the depth of that southern forest, with no eye to see them but God, they spoke to one another about their trials, and conflicts, and hopes, and 'the Lord hearkened and heard, and a book of remembrance was written before him.' The voice of praise and prayer echoed through the wildwood. They not only prayed for themselves and their neighbors, but they besought the Lord that he would send the Gospel into that wild and destitute region. One Sabbath, while thus engaged in religious exercises, they were overheard by a hunter, who came unconsciously upon their retreat, and there, in that

' Sweet spot, where spirits blend,
And friend holds fellowship with friend,'

around that common mercy-seat they united their supplications. It was holy ground, and a sacred awe came over him, as, from the covert of a tree, he listened to their praises and their prayers. This hunter's cabin was not far distant from the place of meeting, and every Sabbath he would, at the appointed time, take his station, and listen to the soul-thrilling eloquence of their prayers and songs. He had not, though a hunter, been reared altogether without the influences of religion. His pious mother, long since gone to heaven, had taught him the fear of the Lord, and her

instructions and prayers would cross his memory in his wild, erratic course, and, like the recurrence of a pleasant dream, awaken hallowed feelings in his heart. On a certain Sabbath he resolved to introduce himself to the mysterious worshippers, and, accordingly, after they had concluded their meeting, and were taking leave of each other to return to their homes, he appeared before them, and, in tones of kindness, invited them to meet at his cabin on the next Sabbath, and he would collect his neighbors.

“Here was a trial which they had not anticipated. But they regarded it as an interposition of Divine Providence in their behalf; and though it would be a heavy cross, requiring the greatest amount of moral courage and endurance, to meet the rough and sturdy backwoodsmen, and hold their meeting in their midst, they must not deny their Master in refusing to enter this open door. It was, accordingly, noised abroad, that two women were going to hold meeting at the hunter’s house; and as the thing was entirely new, the whole neighborhood went. The husbands of the two pious women, not knowing or suspecting that it was their wives, but being filled with curiosity at the singular announcement, were among the number of those who took their companions with them to the place of meeting. Their astonishment can be better imagined than described, when they saw them take their places in the cabin as the women that were to hold meeting on the occasion. One of them read a chapter in the Bible, which she did in a clear, strong voice, and then gave out a hymn, which was sung by the two and the congregation to some familiar tune; after which they kneeled down, and the one who had read the Bible offered up a most fervent and deeply impressive prayer to God, in behalf of the congregation then assembled. After prayer was over they united in singing one of those songs of Zion with which they made the woods ring at their Sabbath meetings previous. Many a heart was touched, as

the divine strains rolled over the wondering assembly, and the tear stole down many a sunburned face. When this was ended, the other rose tremblingly but firmly, and commenced telling the plain, simple story of her conversion. As she spoke her voice assumed a majesty and power truly wonderful. God sent down his Spirit, and attended her words with power to the hearts of the audience ; and first the hunter, and then the two husbands, unable any longer to repress their feelings, broke out in loud cries for mercy. Several, while she was speaking, fell as if smitten with lightning to the floor, others fled from the house in the greatest consternation. The two pious women were not frightened by this exhibition of the Divine power ; for although it was farthest from their anticipations, yet they had been familiar with such scenes in the days of their youth. They knew it was the Lord's doings, and they, therefore, commenced singing and praying with the slain of the Lord ; and it was not long before several were happily and powerfully converted to God, and this increased the power, and the newly converted were set immediately to work to pray for penitents and sinners. The work spread, mighty consternation fell upon the people, and, far and near, those who had not attended at the beginning, flocked to the place of prayer. The hunter and his wife, and the two husbands were all converted, and the meeting continued, with but little intermission, night and day, for two weeks. It was what might properly and most significantly be denominated a protracted meeting. The news of the wonderful work flew as on the wings of the wind, to the distance of forty or fifty miles, when it reached the ears of Brother Maxey, who immediately started for the scene of action. When he arrived he found the two faithful heralds of the cross still on the ground, fighting, most valiantly, the battles of the Lord. They had already received forty new recruits, all converted and happy in the love of God, and all living, speaking witnesses for Jesus. Scarcely had the

itinerant reached the place, than, like an old soldier, at the sound of battle, the power of God came on him, and he entered the ranks of God's army with a shout of victory and triumph. They at once recognized his spirit and hailed him as a fellow-soldier; but how great was their rejoicing when they found him to be one of Immanuel's officers in the grand army of God! To him the sisters cheerfully intrusted the leadership, and he led them forth to more glorious war. With a voice like a trumpet, and a love of God and zeal for souls, which was like fire in his bones, he went from one neighborhood to another proclaiming salvation, and the work spread and prevailed, so that before the revival had ceased, it had covered an extent of country sufficient to form a good large circuit, in the entire bounds of which there never had been preaching before."

ANNA,

THE PIOUS OLD LADY, AND THE LOG MEETING-HOUSE.

"At an early day in the settlement of that part of the country which was then denominated the Holland Purchase, a small Methodist society was organized by pioneer Methodist preachers. After some time the society built a log-church, and flourished for several years. In process of time, however, some of the old members died, and were buried in the graveyard close by the sanctuary, and others moved away, till it was dropped from the list of appointments as a preaching place, and only one member of the class and society remained. She was a mother in Israel, and, like the prophet, she was left alone to sigh over the desolations of

Zion. She loved the old sanctuary though it was deserted; she seemed to realize an increasing attachment to it, as time wrought its inroads upon its doors and windows. Invariably on the Sabbath, when her health and the weather would permit, did she repair to this deserted temple and worship her God. There, in holy meditation, did she recall the scenes of her youth, the holy seasons and happy days she had spent with her brethren and sisters, some of whom were sleeping quietly in the adjoining church-yard, while others were far away. Here she would sit and read, and sing, and pray, and talk to her invisible God and Saviour. At length, it was noised abroad that she was a witch, that the old church was haunted with evil spirits, and that she met there to hold communion with the spirits of darkness, and thus increase her power of evil over the bodies and souls of those around her. She was old and feeble, and heard of their surmises, but she remembered that her Master was charged of being possessed by the devil, and she heeded them not, but continued her Sabbath visits to the consecrated place. At length, two wicked young men of the neighborhood determined to watch her, and entering the church some time before she arrived, they climbed up and secreted themselves in the clapboard loft. After remaining there some time, the old lady entered the church, and took her seat by the rude altar. The young men, as they afterward related, experienced some sensations of fear, seeing, as they supposed, the old witch draw from her side-pocket an old leather enveloped book, but their fears soon subsided when they heard her read, instead of an invocation to the spirits of darkness, the story of the widow of Sarepta. After she had finished, she drew from her other pocket an antiquated-looking Hymn Book, from which she read that inimitable hymn beginning,

‘Jesus, I my cross have taken;’

and after having sung it, which she did with a trembling, but sweet, melodious voice, she kneeled down and poured

out her full heart to God in prayer and supplication. And as friend holds fellowship with friend, so did she talk with her heavenly Father. She told the Lord all her complaints and grievances, and lamented the sad condition of the old and young of the neighborhood, who were alike on the road to perdition. She then alluded to the happy seasons she had enjoyed in that place, when Zion shed her holy light and converts crowded her gates. In piteous strains she lamented her desolations, and prayed that the Lord would build up her waste places, and again crowd her gates with living converts. She prayed especially for those who cast out her name as evil, that the Lord would change their hearts. She prayed also for the young and giddy multitude, who were forgetting God, and living as if there were no hell to shun, no heaven to gain, and while she was praying the Spirit of the Lord was at work on the hearts of the young men on the loft, and they began to weep and cry for mercy. The old lady was not startled; she seemed to realize, while praying, an answer to her prayer; and as the Saviour invited Zaccheus to come down from the tree, because on that day salvation had come to his house, so did she invite those young men to come down from their hiding-place. They obeyed her directions, and there at that altar, where in other days she had witnessed many conversions, before that Sabbath's sun had sunk behind the western hills, those young men found pardon and peace with God. From that auspicious hour the work of God commenced; the meetings were continued, and a flourishing church was raised up, and the old dilapidated log meeting-house was again made to resound with the happy voices of the children of Zion."—*Dr. Strickland.*

"Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees."

MRS. LEAH IVONS.

PREVIOUS to the Revolutionary war, when pure and undefiled religion was revived in this country, by the exertions of the primitive preachers of the Gospel, in the Methodist connection, Leah Ivons was found among the foremost of those who dared to brave the fury of opposition, and acknowledge themselves to be on the Lord's side. She then, though young in religion, and young in years, adorned her profession by a godly life and conversation. With pecuniary means very limited, she had the generosity of which a Howard would not have been ashamed. In those early days and trying times, when the preacher who had charge of the circuit where she lived, was destitute of a comfortable supply of raiment, this modern Dorcas, with one or two others of the new converts, though utterly unable to give other assistance, bought a sufficient quantity of wool, picked, scoured, carded, spun, and wove it with their own hands. After which they paid for its being fullled, and offered it (there being enough for a complete suit for himself, and a cloak for his wife) as a present to the man of God. Likewise when she was an humble domestic, receiving only ten shillings a month for her services, she made it a matter of conscience to give one shilling every three months to the maintenance of the ministers of the Gospel. It is true she was poor, but her poverty only increased the luster of her virtues. Few, perhaps, excelled her in the sterling qualities of her mind and heart. A more regular attendant upon the worship of God is rarely to be found. So exemplary was her deportment, that a friend in whose family she lived a long time, testified that he felt a degree of awe and reverence when he was in her company. She died October, 1829.

MRS. DICKINSON,

OF LEEDS, ENGLAND.

“WHEN about fourteen years of age she received *confirmation* by the imposition of episcopal hands; and by this ordinance her mind was much affected. She perused the confirmation service with great attention; and, sensible of the increased responsibility she had taken upon herself in publicly renewing her baptismal vow; and feeling herself bound by the most sacred obligations, ‘to renounce the devil and all his works, the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh,’ she thenceforward resolved to live to God in such a manner as she had not done. For this purpose she committed to memory prayers adapted to every circumstance in which she thought it possible for her to be placed. These she regularly used as exigences required, and thought herself very good. In this cloak of self-righteousness she closely wrapped herself up for several years; and by her strict external observance of all moral and relative duties, commanded the respect and insured the esteem of those who witnessed her conduct.

“A little before she completed her twenty-first year, she was invited to attend the preaching of the Gospel among the Methodists. To this, as they were then a despised and persecuted people, she felt a strong objection; but after a while consented, like Nicodemus, to go in the evening, when she thought she would be less observed than in the open day. Under the first sermon she ever heard from a Methodist preacher, the late Mr. Hanby, she was powerfully convinced that during her whole life, while busily engaged in establishing her own righteousness, she *had not* ‘submitted to the righteousness of God;’ and that all her prayers and sup-

posed good deeds were of no avail to bring peace to her troubled mind. And it is somewhat singular, that from the hour in which her mind was enlightened, and in which she began to pray aright, she *entirely* lost all recollection of the forms of prayer she had used before, and never could remember them again. That her repentance was genuine she proved by 'bringing forth fruits meet for repentance.' Every impropriety in her conduct or appearance, as soon as she was made sensible of it, was immediately laid aside; and among these, fondness for dress, which had been her greatest besetment. But a very simple circumstance helped to dissolve this potent charm. By staying, on one occasion, to adjust some part of her apparel, that was not quite to her mind, she lost the opportunity of hearing a sermon. A friend, on her return from the meeting, said to her, 'O, what have you been doing? What a sermon you have missed!' Her conscience instantly smote her. She thought, 'The Lord knows what I have been doing.' From that time all superfluity of dress was laid aside, nor was she ever afterward ensnared by this too common evil.

"As yet, however, she was a stranger to the 'knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins.' But the day of liberty drew near. The same friend by whom she had been brought under the word, invited her to attend a *class-meeting*. She went, feeling her heart, to use her own expression, 'hard as the nether mill-stone.' As she entered the room the leader was giving out the following verse:

'More hard than marble is my heart,
And foul with sins of deepest stain,
But thou the mighty Saviour art,
Nor flow'd thy cleansing blood in vain;
Ah! soften, melt this rock, and may
Thy blood wash all these stains away.'

"By these lines, so descriptive of her state, Mrs. Dickinson was greatly affected, and strove to conceal her emotions by

shrinking into the most obscure corner of the room. During the meeting her mind was earnestly engaged in prayer; and before its conclusion she was enabled to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, with the heart unto righteousness, and to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Then it was that she might adopt the words of the pious Miss Lutton :

‘ Wrapp’d in a patch-work covering of my own,
Flimsy and torn, I met the morning air !
’Twas snatch’d in haste, and o’er my shoulders thrown,
Yet neither large, nor warm, nor fine, nor fair ;
But scanty, cold, its texture thin and bare,
It fann’d the breeze, and flutter’d in the wind.
Shiv’ring, I look’d around, put up a prayer,
And while an unseen power inspired my mind,
I rent the cobweb robe, and cast the shreds behind.

‘ Naked, ashamed, I knew not where to turn,
I loathed myself, abhorr’d my former place,
Fear’d to advance, lest yonder sun should burn,
For red as crimson seem’d his glowing face.
Ah ! little did I think ’twas sign of grace,
Or recollect that sun in blood was dyed ;
But choice was gone, I saw my desperate case ;
Forward I rush’d, I felt a beam applied,
Clapp’d my glad hands with joy, and *Abba, Father*, cried.’

From that happy moment to her death, Mrs. Dickinson ever retained a sense of her acceptance with God.

“The divine reality of this inward change which she had experienced was manifested in her whole deportment. And thus, happy in the enjoyment of God, and conscientious in the discharge of the duties of her station, she continued ‘walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless,’ and without any peculiar or uncommon incidents, for six successive years.

“But on entering upon the busy scenes of domestic life, and experiencing additional cares from the world, she soon

found that a larger measure of grace was needed to enable her to pass through all her various exercises, both of body and mind, with becoming fortitude and resignation. She deeply felt her need of inward purity. She did not, however, like too many professors, rest satisfied with good desires, but fervently sought that sanctification of her nature which she believed it to be her privilege to enjoy. Nor did she seek in vain, but by the holy violence of her importunate and believing prayers she soon obtained the purifying grace for which her spirit panted, and was enabled *joyfully* and *experimentally* to testify that 'the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.'

"In her pious associates Mrs. Dickinson was peculiarly favored. She lived in closest habits of intimacy with several whose names will long be dear to that part of the Church of Christ in which they lived. Among these the most distinguished, perhaps, was Miss Bosanquet, before her marriage to Mr. Fletcher, with whom Mrs. Dickinson met in band for a considerable time.

"In the economy of Wesleyan Methodism, there is such a diversity of offices and employments, that every person at all qualified for usefulness, may, in one way or other, have an opportunity of edifying the Church. That being the case, it was not likely that a person of Mrs. Dickinson's piety and faithfulness should be overlooked. She was, therefore, appointed the leader of a class, and continued to the end of her active life an eminently useful leader.

"Her last illness was short but severe. The Sabbath before she died she attended preaching twice, apparently in good health. Some of her friends thought that her full, fine, florid countenance never looked so beautiful before. But an inflammation of the bowels cut short the brittle thread of life in the course of the week, and on the Sabbath following she entered into rest."

MRS. SARAH WILTON,

OF SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND.

“WHEN about eleven years of age, a friend requested her mother to allow her to meet in class; to which the mother consented, though not without some reluctance, lest Sarah should not hold on in the ways of the Lord. For some time she had been deeply convinced of sin; and very soon after beginning to meet in class it pleased God to set her soul at liberty.

“Having tasted that the Lord is gracious, she became zealous to promote his glory, and to be instrumental, young as she was, in saving the souls of others from eternal death. Hence she exerted her abilities in behalf of her school-fellows in particular; and was successful in this labor of love, for two of them were brought to God, and lived and died well, yea, died triumphantly, and will be stars in her crown forever and ever. Neither did the benefit terminate with themselves; for the young persons in question were instrumental in bringing their mother into the way of life.

“About two years after she had found peace with God, she was deeply convinced of the necessity of greater purity of heart; which invaluable blessing she sought, found, and retained for some time. By some means she lost that glorious liberty; but during the time that Mr. Bramwell was stationed in Sheffield, she was again restored, and more fully established in Christian holiness. With reference to that period, she says, in a letter to a cousin, ‘I never had such abundant cause to rejoice and be glad in the Lord as I have at present. He has graciously restored me, with happy increase, the great salvation which I formerly enjoyed; and Jesus all the day long is my joy and my song. I thank him for my creation, because he created me capable

of knowing and enjoying himself; and to render my happiness complete, he has stamped my existence with immortality.'

"She greatly prized the means of grace—preaching, and prayer-meeting at five and at six in the morning, and the Lord's Supper. She never missed meeting her class, nor the private nor public band-meetings. Thus she rapidly grew in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The day before she was taken sick she met in band with a much-loved friend, with whom she had met for eight years, and to whom she was much indebted for her increase in knowledge and piety."

She was not long a pilgrim on earth. Before she had attained the age of twenty-four years, her redeemed and sanctified spirit returned to God. "She was," says the writer of the notice of her death, "one of the most excellent persons I have ever known."

TRIUMPHANT DEATH OF A MOTHER AND FOUR
DAUGHTERS.

MRS. MARTHA FISK.

MRS. FISK, wife of Mr. Henry Fisk, became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, about fourteen years previous to her decease. On the fifteenth of March, 1826, she was taken ill of a fever then raging in the family. Being asked, the day before her death, if she were prepared to die, she replied that she had no doubt but she was going to glory. And when she took her affectionate leave of a fond and endeared husband, she gave him the undoubted assurance that she was sure of future and eternal felicity.

MISS MARTHA FISK.

SHE embraced religion at a very early period of life, and with great assiduity pursued a course of piety and devotion to God, until the twenty-eighth year of her age. Such was her heavenly-mindedness, her uniform and deep piety, that she became the admiration of her pious friends. Her death was astonishingly triumphant. The night before her departure she shouted aloud the praises of God for hours together. Then taking an affectionate leave of her friends, she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

MISS MARY FISK.

ABOUT five years before her death she became seriously concerned for the salvation of her soul. She joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, and in the spring following professed to receive an evidence of the pardoning love of God. In the affliction which terminated her earthly existence she gave very pleasing and satisfactory evidence of a fitness for the inheritance among the saints in light. In every stage of her sickness she appeared to possess an unshaken confidence in God. A short time before her death she raised her hand and said, "I have no more doubt of my salvation than I have that this is my hand." O how different from the fearful uncertainty of the skeptic, and the dreadful forebodings of the infidel! I believe, says the writer who forwarded this account, that God sometimes suffers a ray of his refulgent glory to enter the apartment of a dying saint. Afterward a supernatural light appeared in the house, visible to the sick and well. Mary said it was Jesus, and added, "No mortal eye could see what I have seen and live."

MISS SARAH FISK.

FROM the tenth year of her age she was piously inclined, and much given to secret prayer; and while under the afflicting hand of Providence there was a manifest increase in her devotion to God. On one occasion, while her father

was reading to her, in inexpressible rapture of soul, she broke out in the most delightful expression of joy and praise to God. And when the powers of nature were giving way she clasped her hands, and with a countenance flushed with unutterable joy, she exhibited that heaven-born peace which her dying lips were unable to utter. She was only a few days over twelve years of age when her triumphant spirit took its flight to Abraham's bosom.

MRS. LYDIA TOMLINSON

WAS the second daughter of Henry and Martha Fisk. She joined the Church in the nineteenth year of her age, and experienced religion the same day. In her last sickness she was entirely resigned to the will of God, and frequently broke out in loud acclamations of praise to God.

Thus passed away, in the spring of 1826, a mother and four daughters, within a few days of each other.

“By faith let us follow their flight,
And mount to their spirits above;
Escaped to the mansions of light,
And lodged in the Eden of love.”

THE END.

